

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

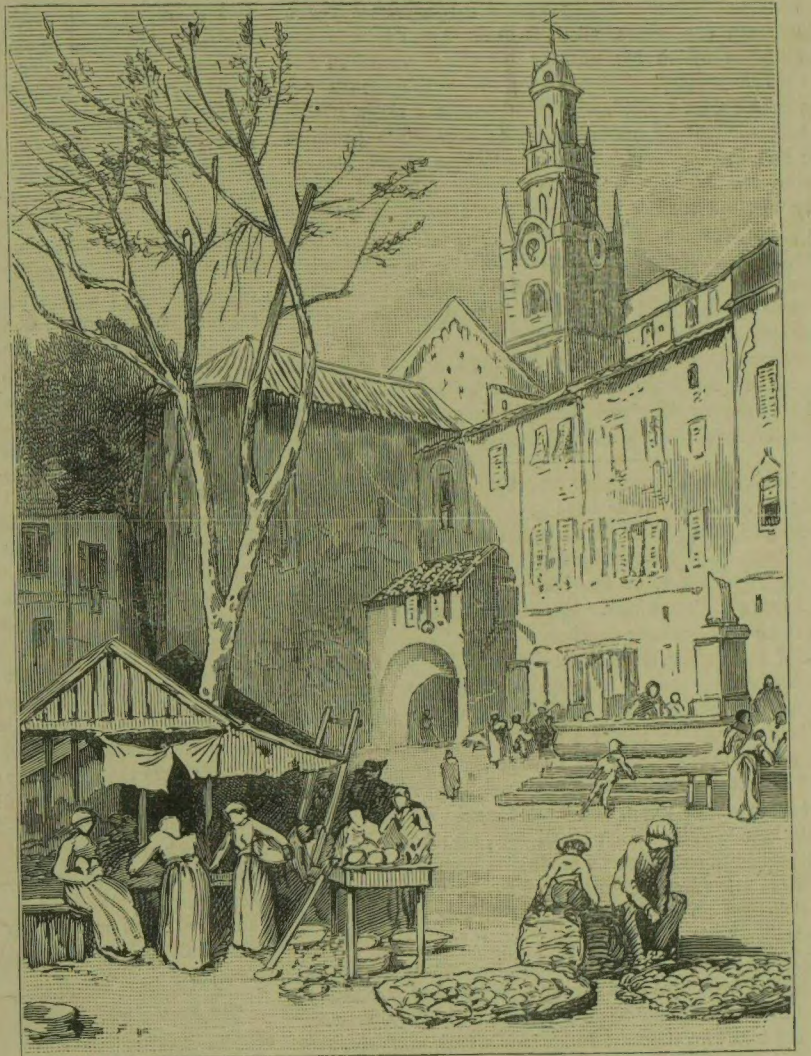
No. 2537.—VOL. XCI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

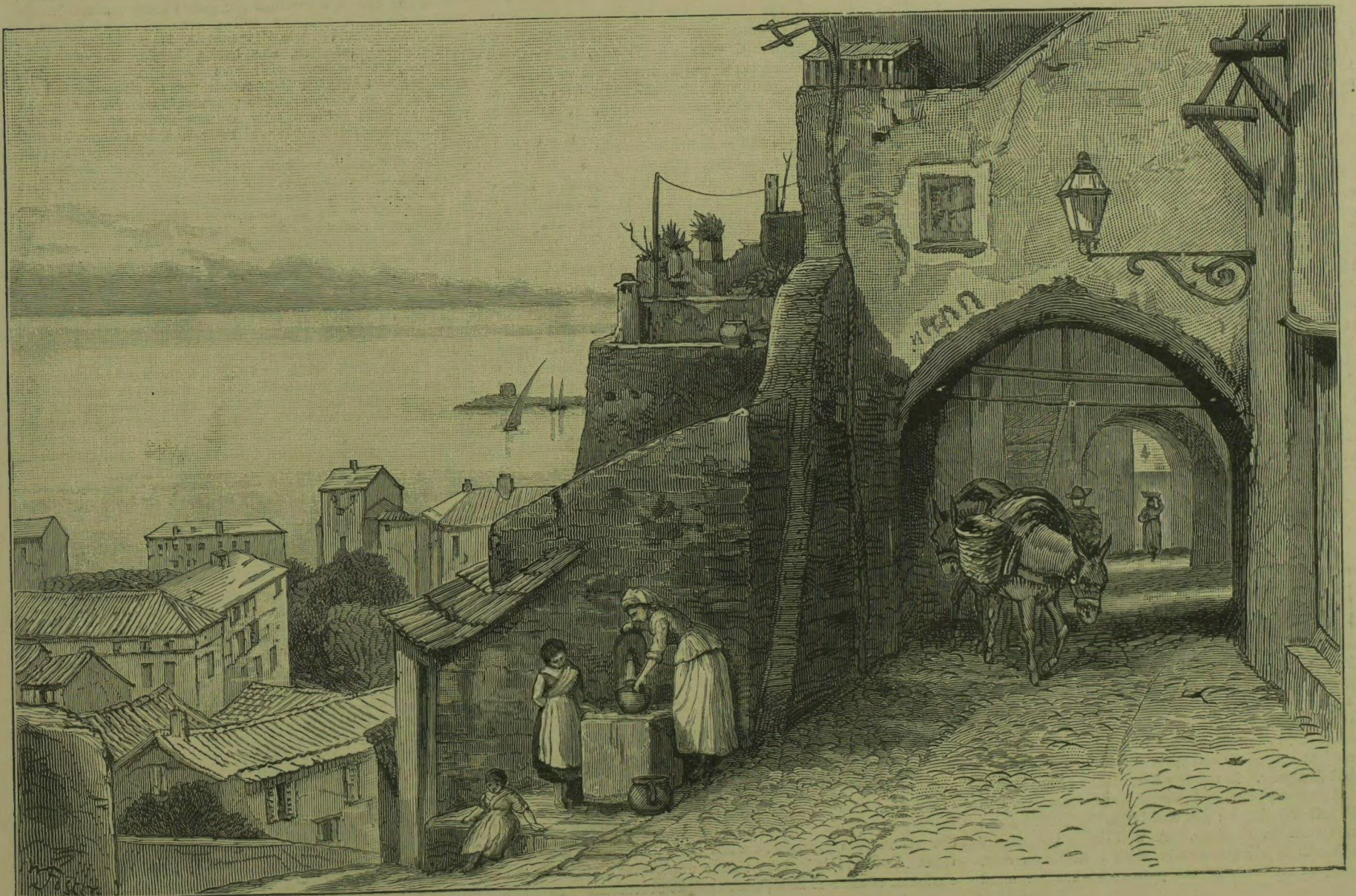
WITH SUPPLEMENT AND COLOURED PICTURE } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



STREET IN THE OLD TOWN.



THE MARKET-PLACE.



VIEW OVER THE HARBOUR.

SKETCHES AT SAN REMO.



## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The proposal in the article in the *Nineteenth Century* that English authors should accept a royalty from America, instead of the international copyright accorded by all other civilised nations, has not been received with favour on the other side of the water. It is no wonder that such a back-stair way of introducing an act of justice should be regarded with contemptuous silence by honest men; but the truth is, there is a great deal of unnecessary reticence about the whole subject. There are a few paradoxical persons who object to copyright but not to patents, and a good many rogues who object to both; but "the common-sense of most" has no doubt about the rights of the case. As Mr. Froude admirably puts it:—"I should suppose that if any man has an absolute ownership in anything, it would be in a book that he has created out of nothing. It cannot be said that he is standing in anyone's way, or taking possession of anything anybody else would have had if he had not been there. It would never have existed but for him." As to the international right, every American one meets, without exception, deplores the false position in which his country has placed itself in the matter. "Our people," they say—by which they mean not persons of their own class, but certain political rings which govern them—"are not yet educated to appreciate abstract rights"; and, as they have had this particular question under their notice for thirty years, there is not much probability that they will see them any clearer. This we cannot help; and, in spite of it, we permit Americans to acquire copyright in England. What English authors can help—and this, with a few exceptions who think even a crumb from a loaf is better than no bread, I am glad to see they have done—is the consenting to compound a felony. In the meantime nothing is more humorous, to those who have a turn for humour, than the spectacle of the American politician raising one hand to heaven to denounce England trampling on moral rights, while his other hand is in the English author's pocket.

At the beginning of the year our barristers had rather a rough time of it; their little ways of taking fees for services they never performed were dwelt upon by the members of "the lower branch of the profession" with considerable pertinacity. The gentlemen of the long robe tided over it, and are now having *their* innings. There is scarcely a week in which, in some law-court or another, a "solor" does not catch it from the Bench for neglect of duty to his client. The following is a story which, it is reasonable to suppose, emanates from one who wears a wig. A client requests his solicitor, Mr. A, to bring about an interview with his counsel, Mr. B; the three meet together, and B, having been put into possession of the facts of the case, expresses his opinion that it has not a leg to stand upon, and that they had much better not go into court. The client acquiesces, and A and B walk away together. "What on earth made you give the man such advice as that?" inquires A, indignantly. B. "Because I am certain that he has no case." A. "Good Heavens! as if that were any reason." B. "I think it a very good one. Why, what would you have said to your client, if—as was certain to happen—we had been beaten all round, and had to pay heavy costs, I should like to know?" A. "Well, I'll tell you, then. I should have told him that the Judge was a fool, and that the jury were fools; but that *you* were the greatest fool of all!"

Of all that we learn from Darwin's delightful biography nothing pleases me more than his delight in novels; not only the good ones, as he tells us with such charming simplicity, but even those only moderately good. It is a healthy sign, like the taste of old people for sweets. I sympathise with him also in his insisting on their having a good ending. "I would like the Government to forbid the publication," he says, "of all novels that do not end well." This is a much wiser aspiration than many people will think. Fiction has an enormous influence, especially upon the young, and the effect of a melancholy picture of human life is to promote pessimism—the disbelief in the power of good. A short but very powerful story was published a few months ago, the popularity of which fell far short of its merits, a circumstance I cannot say I deplore. It is called "A Village Tragedy," and indeed it is tragic enough. It is written by a Dean's daughter (I am told), who would probably be shocked if she were informed that her work was calculated to shake the faith of her readers; but, in my opinion, it is likely to do infinite harm in that way—though not to me: I only read it up to the point where it began to be distressing. It is no defence to say that the miseries described in it are true; I have no doubt they are accurate pictures of rural life in England. The Chinese punishments are also true, and are inflicted daily on hundreds of innocent natives of the Flowery Land; but I don't suppose a literal account of them would be either edifying or agreeable reading. A writer may make things as unpleasant for his *dramatis personæ* as he likes, but their misfortunes should not last for ever. The reader very naturally resents such cruelty. You may choke a dog with other things besides pudding.

The fogs we have had this year have been made too much of—perhaps because they were our first fogs; but, like the efforts of a certain famous yet obscure poet, you could see something in them if you looked long enough, which is not the case with a genuine Peasouper. It is not generally known that in Kensal-green Cemetery there is a tomb inscribed to a Frenchman—doubtless by some compatriot who wished to make the comparison of our Novembers with those of his own sunny France as marked as possible—"Suffocated in a London Fog." The most amusing incident I remember in connection with this subject happened some years ago in Piccadilly, to a distinguished foreigner. It was the densest fog of the season, and the usual roadway between Apsley House and the park was shrouded in yellow darkness: you could hear the traffic but see nothing, not even an omnibus. A well-known figure in London at that time, tall and stately, with fur-collared coat, was hesitating on the brink of the pavement when his mind

was made up for him by someone jumping on his shoulders and hurrying him into the viewless space. Once there, he made his way across with nervous haste, "consumed," as the novelists say, "with conflicting emotions"; fear, however, overmastered rage until he arrived on the other side in safety; and before he could seize his audacious burden—probably some street Arab full of high spirits—he had jumped off him as quickly as he jumped on, and, with a "Ta-ta, old Bloke," was lost in the fog.

It has more than once been observed that the "strained relations" (to put the finest possible point upon it) between our present political parties have not been mitigated—as used to be the case—by any strokes of humour. The bludgeon (or, rather, the shillelagh) has entirely superseded the rapier: some little fun has been made of Mr. O'Brien's breeches, but the subject is as little adapted for wit as for heroics. The same thing has happened with the London mob and its opponents: heads enough are broken, but never jests. In the old times, matters were different in this respect. When George III. went to open Parliament, a hundred years ago, the mob was prodigious and very violent, and on his return, still more so. The windows of his carriage were broken with large stones, one of which the King took out of his coat-cuff, and gave Lord Onslow, with the smiling observation, "A present for you to remind you of the little civilities we have met with to-day." On alighting from his carriage he only reached his palace through the courage and strength of an Irish gentleman, who made a way for him through the crush. When Mr. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) asked this friend in need "what he could do for him," he replied, "Well; the best thing you can do for me is to make me a Scotchman." A joke, however, which was by no means taken in good part; no post was ever found for the humourist by the offended Minister, and the King had to insist that one should be made for him, which was accordingly done. In these days, neither despotism nor demagoguism are "tempered with epigram."

There are other proofs that dullness reigns. I notice in last week's papers no less than five cases of young men shooting their sweethearts, or themselves, or both, because they could not persuade them to become their wives. This seems to bear out Charles Reade's opinion that crime is, after all, but a form of egotism. This particular example of it is, however, exceptionally base and cowardly, for the curs who commit it are assuredly dogs in the manger. They are far worse than the sentimentalists of the French school, who at least gain the consent of their victims before asphyxiating them with the fumes of charcoal. The offence is so much on the increase that it seems that there must be some reason for it; the fact of life having become duller may have had its effect upon natures naturally morose. The old philosophy once so popular with youth which recommends that if we cannot find a black eye to our mind we had better take up with a blue one, may have been a little free, but it was at least genial and good humoured: at all events it never suggested making the Beloved Object when we were "not to *her* mind" a target for the pistol.

The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society is one very deserving of public support, and has done much towards decreasing the number of habitual criminals. Some of its clients, however, are, as may well be imagined, a little difficult to deal with: their object is not so much to get work as to "look about them," and to enjoy the pleasures of life, which, after their long seclusion, have especial attractions for them; they are not, therefore, easily suited with a trade adapted to their talents, and prefer exceptional employments, not to be found too quickly. One of them, on being asked the other day by a member of the committee what position in life he wished to fill, replied, "I want to be a ship's cook."

"Indeed! Have you had much experience in cooking?"

"Well, no; I can't say as I has."

"Dear me. So you think you would like cooking better than being a sailor, eh? How long were you on board ship?"

"Never was on board a ship in my life," was the unexpected reply.

That Respectability must keep at least a gig has long been understood, but that the wearing of evening clothes is an indispensable concomitant of Religion has until lately not been so widely known. A gentleman, who bewails "the coldness in the churches" (which, indeed, keeps a good many people at home on Sundays), has, however, inaugurated this new dogma in connection with his "drawing-room meetings." "It must be understood," he says, "that all who attend these gatherings must be in evening dress. We dress to go out to dinner; why should we not dress to read the Bible together?" He goes on to state that prophetic subjects should be avoided, but tea and coffee provided. There seems to be no limit to the extent of human folly, or else one would say that this individual has found its outside fence. Conceive a spiritual pastor confining his ministrations to people in drawing-rooms with their evening clothes on! Some importance will probably be attached to how they are made. The French nobleman of old flattered himself that "Providence would think twice before condemning a gentleman of his quality." The same impunity is thought, perhaps, to be extended to those who patronise "fashionable and army" tailors.

Some regulations extracted from the rules of a Russian club have recently caused considerable amusement in this country; they certainly do not err in lack of particularity of detail, as, for example, in prohibiting the use of window-curtains as pocket handkerchiefs, or striking one's antagonist at billiards with the cue; but, after all, this is a fault on the right side. Even in the best London clubs there are generally to be found one or two offenders, who escape by the very heinousness of their crimes, which, just as the laws of Draco did not include parricide, are not provided for by the regulations. It would indeed be rather unpleasant to indicate the character of some of them, which might be reasonably objected

to in the wilds of Siberia. There are also less grave offences committed which, nevertheless, not even a Russian committee would be expected to guard against. Years ago in one of the quietest and most respectable of London clubs there was an old Divine who was accustomed to take his pints of sherry and champagne with his dinner every day, and his pint of port to follow; on one occasion, not feeling "quite himself," he thought he would dine at home, but told the steward to furnish him with his wine as usual.

"No wine, Sir, is allowed to be taken out of the club," was the official rejoinder.

"Bring it here, then, to my table," replied the invalid. The three bottles were brought as usual, and the reverend gentleman turned the whole of their contents, one after another, upon the white damask, and a nice mess they made: it was his peculiar method of shaking the dust off his shoes, for he never entered the club-house doors again.

Some clubs, on the other hand, have had a reputation for ill-conduct on the part of their members which they do not deserve. A visitor having been shown over a well-known military club, observed that in the lavatory the nail-brushes were fastened to the wall; in speaking of this to a friend, he observed: "One knows, of course, what strange things are done in clubs; how soap is stolen, and letter-paper pocketed by the quire; but I really was astonished to see that necessity for securing the nail-brushes." As a matter of fact, the club numbered many one-armed veterans among its members, and the articles in question had been affixed to the wall for their convenience.

## SAN REMO.

The deep regret universally felt at the severe bodily ailment of the estimable Crown Prince of Germany, and the sympathy of all the English people with the sorrow it has occasioned to our own Royal family, as well as to the aged Emperor and to the Court of Berlin, give a painful interest to our Illustrations of San Remo, on the Italian shore of the beautiful Riviera, where his Imperial Highness is sojourning for the winter, and where the most skilful physicians and surgeons, English and German, specially versed in diseases of the throat, have been consulted, with a result unhappily not promising the cure of what may possibly hereafter become a fatal malady. In the meantime, with manly fortitude and even cheerful resignation, the illustrious patient courageously bears this sad announcement, and is able to maintain his active habits, walking or driving about, enjoying the society of his admirable wife, the English Princess Royal, and delighting in the genial climate and the charming scenery of that neighbourhood, which many of our countrymen and their families have visited, and of which we will here give a very brief account.

San Remo, about seven miles east of the frontier dividing Italy from France, sixteen from Mentone, thirty-one from Nice, and eighty-five from Genoa, is a town of 16,000 inhabitants. Its bay, protected at the western extremity by Capo Nero, 800 ft. high, and by Capo Verde, 350 ft. high, at the east end, is too shallow for a commercial harbour, but is perfectly sheltered, except to the south and south-east; while, behind the town, a complete amphitheatre of hills, rising to 4300 ft. in Monte Bignone, and nowhere less than 3500 ft., shuts out all northerly winds. Within the half-circle of this protecting mountain range, seven lesser hills, thickly clothed with olive-trees, and intersected by ravines with streams flowing to the sea, make a great variety of landscape; orange and lemon trees grow in the sheltered valleys. The old town, closely built on two steep hills, with its narrow streets and frequent arches over them, crowned by the church of the Madonna della Costa, is thoroughly Italian. The new town, which has grown up within the past twenty years, towards the seashore, is spacious and convenient; and its main street, the Via Vittorio Emanuele, is well paved, containing the post-office, the banks, hotels, and shops of modern civilisation, with an English chapel. The railway passes between the western part of the town and the sea; but there is a fine marine promenade outside, to the east, and the public gardens, with various flowering shrubs and trees, are an agreeable place of recreation, in which a band of music often plays. Villas for residents and visitors staying through the season are to be found on the roads around the town; and the Villa Zirio, now inhabited by the Crown Prince of Germany, is in a favourable situation.

Returning to the old town, with particular reference to our Illustrations, we invite a look at the market-place, the fountain in its midst, the church towering above it, and the ranges of covered stalls, where every requisite of daily life can be bought. The streets in the old town are very steep and narrow, the houses being often braced together by arches to strengthen them against earthquakes, the necessity for which was proved in February last. The roadway here is a series of long rough steps, down which streams of women and heavily-laden mules, carrying huge burdens of firewood, building materials, or fruit, walk or trot in a marvellous way, and seldom meet with an accident. The women, in their bright-coloured dresses and handkerchiefs, carrying baskets of lemons on their heads, and walking with a splendid carriage, in spite of the steepness and roughness of the road, are most picturesque figures. The old town is a labyrinth of these dark passages and tunnels; but when you emerge from one, high up on the east side of the town, the view over the harbour and the Mediterranean suddenly opens, and is truly a glorious sight.

At a meeting of the delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund, recently held, it was unanimously resolved to distribute £10,000 among the London medical charities.

No attempt was made on Sunday, Nov. 27, to hold a meeting in Trafalgar-square. At Hyde Park a large meeting was held near the Reformers' Tree, and resolutions were adopted declaring that unjust legislation, especially in reference to the land, caused want of employment, and protesting against the prevention of meetings in the square.

Our plucky little contemporary *The Penny Illustrated Paper* makes quite a dash, in its triple form, among the Christmas Numbers this year. Two spirited snowballing coloured engravings are given with it, and the numerous illustrations in black and white, by Fred Barnard, Hal Ludlow, Tom Robinson, and others, are full of life and grace. Mr. G. R. Sims leads off with a London mystery marked by his accustomed raciness and grim humour; while Mr. J. Latcy, jun., the editor, gives a love story of the Franco-German war, called "Belle Marie," most dramatically worked out. There are also excellent contributions, in prose and verse, by Messrs. George Manville Fenn, O. P. Q. Philander Smiff, Byron Webber, H. Chance Newton, "Richard Henry," Archibald McNeill, Howard Paul, and others; making altogether a capital threepennyworth.



## INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

This year's exhibition, the fifth since the establishment of the society, consists of over 750 pictures, which maintain throughout a more than ordinary level of excellence. There are not, perhaps, more than a score of works to which one would be inclined to accord a very pre-eminent place in contemporary art; but there are many which, for both aim and execution, are worthy of high commendation. The post of honour in the Central Gallery is accorded to Mr. F. D. Millet's "Piping Times of Peace" (454), representing the interior of a village ale-house in far distant days. A soldier (presumably), in spotless white jerkin, is seated at the dark oak table, vigorously playing the violin to a comrade seated beside him, and a maid tarries in her work to listen to the musician. Her pose as she leans against the table, the bright light from the window falling sharply upon her, is the most satisfactory part of a work which just falls short of being a great success. Mr. Millet has studied Dutch interiors until he can paint them with the dexterity of the most skilful painters of that school; but he is afraid of his own pallet, and, in the desire to keep down the tone of his picture, makes it almost colourless. The black mass of screen and table, which even now is barely relieved by the flashes of reflected light, will, after a few years' exposure, become dull and heavy; and the want of other colours in the costumes and arrangements of the room will make itself felt. In mere technical power and force Mr. F. D. Millet surpasses his friend and fellow-countryman, Mr. Abbey, whose faults do not err on the side of want of luminosity. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Remorse" (657), a single figure half lying in an easy-chair, may possibly refer to the subject of his Academy picture, "Samson and Delilah." If that be so, we have here a far finer conception of the Philistine charmer than was before given to us. In the heavy brow and restless, searching eyes, we can realise something of the power of the woman who has brought the Jewish Deliverer to her feet. The hard folds of the white satin dress which is thrown over her lower limbs, mar to no small extent the harmony of the work, which has something more than mere Academic merit to recommend it. Mr. J. J. Shannon is making steady progress as a portrait-painter; and, in spite of his tendency to daintiness, his works, especially the portraits of Lady Maude Hooper (178), "Florence" (318), and, best of all, Mrs. Thornton (69)—give evidence of high powers, of which at present we probably only note the dawn. On the other hand, Mr. T. B. Kennington scarcely sustains his reputation by a "Modern Sybil" (707), a young lady in a white dress shading her face under a palm leaf fan, whilst her finger points to a horseshoe in a book in her lap; nor by his "Pleasure and Pain" (571), two ladies, widow and bride, placed between a table-lamp and the window, through the blinds of which the daylight is visible. The president, Sir James Linton, is represented by the single half-length figure of a girl, "Henriette" (310), in which he has bestowed his usual care and taste. In some points, a study of this sort necessarily recalls Henner's; but the facility with which the French artist obtains results which Sir James Linton achieves by patient labour leaves upon the former's work a sense of mere dexterity, from which the latter's is wholly free. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's "Latcefa" (33) is also a fine bit of colouring, presumably the study of some Cairene woman whom he has met with in his wanderings; and although in size Mr. John Collier's "Priestess of Bacchus" (125) aims far higher, it is by no means certain that the modern damsel in a masquerade dress will appeal to so large a public. In both the brush work is equally good, but Mr. John Collier has thrown more action, not perhaps of the most graceful kind, into the lady's figure. Madame Canziani—better known in picture exhibitions as Miss Louisa Starr—contributes two clever heads of fair-haired women, one nameless (435), and the other "Idalia" (475), but both showing the influence of the old Italian masters upon her style. Miss Pickering, on the other hand, seems to have progressed backwards; for whilst her early works were creditable reflections of Mr. Burne Jones at his best, "Hope in the Prison of Despair" (74), with its disproportioned figures, with huge flat feet, seems to have been inspired by some of the least praiseworthy of the neo-classic school. Amongst other works of which single figures form the chief or only interest we may mention Mr. Fred. Roe's "Music Brings Sad Memories" (161), a very delicate bit of painting. M. Fantin aims higher in his "Sara la Baigneuse" (162), a nude figure of a girl swinging over a dark pool, and superior in every respect to Mr. Birkenruth's "Feu Follet" (478), which, like it, is an effort of imagination. Miss Cooper's "Miss Molly" (752), Mr. Frank Dicey's "Couleur de Rose" (740), and Mr. John R. Reid's portrait of Miss Nelly Tate as "Alice in Wonderland" (143), are also deserving of notice.

In *genre* works, properly so called, the winter exhibition of the Institute is usually well provided, and this season forms no exception to the rule. Perhaps the most striking general feature of the year is the amazing popularity of geese—useful birds that Mason and Walker popularised many years ago. They gave place to turkeys for a while, but artists seem to have found the homelier bird more decorative. Mr. Arthur Wardle makes good use of them in his "Showing the White Feather" (148), where a small puppy is in vain attempting to avoid the commotion his attack has aroused. Mr. Dollman is even more humorous in his study of the ducks on the way to market, receiving the last adieux of their companions of the pool (136). Mr. Dendy Sadler is faithful to his monkish models, and both in "Told in the Chimney-Corner" (137), and "In Summer-Time" (402), he gives them the place of honour. Neither, however, is equal to his other work, "The Private Secretary" (333), in which "my lord" is warming himself before a cheerful fire, and smokes contentedly whilst he dictates to the nervous, sorrow-worn secretary, who is writing in the cold at a respectful distance. Now that Mr. Dendy Sadler has shown that he can emancipate himself from the monastery and fishpond, it is to be hoped he will give his fancy a free rein, for his execution is always careful, and often effective. Mr. Claude Pratt's "After the Battle" (24)—presumably an incident of the Chouan rising—shows a Breton soldier, stark and stiff—rather too much so—still lying on the rough stretcher on which he has been carried home from the fight. A priest kneeling beside him is administering the last Sacrament, and speeding on his last journey the good soldier of the Royalist cause. Mr. Frith's cabinet studies of his Academy pictures, "Sir Roger De Coverley and the Beautiful Widow" (245) and "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons" (285) do not in the least remove our objections to the larger work. In the former, Sir Roger's length of body would be a serious obstacle to his display of courtly bearing; whilst in the latter, the good old doctor's face hardly expresses the feelings he is represented to have entertained towards the young actress. It would be interesting, too, to know upon what authority Mr. Frith represents Mrs. Siddons, as he endeavours, as a pretty young girl. The general verdict was that she was from her earliest youth of commanding presence, and not endowed with delicate features. Mr. Frank Dadd's "Sermon" (249)—an old Rector smoking his pipe contentedly as he composes his Sunday's discourse—is full of true humour and harmonious colour; and, in the latter, is superior to Mr. Seymour

Lucas's "Amusing Story" (283)—two cronies in a "box" in some old-fashioned coffee-house, comparing notes over a punch-bowl. Mr. Frank Topham's "Two's Company, Three's None" (338), Mr. G. F. Wetherbee's "First-born" (593), Mr. Melton Fisher's "Gossip" (742), Mr. Delapour Downing's "Ne'er-do-well" (608), and Mr. H. R. Steer's "Indecision and Interest" (754) are also deserving of high praise.

In landscapes and watercolours the exhibition is more than usually strong, and in many instances we can trace a desire on the part of the artists to think and paint for themselves, instead of imitating their more popular predecessors or contemporaries, or even themselves. Mr. Henry Moore, for example, makes quite a new departure in his inland scene, "Tickling Trout" (520), conceived in the style of Constable, but executed in a thoroughly independent fashion. It is, perhaps, with a purpose that the artist, when forsaking the sea for dry land, should have chosen for his subject a title identical with that selected by Mr. Hook this year when making a similar incursion upon the domain of landscape. Mr. Henry Moore is further represented by two of his characteristic seapieces—"Kilbrennan Sound" (474), a grey evening scene, and "Early Morn off Penzance" (13), a clever study of broken water. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "May Morning" (18) shows us a charming bit of sea over the edge of the cliff, along which the sheep are quietly straying, and Mr. James Webb has a picture, on a somewhat large scale, of "Salisbury after the Floods" (103). Mr. John Pedder's "Berkshire Meadow Brook" (127) and Mr. Frank Walton's "Hill-top hearsed with Pines" (128) are well hung in close proximity, the former being bright with May's hopes, and the latter dark and sombre as the evening of an autumn day. Mr. Alfred East's "Break in the Storm" (165) and Mr. Robert W. Allan's "Autumn" (181) are full of freshness and natural effect; the latter recalling, in many ways, De Wint and the followers of his school. Two delightful, simple studies by Mr. Augustus Burke, "Gravesend" (2) and "Shadwell Reach" (403), show us the Thames under a quiet aspect, the hay-barges, with their picturesque brown sails, lazily moving with the tide—a very different aspect of the river to that with which Mr. Wyllie's facile brush has made us familiar. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, by-the-way, has an exceedingly clever rendering of the sight at Spithead (270) on the occasion of the Naval Review, and he has managed to give an idea of that wonderful scene without overcrowding his canvas with flags and masts. Mr. David Murray's "Dewy Eve" (233), a pretty village scene, suggests some difficulties with respect to the presence of the ships, which are lying close against the foreground; whilst Mr. John O'Connor's "Piazza delle Erbe" (244) is a still more intricate problem in perspective. There are many other works which merit study, but we are forced by the limits of our space to content ourselves with naming a few of them—for example, Mr. Chevalier's "Street in Cairo" (259), Mr. Percy Callard's "Summer" (308), Mr. Charles Smith's "Moonlight Effect after Rain" (316), Mr. F. G. Cotman's "Evening by the Willows" (378), Mr. A. Hacker's "Way by the Cliff" (390) and "Returning from the Cockle Ground" (630), Mr. C. J. Lewis's "Ancient Fishing Village" (429), Mr. Fred. Morgan's "Heavy Load" (470), Mr. John White's "Home" (432), Mr. Frank Calderon's "Golden Eve" (484), Mr. Hamilton Macallum's "Bade Frauen of Heligoland" (511), Mr. John Collier's "Last of the Blossoms" (554), Mr. Joseph Knight's "Threatening Weather" (582), Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Sussex Ferry" (661), Mr. Owen Dalziel's "Sands," and last, but by no means least, Mr. Edwin Hayes' "South-west Wind and Ebb Tide" (718), one of this veteran artist's most successful works.

### THE RECESS.

The Government and the Liberal Unionists supporting the Ministry are masters of the political situation. Lord Salisbury's emphatic statement at the great Conservative gathering at Oxford, on the Twenty-third of November, that the Administration would next Session be prepared to grapple with the question of local self-government for England, but not for Ireland, is virtually sanctioned by Lord Hartington and Mr. Bright. The keynote is thus struck, in all probability, to the Ministerial overture for the coming Session. A growl from Mr. Bright, conveyed through the medium of a letter to a correspondent, may have warned the Ministry that his powerful help might not be forthcoming if there should be any intention of acting upon the "Fair Trade" doctrines proclaimed at the Oxford reunion of Conservative delegates. This lively flirtation with "Fair Trade" was possibly only intended, however, as an ingenious electioneering device.

Mr. John Morley, speaking at Hull, has been the liveliest Liberal assailant of the Marquis of Salisbury's Oxford programme. But the Prime Minister has been doubtless consoled and encouraged to persevere in his policy by the important Liberal Unionist speeches of the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Goschen in Dublin on Nov. 29. The noble Lord and the Chancellor of the Exchequer met with an enthusiastic reception in the Leinster Hall; and the speeches of both may be summed up in the words of one emphatic passage in Lord Hartington's firm address, wherein he contended that the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people could be met under one Imperial Parliament and Executive. The Ministerial position is certainly impregnable at present.

The *Gazette* contains a large number of promotions and honours granted to officers who have served in the Burmese Expedition.

Three stained-glass windows (by Messrs. Lavers, Westlake, and Barraud) have been placed in the parish church of Faversham, Kent, this (Jubilee) year.

It has been decided to hold a fancy-dress ball in aid of the funds of the North London, or University College, Hospital at the Hôtel Métropole on Feb. 9.

On the removal of Mr. David John Morgan, J.P., from his residence at Wanstead, his neighbours there, and those who appreciate his past services as Verderer of Epping Forest, have presented a testimonial of esteem to that gentleman. Messrs. Mappin and Webb manufactured for this gift a handsome tea and coffee service of plate, richly chased and partly gilt, with an ornamental design of a figure and several faces wreathed with clusters of grapes. It is enclosed in a walnut-wood case, bearing a suitable inscription.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular-glass to Captain C. A. Pomrean, master of the brigantine Pitre and Marie, of Nantes, in acknowledgement of his humanity and kindness to the sole survivor of the shipwrecked crew of the brig Bengairn, of Guernsey, whom he picked up at sea on Oct. 25, and conveyed to Dunkirk. The Board of Trade have also awarded a binocular-glass to Captain Heinrich Noack, master of the Russian barque Nadeshda, of Riga, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British brigantine Nicholas Harvey, of Penzance, whom he rescued in the Bay of Biscay on Oct. 23; and a silver shipwreck medal to Karl Krohn, mate, and a sum of £2 10s. to Jacob Waldsohn, boatswain, of the Nadeshda, who assisted in taking off the above crew.

### "A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN."

The gallant soldier of a regiment whose uniform betokens an antiquated date, and which may have served under General Wolfe in Canada, or marched in the Scottish Highlands to the battle of Culloden, appears in our Coloured Supplement picture returning victorious from a needful foraging excursion. The booty which hangs at his back, with all that is carried by his brave comrades, who are seen tramping over the snowy moor at a short distance ahead of him, will supply their mess with a comfortable and nourishing dinner. Military operations should not, when it can be avoided, be carried on upon an empty stomach; and, in a hostile country, by the old rule and practice of warfare, the farmer's sheep and cattle and poultry, if nothing else in his household, were made available for the support of the army. When the commodities forcibly taken were nominally paid for by a piece of paper, which purported to be an order for the price fixed by the Commissary-General, it would probably come to the same thing, in effect, as the simpler process of bare confiscation.

### THE "ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

The representation of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles at Cambridge by the University Dramatic Society has been a decided success. The acting was consistently good, and during the three hours of the performance the attention of the audience never flagged.

Of the exact date of the first production of the play at Athens we have no evidence whatsoever, but it probably fell between the years 440 B.C. and 410 B.C. The plot, one of the most complicated in Greek tragedy, is briefly as follows:—

The city of Thebes is harassed by the man-eating Sphinx; whose riddle none of her citizens is able to solve. Laius, King of Thebes, resolves to ask assistance of the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. On his journey thither, he is killed by Œdipus; who has no idea of his identity. Œdipus comes to Thebes, and answers the riddle of the Sphinx; whereupon he receives the kingdom of Laius, and his Queen, Jocasta. Œdipus is reputed the son of Polybus, King of Corinth, and Merope; but is in reality the son of Laius and Jocasta. Exposed by them on Mount Cithæron, in fear of certain Oracles, he had been handed over by one of Laius' shepherds to a herdsman of Polybus, unknown to his parents; and being carried to the King, had been reared as his son. He had left Corinth in anger at a casual hint that he was not the true son of the King and Queen. The play opens at the time when Œdipus is at the zenith of his power at Thebes. He has had four children by Jocasta; and the only drawback to his happiness is an oracle to the effect that he must slay his father and marry with his mother. But a plague falls on Thebes; and Apollo declares that it can only be averted by the discovery and punishment of Laius' murderer. Œdipus, after fruitless inquiry from the Chorus, sends for Teiresias, the priest of Apollo. He, at first unwilling to speak, on great provocation from Œdipus declares that the King is himself the murderer. Œdipus, in a passion, accuses Teiresias of collusion with Creon, the Queen's brother, in the crime. Jocasta with difficulty succeeds in pacifying her brother and husband; but the doubt has arisen in Œdipus' mind that he is truly the guilty man. A messenger now arrives from Corinth with news of the death of Polybus. This relieves Œdipus of half his fears. But it transpires that Œdipus is not the son of Polybus, but was delivered when an infant to the messenger, then a shepherd on Cithæron, by a fellow herdsman. Jocasta now sees the whole fatal truth, and with a shriek rushes into the palace and is seen no more. Œdipus insists on discovering all, and sends for this herdsman. On his arrival all is made plain: Œdipus, the son of Laius and Jocasta, is the slayer of Laius, and has taken his own mother to wife. Polybus and Merope, themselves childless, had reared him as their son. The catastrophe has come; we are told by a messenger from the palace that Jocasta has hanged herself and Œdipus put out his eyes. The play ends with the appearance of the blinded King; his injunctions to Creon, and his farewell to his two daughters, Antigone and Ismene.

The part of Œdipus was well sustained throughout, though Mr. Randolph was certainly not in his element in the passionate scenes at the end of the play. The speech containing the appeal to the Chorus and the curse on the undiscovered murderer was excellent. The crucial test of the whole performance is the appearance of the blinded Œdipus, and here Mr. Randolph was eminently successful. No feeling of horror or disgust was excited; the audience simply felt an immeasurable pity for the fallen greatness of the King. Perhaps the most striking effect of colour was gained with the entry of Jocasta in the second act, when the dazzling white and gold of her robe contrasts for the first time with the deep crimson of Œdipus and the more sober blue and brown tints of Creon's dress; the whole being thrown into greater relief by the dull blues and reds of the chorus. Mr. Platts made a sympathetic Jocasta, his voice being especially suited to the part. Creon (Mr. Miller) was, perhaps, best in the pathetic scene towards the conclusion, where he magnanimously forgives Œdipus for his unfounded charges, and permits him to bid farewell to his daughters. Teiresias (Mr. Head) was consistently dignified, and showed greatly to the disadvantage of Œdipus, in his altercation with the latter. Mr. Ford made a very typical Priest of Zeus; and Mr. James was excellent as the Messenger from Corinth. The part of the Herdsman was taken by Mr. Bertram; and Mr. Smith, as the Messenger from the Palace, succeeded in avoiding monotony in his long explanation to the Chorus. Antigone and Ismene were represented, respectively, by Miss McLeod and Miss Peek; and Messrs. Langworthy and West, as Jocasta's attendants, looked their parts to perfection. Mr. Stanford seems to have the happy knack of writing Greek choric music, and the present was by no means the least successful of his efforts. Altogether, the University may be congratulated on having done a great work for the true interpretation of this masterpiece of the Greek drama.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress went to the Crystal Palace in state on Nov. 26 to take part in the annual distribution of prizes to the members of the London Rifle Brigade.

The portrait of M. Jules Grévy is from a photograph by Nadar, of Paris; and those of the Maharajah and the Maharanee of Kuch Behar are from photographs by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street, London.

The Dental Hospital of London, Leicester-square, has received £1000 from its medical staff and lecturers towards the £5000 required for the extension of the hospital, rendered necessary in consequence of the large increase in the number of patients.

Diaries of all sizes and forms, and in divers bindings, suitable for men of business and for domestic purposes, with information of various kinds useful in everyday life, are published by the well-known firm of Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange.

The annual exhibition of cattle, sheep, and pigs, which was opened at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on Nov. 26, is described as the largest and best that the council has ever held. In the Hereford, Devon, and shorthorn classes the Queen was one of the most successful exhibitors, and the Prince of Wales obtained prizes for cattle and high-class commendation for his Southdowns, her Majesty having been awarded two champion prizes, six first prizes, a third prize, and two high commendations for the eleven animals exhibited. But the highest honour of the show was awarded to Mr. Clement Stephenson's black-poll Argus. This famous breeder has obtained this honour in five years. The championship of the shorthorns was won by Mr. T. Jones, of Shrewsbury, and of cross-breeds by Sir J. Swinburne, M.P. The pigs and poultry were well represented.—The twenty-ninth national dog-show opened at Curzon Hall on Nov. 28. For this there were 979 entries, a smaller number than at some previous shows. The quality all round was high, the sporting dogs especially being fine.



## M. JULES GRÉVY.

This eminent French statesman who is compelled, by circumstances much regretted, to resign the Presidency of the French Republic, is seventy-four years of age, having been born on Aug. 15, 1813, at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, in the Department of the Jura. He was educated in the college or high school at Poligny, studied law in Paris, and became a member of the profession of advocates, gaining considerable practice. In the Revolution of 1830, being an earnest Liberal, he took part with those who overthrew the Bourbon dynasty of the Restoration for violating constitutional rights, and who supported the new Monarchy of Louis Philippe. He was subsequently much employed as a barrister in defending men of the Radical party charged with political offences. After the Revolution of 1848, under the French Republic, he was appointed Commissary of the Provisional Government in his Department of France, and was elected a member of the National Constituent Assembly, being at the head of the poll for the representation of that Department. He brought forward, in the Constituent Assembly, in October, 1848, a resolution against creating the office of President of the Republic, to which Prince Louis Napoleon was elected by the popular suffrage, on Dec. 10, 1848, for four years, and which led three years afterwards to the *coup d'état*. The proposal of M. Grévy in 1848 was that the executive head of the State should be the President of the Council of Ministers to be appointed by secret ballot by the majority of the National Assembly, and that he should hold office for an unlimited period; but that his appointment might at any time be revoked by a similar vote of the Assembly. M. Grévy's amendment was rejected by 633 votes against 158 in the Constituent Assembly, which determined that the President of the Republic should be elected by universal suffrage, and should hold office, during the term of four years, independently of the National Assembly. The result was that President Louis Napoleon, entering on the fourth year of power, and finding that his re-election would be strongly opposed, made his *coup d'état* and suppressed the Republic, which he had sworn to maintain, threw into prison its chief defenders and many of the members of the National Assembly, put down resistance by calling in the army to shoot down citizens struggling for the legal rights and liberties of the nation, and soon declared himself Emperor, with absolutely despotic rule. M. Grévy, as a member of the Assembly, had opposed the acts of the President and of his reactionary Ministers, and had protested against the French intervention in Rome. After the suppression of the Republic, he withdrew from politics during the autocratic period of the Empire, resuming his practice at the Bar, and in 1868 succeeded M. Berryer as bâtonnier of the Order of Advocates. He consented, however, in 1869, to be elected to the Corps Législatif as deputy for the Jura. The Empire fell in September, 1870, amidst the disasters and disgraces of the war with Germany; and the Republic was again restored. M. Grévy, during the war, in February, 1871, became President of the National Assembly, then sitting at Bordeaux, and afterwards at Versailles; he retired in April, 1873, and was succeeded by M. Buffet. His conduct was always characterised by strict legality, consistency, and moderation, and often by remarkable tact, discretion, and sound



M. JULES GRÉVY,

RETIRING PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

judgment. His political views, in October, 1873, were manifested by a pamphlet in which he expressed the opinion that it would have been well for France to have established and maintained a constitutional monarchy, when the elements of such a constitution were still in existence; but that since those elements no longer existed, France was transformed to a pure democracy, and it would be the greatest mistake now to attempt to restore the monarchy. In 1876 he was chosen again President of the Assembly, and was re-elected by the next Assembly. The Presidency of the Republic, which had been held by M. Thiers and by Marshal M'Mahon, became vacant, and was conferred on M. Grévy by the unanimous vote

of all French Republicans nine years ago. Until disturbed, a few months ago, by the scandals attached to the alleged irregular practices of his son-in-law, M. Wilson, the official character of M. Grévy, who had always been a man of high personal integrity and respectability, was esteemed by men of every party; and his retirement from office is a great loss to France and to the peace of Europe.

## THE ROUMANIAN FRONTIER GUARDS.

Our Correspondent and Artist, M. Lachmann, furnishes several additional Sketches of the vigilant watch that is kept by the kingdom of Roumania along the Russian frontier on the banks of the Lower Danube, towards the Black Sea, and along the Servian frontier between Rahovo and Kladova, to prevent the Russian Panslavist conspirators smuggling in contraband fire-arms and stores of ammunition, which they would get passed through into Bulgaria for the purpose of aiding a projected insurrection against the Government of Prince Ferdinand. It has already been explained that the frontier on the Pruth, from Jassy downward, in the old province of Moldavia, is guarded by sentinels called Dorobanti, stationed at certain intervals; while the mounted patrols of Calarossi—Roumanian militia cavalry—ride to and fro between the posts of the sentinels, ready to give assistance in a conflict, or to pursue any party of contrabandists who pass within the frontier. All passports are strictly examined, and the contents of every boat which crosses the river are liable to inspection. As the neighbouring kingdom of Servia, higher up the Danube, is open to the Russians, much vigilance has also to be exercised on that frontier by the Roumanian Government, which seems determined to neglect no efforts, in its friendly understanding with Bulgaria, for the preservation of order and tranquillity. The Servian authorities, by orders of M. Ristic, the Prime Minister, have given a courteous reception to Prince Ferdinand, who went to Zaribrod to meet his mother, Princess Clementine, coming from Vienna to visit him; and a personal interview between King Milan and Prince Ferdinand would probably do a great deal to remove the troublesome misunderstanding which has arisen between Servia and Bulgaria owing to acts of political brigandage attempted by Bulgarian refugees along the Servian border. M. Ristic has now given strict orders that refugees shall not be allowed to live near the frontier; but he was too tardy in taking this step, and the Bulgarian newspapers are accusing him of having shown ill-will in the matter. Meantime, Baron Hirsch, the wealthy constructor and chief owner of the Turkish railway, has gone to Sofia. It is said that he is prepared to negotiate a loan of one million sterling for the Bulgarian Government on security for interest being guaranteed to him from Princess Clementine's private estate.

The Lord Chancellor laid the foundation-stone of the new City of London Court on Nov. 23. His Lordship observed that but for such courts as this the widest injustice would prevail among the poorer classes of citizens, and that at the present time it was peculiarly desirable to prevent the principles of justice from being disturbed by sentiments of ille clamour. A luncheon was given in the Guildhall.



1. Dorobanti sentinel on the banks of the Pruth.  
2. Calarossi guarding the frontier on the Lower Danube.

3. Passport examination on the Roumanian bank of the Danube.  
4. Signal light for smugglers on the Servian frontier.

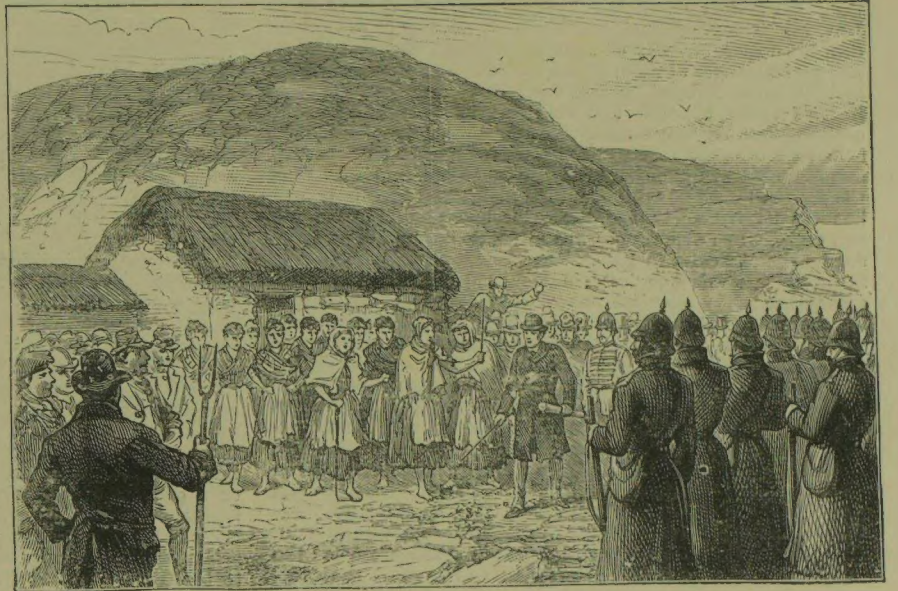
ROUMANIAN GUARDS PREVENTING THE IMPORT OF ARMS FROM RUSSIA FOR BULGARIA.

SKETCHES BY M. LACHMANN.





COLLECTING CESS (COUNTY RATE) ON INNISBOFFIN ISLAND:  
CONSTABULARY GUARDING THE BOAT.



INNISBOFFIN ISLAND WOMEN DEFENDING A HOUSE AGAINST  
THE RATE COLLECTOR.

The extreme wretchedness of the peasantry dwelling on the rocky islets in the Atlantic Ocean off the shores of Galway and Mayo has frequently been described and we have, on former occasions, given many illustrations, from sketches by our own Artists, and quoted largely from the reports of Mr. James Tuke and those of the Inspector of Irish Fisheries, relating minute particulars of a degree of misery which is probably not endured by any other population in Europe. It is the result of natural causes; of the utter barrenness of those islands, which have scarcely any soil to be cultivated even for oats or potatoes; of the stormy and wet climate, and the fierce winds and rains that sometimes destroy not only the scanty crops, but even the thin layers of gravel and sand, with the seaweed manure, in which they are produced with so much toil and difficulty; and of the often interrupted and perilous communication with the mainland, on which the roads are long and bad to the nearest market towns. The business of collecting the county "cess," as the county rate is called in that part of Ireland, becomes almost desperate in face of a starving people; and our sketches of the scenes at Innisboffin, which was recently visited for this purpose by the collector of the County Mayo, present an example of

administrative difficulties, probably quite unconnected with the Nationalist League agitation.

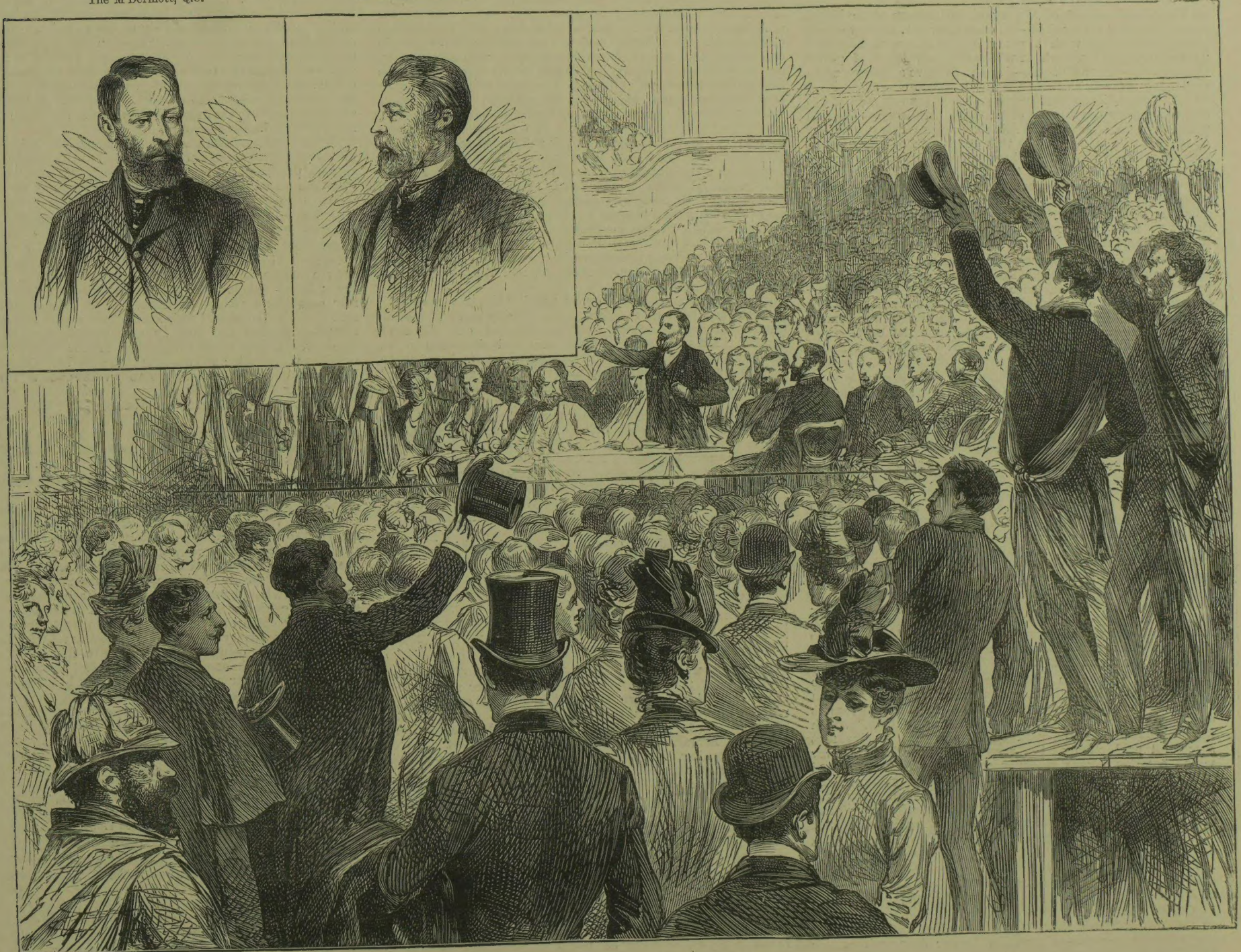
The meeting held on Wednesday, Nov. 23, in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, under the auspices of the National League, for the purpose of protesting against the treatment of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., is the subject of another illustration. The hall was crowded, but, with the exception of the reserved seats and the platform, the audience was of the usual National League type. As the Lord Mayor ascended the platform, accompanied by a number of English and Irish members of Parliament and several priests, the audience rose to their feet at once and cheered enthusiastically, while a band played "God Save Ireland." Among those on the platform were the Right Hon. S. Walker, Q.C.; The M'Dermott, Q.C.; the Rev. Dr. Galbraith; Serjeant Hemphill, Q.C.; Mr. Michael Davitt, and the following members of Parliament:—Messrs. Illingworth, Handel Cossham, W. Summers, F. S. Stevenson, F. A. Channing, J. Woodhead, B. Priestly, J. J. Clancy, D. Crilly, P. McDonald, J. Tuite, M. J. Kenny, J. C. Flynn, Maurice Healy, W. A. Macdonald, W. Murphy, W. Redmond, T. A. Chance, J. Swift MacNeill, J. F. X. O'Brien, D. J. E. Kenny, T. Harrington, and T. Healy. On the motion of

Mr. Walker, the chair was taken by the Lord Mayor. Mr. Harrington read letters expressing warm sympathy from the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Dublin, Armagh, Tuam, and Cashel, and the Bishops of Galway, Dromore, Meath, Clogher, Cloyne, Clonfert, and Kildare. The chief speaker was the Lord Mayor (the Right Hon. T. M. Sullivan), Mr. Harrington, M.P., Professor Galbraith, Mr. Summers, M.P., Mr. Healy, M.P., Mr. Channing, M.P., Mr. Davitt, and Mr. Oldham, of the Protestant Home Rule Association. Resolutions were passed denouncing "the cruel barbarities" inflicted on Mr. W. O'Brien and his fellow-prisoner in Tullamore jail.

Three most attractive ballad concerts have been announced for December at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo-bridge-road, S.E. On Thursday, Dec. 1, several popular artists sang; on Thursday, Dec. 8, operatic selections from "Maritana" will be given, with tableaux representing the story on which the opera is founded; and on Thursday, Dec. 15 (the last concert of the season) Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Charles Chilley, Mr. Dyved Lewys, and others, will sing.

The M'Dermott, Q.C.

Mr. Illingworth, M.P.



GREAT NATIONAL MEETING IN THE LEINSTER HALL, DUBLIN.



## MUSIC.

The second performance of the London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall (conducted by Mr. Henschel), took place on Nov. 23. The programme contained no novelty or subject for detailed notice, but was of sterling interest; having included fine performances of more or less well-known orchestral works, and Madame Norman-Néruda's excellent rendering of Beethoven's violin concerto and shorter solo pieces. The third concert—last Tuesday evening, Nov. 29—was of special interest, as having brought forward, for the first time in this country, an orchestral symphony by Wagner (an early composition of the deceased master) which had long been supposed to be lost, but was discovered (that is, the orchestral parts were) a few years ago, when a new score was made, and a private performance given at Venice in 1882. The work is very interesting, as showing that the composer in his beginnings was more in accordance with classical antecedents than he afterwards became in his series of opera-dramas, in which he gradually threw off all the recognised canons of constructive musical art. The symphony, which was composed about 1832, consists of four movements. The first (in C major), the second (andante, in A minor), and the third (scherzo, in C major) disclose traces of Wagner's study of the works of Beethoven, while the finale (in the original key) has much of the brightness of Mozart; in this, as in other portions of the work, evidence being given that Wagner could, if he chose, employ with effect contrapuntal resources. Had he pursued the career of a symphonist, there is little doubt that he would have attained eminence therein. The work now referred to would have gained in effect had the composer exercised more compression and avoided the over-prolongation and reiterations which are frequently observable. The symphony was excellently rendered by the fine orchestra conducted by Mr. Henschel. The concert opened with Glück's overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" (with Wagner's ending), which was followed by Madame Norman-Néruda's refined execution of Spohr's Eighth Violin Concerto; the other items of the programme having been a violin solo of Wieniawski's and Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture. Wagner's symphony is to be repeated at the concert of Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 21.

Mr. John Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" opened their twenty-second season at St. James's Hall on Nov. 23, when songs and ballads, mostly of a kind superior to the ordinary run, were effectively sung by Misses M. Davies, E. Rees, A. Gomes, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley. Miss C. Hartog's pretty song, "Oh! wilt thou have my hand?" by Miss Davies; Mr. Clay's song, "She wandered down the mountain side," by Miss Gomes; Gounod's "Quand tu chantes," by Madame Trebelli; Stephen Adams's "The Star of Bethlehem," by Mr. Lloyd; the same composer's humorous song "The Quaker," by Mr. Maybrick; Dr. Mackenzie's quaint ballad, "An old Irish Wheel"—and other pieces given in answer to encores—formed a well-contrasted selection. Madame Norman-Néruda contributed violin solos and the important obbligato to Gounod's vocal piece. The new choir, recently formed under the direction of Mr. Josiah Booth, was heard in part-songs and madrigals. There are fresh and bright voices in the choir, and with further practice in association their performances will doubtless gain in precision and refinement. The second concert of the season was announced for the afternoon of Nov. 30.

The second concert of the seventeenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—took place on Nov. 24 with a grand performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," a work in which the prevalence of grand choruses—single and double—is so distinctive a feature as to render it peculiarly suitable for the gigantic choir associated with the great Kensington building. The chorus-singing on the occasion referred to was of exceptional excellence. The solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd, the fine delivery by this gentleman of the declamatory air, "The Enemy said," having been a special feature of the evening. The duet for two solo basses, "The Lord is a Man of War," was—as on previous occasions at these concerts—assigned to the numerous tenors and basses of the choir; affording a good test of their thorough efficiency, although the departure from the composer's intention is scarcely to be justified otherwise.

St. Andrew's Day gave occasion to concerts in celebration thereof at the Royal Albert Hall and St. James's Hall, the programme in each instance having been selected with special reference to the occasion. At the first-named locality Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson (the eminent Swedish prima-donna) was one of the solo vocalists engaged; the list of those at St. James's Hall having included several distinguished names, together with the celebrated Glasgow choir.

The eighth Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of the series—on Nov. 26—included the first performance here of an orchestral fantasia-symphonic, by Anton Rubinstein, entitled "Eroica," a designation that inevitably suggests a recollection of Beethoven's immortal symphony so called, a comparison with which can scarcely fail to be to the disadvantage of any work aiming at similar grandeur. Herr Rubinstein's work has some striking passages and some effective instrumentation, but has that eccentricity of style and structure by which most of his later compositions are characterised. At the same concert, Handel's orchestral concerto in B flat was given for the first time at the Crystal Palace. This work, and others of the same kind, foreshadowed the form of the modern orchestral symphony as fixed by Haydn and elaborated by Mozart and Beethoven and their successors. The mixture of dignity and quaint grace in the concertos of Handel is always interesting, notwithstanding their comparative antiquity. Madame De Pachmann gave a skilful rendering of Schumann's pianoforte concerto and smaller solo pieces, and Madame Nordica contributed in artistic style vocal solos by Wagner and Mozart.

The second of the new season of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall was announced to take place on Dec. 1—too late for notice until next week. The programme consisted of Mr. Cowen's dramatic oratorio, "Ruth," which has already been commented on in reference to its first successful production at the recent Worcester Festival, for which occasion it was specially composed. Madame Albani and Mr. E. Lloyd were again named in the list of solo vocalists. Simultaneously with this concert, the Heckmann party were to give the first of a new series of their excellent performances of string quartets and other work of the great masters.

Mrs. Dutton Cook (Mrs. Charles Yates) announced a morning concert for Friday, Dec. 2, at Mrs. Mackay's, 7, Buckingham-gate. As Miss Linda Scates, the concert-giver gained high distinction when a student of the Royal Academy of Music by her proficiency as a skilled and refined pianist.

On Tuesday, Dec. 6, at a concert organised by Mr. Kuhe at the Royal Albert Hall, Madame Adeline Patti will make her farewell appearance previous to her departure on her extensive American tour. Other attractions, instrumental as well as vocal—including the co-operation of a grand orchestra—combine to render the occasion such as can scarcely fail to draw a very large attendance.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 29.

The political situation remains the same as it was last week; the only change is that there is some probability of the crisis coming to an end next Thursday (Dec. 1), when M. Grévy will send a message and his resignation to the Legislative Assembly—if he keeps his promise. But during the past fortnight or three weeks M. Grévy has so often said "yes" one day and "no" the next, and at the same time shown such incomprehensible obstinacy in refusing to quit the Presidency, that even now, in presence of a formal promise, one hardly ventures to predict that France will have a new President before the week has passed.

The apparent indifference of the population to all the phases of the present political crisis continues to astonish the observer who is accustomed to look upon the Gauls as justifying their classical reputation of being a fickle, turbulent, and revolutionary race. It is true that the Commune is organising its forces; that Citizen Eudes is summoning the people to arms, in case of certain eventualities; and that the anarchist revolutionaries profess to count upon 100,000 working men ready to go down into the streets and fight for liberty and justice. But this is only a potentially tragic and highly improbable detail in an ensemble which is regarded as a sad or a grotesque spectacle, according to the humour of the spectator. So far as collective manifestations are concerned, Paris is absolutely calm; but so far as individual manifestations go, Paris simply re-echoes with cries of irony addressed to the President of the Republic and his family. The start was given by a song entitled "What a misfortune to have a son-in-law!" Then followed, "What a misfortune to be a father-in-law!" "Father-in-law, why go away?" "Jules, then, you won't go?" "*Il s'est tombé dans le pétrin*. All is over, my son-in-law, you have got us into the mire." "Don't go, Grévy! don't go!" and "*Ah!zut alors! Faut que je déménage*." Imagine how delightful it is to stroll along the boulevards and to be deafened at every step by the mocking and ironical howlings of ten or a dozen men and boys, each crying one of these broadsheets at the top of his voice, and making such a noise that the shopkeepers are seriously thinking of placing speaking-trumpets at the disposal of customers. Paris is in an undignified condition, and in a disagreeable condition, but there is no reason for alarm. The crisis will come to an end without riot, bloodshed, or revolution, and with the new year we shall see things going on as usual.

The French are still the great purveyors of dramatic literature for the Western world; the names of their leading authors are universally known; and, now that copyright is more or less respected, an author like Sardou composes as much with a view to pleasing a London, as a Paris, audience. His new play, "La Tosca," which has just been produced at the Porte Saint-Martin, is admirably adapted for exportation, and in due time all the capitals of Europe and of the two Americas will doubtless see the play, with the leading rôle performed by the artist who created it—namely, the divine Sarah Bernhardt. Without Sarah, "La Tosca" would be an ordinary, but very cleverly-constructed, melodrama; but with Sarah it can be played effectively even with very mediocre actors in the secondary rôles; therefore, it is an excellent piece for exportation. The heroine is a Roman singer, Floria Tosca, who loves a painter, Mario Cavaradossi. In order to save a fugitive, Mario incurs the enmity of the regent of police, Scarpia, who succeeds in carrying out his plans, and gets Mario shot. Floria Tosca kills Scarpia by plunging a knife into his heart, and then, finding that her lover is dead, she curses his executioners and jumps into the Tiber, for the scene passes at Rome in the year 1800, just after the Battle of Marengo. The plot is too long and complicated to be analysed here. It suffices to say that it is very interesting, and that it is framed in beautiful scenery representing the church of St. Andrea, a room in the Farnese Palace, the platform of the Castle of St. Angelo, with the panorama of Rome in the distance, &c. The costumes are very charming reproductions of the fashions of the epoch of Louis XVI. for the men, and of the Consulate for the women. The rôle of Sarah Bernhardt is a mixture of tender and tragic elements, which give her admirable opportunities for displaying the grace, the charm, and the power of her varied and wonderful talent.

At the Ambigu, Jules Verne's novel, "Mathias Sandorff," has been produced in the form of a stirring and picturesque sensational drama, whose incidents remind one often of Dumas' "Monte Cristo." The scenery and situations make the whole a very curious and attractive spectacle. At the Gaité, a sort of spectacular operetta, "Dix Jours aux Pyrénées," has been produced with success. This is also simply a pretext for scenery, costumes, and details amusing to the eye.

The organising committee of the Exhibition of 1889 wish it to be made known that British artists, manufacturers, and others wishing to take part in the Universal Exhibition which will be inaugurated May 5, 1889, awaiting the formation of a central British Commission, may address demands for admission and space to the French Consulate, 38, Finsbury-circus, E.C., or to the French Consulates at Liverpool, Newcastle, Cardiff, Glasgow, and Dublin, where all information may be obtained.

In the multitude of new and beautiful books which the Paris publishers are producing in view of the season of New Year's gifts, I notice two volumes published by Quantin, namely Balzac's "Cousine Bette," illustrated with ten etchings from drawings by Cain, and Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre," illustrated by Mouchot. Both these books are finely printed small quartos, and masterpieces of bookmaking.

T. C.

The Emperor William received the President and Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag on Nov. 27. After referring to the illness of the Crown Prince, his Majesty expressed his regret at having been unable to open Parliament in person. The news as to the health of the Crown Prince continues generally favourable. He drove out for a short time on Sunday morning, Nov. 27, and in the afternoon took a walk in the gardens of the Villa Zirio. His Imperial Highness looked well and cheerful.—The German Reichstag was opened on Nov. 24 by the Minister for the Interior, who read the Speech from the Throne. In this document the object of the Triple Alliance is defined as being to strengthen peace, to avert the danger of war, and to oppose in common any unjust attacks. The Speech alluded to the illness of the Crown Prince in terms received with marks of deep feeling, which found an echo in the address of the President in opening the first sitting.

Lord Dufferin held a brilliant durbar at Peshawur on Nov. 25. Addressing upwards of three hundred representatives of the trans-frontier tribes, he expressed his pleasure at having found everywhere signs of material prosperity as well as proofs of their friendly relations with Afghanistan. His Excellency has left for Kohat.—All the resources of his State have been placed at the disposal of the Indian Government, by the Rajah of Jhind, for the defence of the frontier.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Although "Christmas is coming," as the children say, there is no lull whatever in the general theatrical excitement. In fact, for many a year past we have not had so lively a prospect in the usually dull month of December. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are coming back to the St. James's next week to play their last season in London, before going to America, with a series of popular revivals; and it will not be long before Mr. John Hare is seen again as an actor, as well as a stage manager. This admirable artist has had a long holiday, for he did not go to the provinces this year; and his appearance will be most welcome, whenever it takes place. The company at the St. James's will be materially the same, with the addition of Mr. Lewis Waller, a young actor who has been distinguishing himself at several important matinées throughout the year. The Haymarket company has been very busy rehearsing Robert Buchanan's new comedy, "The Honour of the House," which has been written a long time, put by, and recently put into rehearsal again. It will certainly be produced before Christmas, although "The Red Lamp" and "The Ballad-Monger" are still drawing crowded houses. The fact is, Mr. Beerbohm Tree is ambitious, industrious, and active. He is evidently fond of his work, and always wants to be at it. The best proof of this is that his second new play, the "Madame Pompadour" subject, has been completed by Mr. W. G. Wills and Mr. Grundy; and the Haymarket management is burning to be at it. It will be magnificently mounted, and every device of dress and scenic luxury resorted to in order to make the play the talk of fashionable and artistic London.

After a brief holiday at Monte Carlo, Mrs. Bernard-Beere returns to the Opera Comique Theatre, in order to revive that curious and much-debated play, "As in a Looking Glass," whose popularity is not yet supposed to be exhausted. Its success will, no doubt, suggest further dramatic material from the same source. The readers of this style of literature, who make such feverish books popular, are, of course, playgoers, and hence the feverish plays. In time, no doubt, the clever, hearty, and spontaneous Peg Woffington will weary of women of the Lena Despard order. But objectors are met with the same invariable answer—it pays. But there is an answer to even that objection. So do literature and journalism pay whose aims are not very creditable or policy remarkably wholesome.

Later on, the promise of spectacular plays exceeds anything that the London stage has ever seen. The more the misery out of doors, the greater the extravagance within. Beggars at the gates and theatres revelling in luxury. But this is the old story, that has been repeated again and again throughout the history of civilisation—the history that repeats itself. We learn on very good authority that Mr. Percy Anderson has designed dresses for the new Christmas production at the Gaiety of "Frankenstein" that will rival anything ever seen on the Parisian stage in the days of the luxurious and threatened Third Empire. On fancy's head, fancy accumulates. But, apart from that, the evergreen favourite, Miss E. Farren, comes back, with Mr. F. Leslie, from the country, and they will dance and sing to the careless and light-hearted until they are off to Australia and America in the spring.

Competition has only nerved the impulse and enterprise of Augustus Harris. The fact that there is to be a pantomime next door this year at Covent-Garden, with Fanny Leslie in it and other public favourites, only serves to increase the energy of the dauntless manager of Drury-Lane, and he promises the children, and their parents as well, in "Puss in Boots" such sights as they have never seen or their vivid imaginations conceived. Panoramas by Beverley, and scenes of enchantment and splendour, will do their best to eclipse even the glories that are promised in the new ballets at the Empire and the Alhambra in Leicester-square.

So far as the theatres are concerned, there is certainly plenty of work for the unemployed, and at the present moment activity prevails in every workshop, painting department, and stage connected with London's great theatrical enterprise.

The "star" of the week at the French plays is M. Febvre, who does not detach himself from the firmament of the Comédie Française quite so brilliantly as several of his companions. Sarah Bernhardt is, of course, a planet of exceptional brilliancy, and Coquelin a flashing comet; but Febvre burns with a calmer and steadier light. To play the "Demi-Monde" of Alexandre Dumas without a first-rate cast is an artistic mistake, and it cannot be honestly said that Febvre is well supported. The acting throughout is second-class, and the scenery and dresses equally shabby. There was a time when everything French on the stage was considered first-rate; but that time has gone by. The public has become more critical; it understands what good acting is, and it only patronises what it cannot get so well done over here. Febvre is seen to far greater advantage in "L'Ami Fritz," a charming idyllic work, graceful, fanciful, and a little too refined for this rough and realistic age. It is a pity that M. Febvre cannot be seen as the recovering madman in "Marcel," the character he created at the Théâtre Français.

By-the-way, there have been some curiously contradictory criticisms on the English equivalent of this work, some of which are absolutely ludicrous. The fault of the play is—if those who wrote about it knew anything whatever of the subject they are discussing—that it is morbid in its extreme sentimentality. It harrows people unnecessarily; it makes them cry too much and almost unnecessarily. But there is not a shudder in it; there is not one nasty or revolting idea in the whole composition, except one gratuitously introduced by a cynical writer who conceives it to be impossible that a legitimate child should be born to a man temporarily confined in a lunatic asylum. To compare Marcel with Zola is as ridiculous as to contrast Nana with Mrs. Haller. They have literally nothing in common. But the object of the "criticism" was perfectly clear when the writer, in his first sentence, correctly pronounced the English version of the play to be a translation, and then proceeded to enlarge on the faults of the creator of the play, which were all ascribed to the adaptor. "Marcel" is not a good, or very desirable, play. It was written many years ago, and there is no earthly good in reviving it, except to allow an actor an opportunity of a *tour de force*. Febvre's performance, however, is very fine, and he might well have repeated it in London, if only to show how entirely the whole idea, construction, and psychology of the play belong to the French author—and to the French author alone.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society give their first evening concert of the season at St. James's Hall on Saturday, Dec. 3.

The music composed by Dr. Villiers Stanford for the production of the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles at Cambridge on Nov. 22, proved so effective in performance as to justify its repetition in a metropolitan concert programme.

A six days' international pedestrian contest was concluded at Philadelphia on Nov. 26, and resulted in a victory for the English professional, George Littlewood, who covered a distance of 569 miles.



## THE COURT.

The infant daughter of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg was christened on Nov. 23, at Balmoral, being named Victoria Eugenie Julia Eva. The ceremony, which took place in the drawing-room of the castle, was conducted in accordance with the Scottish Presbyterian form of baptism, the officiating clergyman being Dr. Cameron Lees, of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. The service was strictly private, the only Royal personages present being the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Several of the Royal servants witnessed the ceremony. The Queen held the infant Princess while the ordinance of baptism was administered. The water used was got from the river Jordan. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Frederica, arrived at Windsor Castle on Nov. 26 from Balmoral. Sir Morell Mackenzie had the honour of being received by the Queen at Windsor Castle in the afternoon in order that he might make a personal report on the illness of the Crown Prince of Germany. Her Majesty asked many questions and showed the deepest solicitude for her august relative. On Sunday morning, Nov. 27, the Queen, the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. Her Majesty went out in the morning accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Lady Waterpark has arrived at the castle as Lady-in-Waiting, and the Hon. Rosa Hood as Maid of Honour-in-Waiting. The Queen held a Council at Windsor on Monday, when Parliament was further prorogued. Mr. Justice Charles received the honour of knighthood. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, the Chinese Ambassador took to Windsor Castle the presents forwarded by the Emperor of China as Jubilee gifts to the Queen. They included articles in white and green jade, scrolls on white satin, and an Imperial letter enveloped in yellow satin.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House on Nov. 23 for Sandringham. The Prince of Wales, on Nov. 25, attended the "Grand Day" dinner at the Middle Temple, and there was a distinguished assemblage to specially mark the termination of his Royal Highness's functions as Treasurer of the Society during the Jubilee year. The health of the Prince was proposed by the American Minister, and his Royal Highness, after responding, gave the health of Mr. Phelps, as a distinguished member of the Bar. The Prince left Marlborough House on Nov. 26 for Sandringham. On Nov. 29 the Italian Ambassador, Count Corti, arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.

These pleasant gifts of the season, though not so abundant perhaps as in former years, still come dropping in from the manufacturers as bright and graceful as ever. The first in order of reception, and probably in variety and beauty of design, in addition to those previously noticed, are the cards of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of 72, Coleman-street, City, contained in a handsome album. This noted firm also issue an especially seasonable gift just now, being a large picture, "The Royal Circle at Windsor," containing portraits of four generations of the Royal family.—The cards issued by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, of Great New-street, maintain to the full the high reputation of this firm, their "Gem" series being especially worthy of note.—Many of the cards published by Messrs. Castell Brothers, of 27, Warwick-lane, are of a religious character, with verses from original compositions by the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. George Macdonald, and other writers. This firm has also produced a series of autographic cards in boxes, some of the designs being by Robert Dudley.—Mr. Hagelberg, of 12, London-wall (a new adventurer, we believe, in productions of this kind), sends specimens of his patent "Diadem" cards no way inferior to the production of the old-established firms.—By way of substitutes for cards—and charming substitutes they are—Messrs. John Walker and Co. introduce a series of "Christmas and New-Year Booklets" most tastefully got up as gifts for this festive season.—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Oriol House, Farringdon-street, also issue some Booklets, elegantly bound, which will prove most acceptable presents, besides a number of gracefully-designed and well-executed cards.—Dainty little volumes entitled, "The Miniature Golden Floral Series," are published by Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane; and Mr. Harding, of 45, Piccadilly, produces specialties in the way of Christmas and New-Year cards—admirable representations of English birds, choice orchids, and lilies in chalk, from original drawings, and a great variety of sporting subjects.—Highly creditable specimens of cards of various kinds, some of them comic without being coarse, are produced by Messrs. Misch and Stock, of 55, Jewin-street.

A glimpse into the charmed land of Bohemia will be afforded to the general public by the Bohemian concert and recital which Mr. Odell, the well-known comedian, and his brother Bohemians will give, at Prince's Hall, on Monday, Dec. 5. The entertainment is under the patronage of the Savage Club.

Madame Marie Rozé made her farewell appearance as Carmen in Edinburgh on Nov. 28, prior to her tour round the world. The house, which was crowded in every part, included over 1000 University students in the gallery, who at the end of the fourth act lowered a large wreath from the gallery, amidst great enthusiasm.

A large family party assembled on Nov. 24 at Ickworth, the Marquis of Bristol's seat, near Bury St. Edmunds, for the marriage of Mr. C. G. E. Welby, only son of Sir W. E. and Hon. Lady Welby-Gregory, with Maria Louisa Helen, elder daughter of Lady Augustus Hervey, which took place in Ickworth Church. The Earl of Scarborough acted as the bridegroom's best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Geraldine Hervey and Miss Welby, only sisters of the bride and bridegroom. The bride was led to the altar by her uncle, the Marquis of Bristol. The wedding presents were numerous and costly, and included a diamond and ruby bangle from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

A quarterly court of the governors of the Brompton Consumption Hospital was held on Nov. 24. The committee of management, in their report, which was read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), expressed regret that applicants for admission were now waiting much longer than usual, owing to the temporary closing of the older and larger building. In order to lessen this delay as much as possible, the committee proposed to send to convalescent homes on the south coast, at the expense of the hospital, such patients as had improved under treatment, and who would further benefit by a change to the seaside. The following legacies had been announced: General Ramsey, £200; Major Hooper, £500; Miss McKella, £1000 (reversionary); Mrs. Cook, £1000; Miss Hore, £250; Mrs. J. F. Pownall, £200; Mrs. Levien, £500 (duty free). Musical and theatrical entertainments, highly popular among the invalids, are continued weekly.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

In my last contribution (not last week, when bronchitis compelled me to join "the unemployed") I drew attention to the great influence of the Primrose League in introducing women of all ranks to political association and work with their husbands and brothers. It is a matter of considerable consequence to note that since then the great Conservative caucus has almost unanimously voted that the enfranchisement of women should be added to the programme of that party. Nothing of the smallest importance is done in politics in this country, except in connection with one or the other of the great parties. A question may not be in itself of a genuinely party character—this very question of women's suffrage is not—but until one or the other side sees either the advantage or the inevitableness of "taking it up," it has little chance of success. I will not discuss whether the Conservative leaders who maintain that the women's vote would be to their party gain are right or not. Women, like men, as far as I can observe, are apt to be influenced in all their opinions by their early education, their family associations and connections in maturity, and their personal interests and circumstances. The point of present interest, however, is that Lord Salisbury is now urged by the almost unanimous voice of his own party to give representation to women ratepayers. The purport of what I wrote about the Primrose League was substantially to draw attention to the way in which the Conservatives have for some time past been preparing for this change by educating women in association with and in work for the advancement of the "Constitutional Party."

What a ridiculous "to-do" the Irish M.P.'s in prison are making over their raiment! Now, if it were a party of women who, having boldly courted imprisonment for their social and political teachings, were found hysterically begging for sympathy from the world about the naturally consequent obligation to wear an unbecoming and unhonoured costume, what justifiable scorn of female vanity and triviality should we not hear expressed! How petty would the character be considered that could not wear even a convict's garb as a robe of honour when donned for a patriotic cause! The only incident of which I ever previously heard to match this absurdity had also a hero, not a heroine. It was one that broke the quiet of the little Kentish village that nestles beneath Lord Darnley's hall, some eight years ago: a labouring lad went and hanged himself in a barn because his father would not let him wear his Sunday clothes on a week-day evening. The patriot calling on the instincts of humanity for sympathy because he has to wear an ugly blue suit instead of a fashionable grey one, is yet more ludicrous than the labouring lad dying to be smart; and really I should like to know if anybody ever heard of any woman perpetrating antics half so absurd about her wearing apparel.

Bronchitis, and its twin-brother and usual companion pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs, have been terribly busy during the foggy days that have afflicted Londoners during the last few weeks. One of the saddest deaths within general knowledge has been that of Professor Huxley's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. John Collier, who has fallen a victim to congestion of the lungs at the early age of twenty-seven years. Mrs. Collier was an artist who gave promise of no mean achievement. Though her husband's admirable art work no doubt stimulated and encouraged her efforts, yet her style was her own and not a mere copy; and a distinct promise of excellence in art is lost to the world, as well as an amiable and charming lady to her home circle.

Bronchitis and pneumonia demand the special attention of those who, as mistresses of the homes of England, have in a large measure the care of the national health. These sadly common lung attacks are as insidious as they are fatal. We are all apt to be much alarmed at the news that an epidemic of some fever or the other is raging in the neighbourhood of our residence. But bronchitis and pneumonia are, so to speak, a permanent and persistent epidemic—not, indeed, spreading from one individual to another, but, what is far worse, borne on those winds that we must encounter, those damps from which we cannot escape, and those fogs that are the true destroying dragons of modern cities, and that some new St. George should gird up his wit and energy to attack. Where the fevers slay their thousands, the lung complaints slay literally and absolutely their tens of thousands. The twin brothers referred to above take their toll regularly and annually—about sixty thousand lives in England alone! The returns of all the fevers put together are (in ordinary years) trifling compared to this appalling total.

Bronchitis does so much mischief largely because in its onset it is so insidious. It begins like a common cold, and the victim struggles to throw it off without giving up the daily duties. This is what does the mischief. In the climate of England it is necessary to be on the watch. If a cold produces a tight feeling over the chest, rapid, short breathing, and a heavy cough, it should not be tampered with; for a few days' confinement immediately may avert a prolonged illness and feebleness, and possibly a fatal result. When the mistress of the house sees anyone, husband, child, or servant, developing such symptoms, the only thing to do is to insist on confinement to bed in a room with a fire to maintain a temperature of 65 to 70 deg., and a kettle steaming out into the room to keep the air moist. This latter implement should be, of course, a regular bronchitis kettle with a long tin spout, and no lid to let part of the steam escape up the chimney; but in an emergency a very good substitute can be supplied by making a roll of stiff paper, such as serves the nursery for an impromptu speaking-trumpet on occasion, and, after pinning this so that it does not come unrolled, sticking it on the end of the spout of an ordinary kettle, in which the steam is kept up well. Then big poultices of linseed, with plenty of mustard in the first few, need to be put on the patient's chest for twenty-four hours, changing them every two hours or so; and that is about all that can be done. Of course, all this is directed and seen to by the medical attendant as soon as he is called in; but the mischief is that he is often not called till too late, because the complaint has been lightly looked on as "only a cold"; and thousands of lives would be saved if people would see the necessity to always either take rest and nursing for a few days, or resolutely call in the doctor at once, directly they find they have incurred what is so carelessly spoken of in its onset—"only a cold."

The following recipe, one of the late Dr. T. H. Tanner's, is not a medicinal preparation, but a demulcent drink, most soothing and pleasant to the throat in any attack of soreness. Get from the chemist half a pint of almond mixture, and half a pint of mullage of acacia; add half a pint of new milk, and two tablespoonfuls of noyau, curaçao, or other liqueur; then sweeten to taste with sugar-candy or honey. The whole quantity may safely be taken in twenty-four hours, and it is equally nutritious and agreeable.

F. F. M.

An anonymous donor has sent £1000 to the South American Missionary Society "for carrying on work now in progress," and £500 towards the society's special funds.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Argyle, of the trust disposition and deed of settlement of General Sir John Douglas, G.C.B., late of Glenfinart, Argyle, who died on Sept. 8 last, has been granted to Charles John Cathcart Douglas and James Heyden, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £166,000.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1880) of Mr. James Barlow, late of Greenthorne, Edgworth, Lancashire, cotton spinner and manufacturer, who died on Aug. 16 last, was proved on Nov. 16 by Thomas Barlow, John Barlow, and Maria Barlow, the sons and daughter, the executors, the value of the personal property amounting to upwards of £150,000. The testator gives £1000 per annum, all his furniture, wines, consumable stores, carriages and horses, and the use of his house and grounds to his wife, for life. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, in equal shares.

The will, with four codicils, of Mrs. Louisa Webber, late of No. 5, Upper Woburn-place, who died, on Nov. 3, in her ninety-ninth year, has been proved by the surviving executors, William Sharp and Septimus William Sibley, the estate being sworn at over £132,000. The testatrix, after leaving considerable legacies to two relatives, gives numerous and substantial legacies to friends; and, after providing handsomely for servants, makes the following charitable bequests:—To the National Benevolent Institution, £500; St. Pancras Female Charity School, £500; Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, £500; St. Pancras Almshouses, £300; Church Missionary Society for Africa, £200; Church of England Scripture Readers' Association, £300; Society for Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, £200; Curates' Augmentation Fund, £500; University College Hospital, £300; St. Pancras Northern Dispensary, £300; and Schools in Sandwich-street, St. Pancras, £500.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1886), with a codicil (dated April 6, 1887), of Mr. Hugh Pugh, late of Leys Meirion, in the county of Carnarvon, banker, who died on May 16 last, was proved on Nov. 10 by Sir Hugh Owen, K.C.B., one of the executors, the value of the personalty amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator gives all his jewellery, farm stock, and consumable stores to his wife, together with the use of his house and furniture for her life; and £100 each to the Penymount Calvinistic church, Pwllheli, and the English Presbyterian church, Castle-square, Carnarvon. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to his children in equal shares as tenants in common. In addition to the above-named sum of £72,000, legacy duty is also payable on £30,000 vested in a trustee on trusts similar to those in the will.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1875) and two codicils (dated May 24, 1879, and April 14, 1883) of the Right Hon. Jonathan Christian, late of Merrion-square, South Dublin, formerly Lord Justice of Appeal in Chancery in Ireland, who died on Oct. 29 last, were proved in Dublin on Nov. 14, and resealed in London on Nov. 23. The sole executrix is Mrs. Mary Christian, the widow; the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £70,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his sister, whom he has already provided for; and £300, and all his furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and at her death, as she shall appoint among his children.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1887) of Mr. Robert Furley, J.P., F.S.A., late of Ashford, Kent, who died on Sept. 9 last, was proved on Nov. 15 by John Furley, the son, the Rev. Georges Fettiplace John Gwynne Evans Gwynne, and Horace Hamilton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator gives to the trustees of the Ashford Almshouses such a sum of money as will bring in clear £4 per annum, to be divided between the four inmates of the almshouses every year on the testator's birthday; and bequests to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Margaret Rutton Furley, for life, and at her death for his son, John; the testator's two daughters, Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Drake, having been provided for by their marriage settlements.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1881), with two codicils (dated Sept. 7 and Nov. 5, 1886), of Mr. Samuel Berry, late of Hatfield, Cavendish-road, Clapham-common, who died on Sept. 29 last, was proved on Nov. 17 by Mrs. Emma Berry, the widow, and William Sydenham Hayercroft, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator gives his house called "Hatfield," with all the furniture and effects therein, and £700 to his wife; and £5000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Louisa Ann Bartlett, for life, and then to her husband. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to his said daughter, Mrs. Bartlett.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1883), with three codicils (dated Oct. 29, 1883; Jan. 20 and Oct. 1, 1884), of Mr. Edward Foligno, formerly of No. 87, Cornwall-road, Notting-hill, but late of No. 42, Torrington-square, who died on Oct. 5 last, was proved on Nov. 16 by David De Pass, Joseph Sebag Montifiore, and Lewis Emanuel, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator gives £200 to the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Bevis Marks; £50 each to the Betholim Hospital and the Portuguese Orphan Society, late of Bevis Marks; £30 to the Portuguese Jews' Institute; £20 each to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the Goldsmiths' Benevolent Society, the Jewish Blind Society, and the Jews' Needy Aged Society; and very numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to Daniel De Pass.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1885) of Mr. Thomas Bayley, late of Holly Bank, Mill-end, Stockport, who died on Oct. 12 last, was proved on Nov. 15 by Mrs. Maria Bayley, the widow, and Joseph Moor, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator gives his house, Holly Bank, and the grounds to his wife, and there are bequests to relatives and friends. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, Maria, and his niece, Dorothea Moor, in equal shares as tenants in common.

Mr. T. Matesdorf gave his second lecture on Raphael Sanzio on Nov. 30.

Mr. Cecil George Douglas, at present chief clerk at the Guildhall Police-Court, has been appointed chief clerk at the Justice Room of the Mansion House, in the place of Mr. J. H. Gresham, who has retired on a pension.

The annual Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club is fixed to take place at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Dec. 5. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is this year's president, will be unable to be present; but his *locum tenens* will be the president-elect, the Earl of Faversham.

It is announced from Berlin that the cancer bacillus has been discovered by Dr. Scheuerlen in the laboratory of the Charité Hospital there. The existence of the bacillus, which is oviform, has long been maintained as a theory; but this is the first occasion on which it has been identified.





THE MAHARAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR, INDIA.



THE MAHARANEE OF KUCH BEHAR.

## THE MAHARAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR.

Their Highnesses the Maharajah and the Maharanee, his wife, of the native State of Kuch Behar, were among the Indian Princes who came to England to attend the Jubilee celebration of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India. The small territory of Kuch Behar is situated in North-east India, above three hundred miles north of Calcutta, and not far from the Bhotan frontier, west of the valley of the Brahmaputra, and of Assam. Its native Sovereign has been loyal to the British Government; and, though his military and financial resources are unimportant, the position of his territory, near a border country formerly exposed to the inroads of hill-tribes, may render his friendship useful. The Kuch race of northern Bengal were a powerful nation before the Mohammedan conquest of India. They have intermarried with the Bengalees, and have adopted many of their habits of life. Though most of them now profess the Mussulman faith, the reigning Princely family, or rather the Rajbunsi clan, are of the Hindoo religion, and observe Hindoo customs as in Bengal. The present Maharajah is an enlightened gentleman, and has married the daughter of the late Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen, the founder of a pure Theist doctrine and communion, known

as the "Brahmo Somaj," to which many educated Bengalees have been converted. Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen was in England for some time, and preached sermons, in very good English, to some of the Unitarian congregations in London.

Some interest just now attaches itself to the annual report on the Canadian fisheries, which has been issued by the Department of Fisheries at Ottawa. This shows that the total value of the fisheries of the Dominion last year was £3,735,857, an increase on the previous year of £191,263. With the exception of Prince Edward's Island, where a decrease of over £30,000 is noticeable in the value of lobsters alone, it is pleasant to note that this source of wealth is in a satisfactory condition. These figures are exclusive of the fish consumed by the Indians of British Columbia, and also of a portion of the yield of Manitoba and the North-West Territories. It is believed that these would add at least £4,400,000 to the values given. Of the fish caught, cod heads the list, its value being £910,600. Lobsters come next, the value of these being £527,679. Next come herring, mackerel, and salmon, and a number of other fish, the lowest on the list being halibut, the value of this being £19,382.

## A NICE FAMILY.

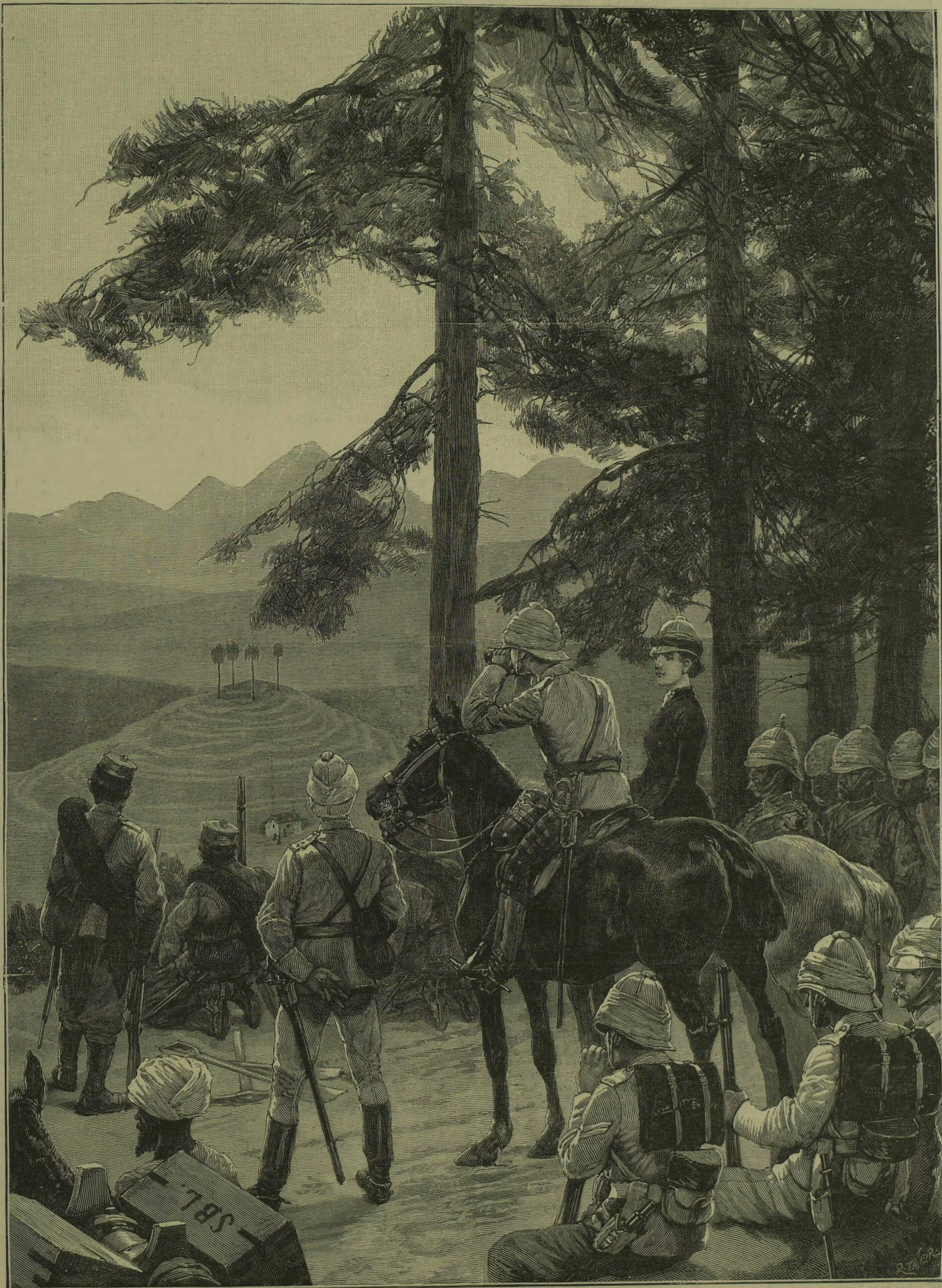
The sympathy of children with the young of domestic animals, with puppies, kittens, or chickens, is always kindly and pretty to see; and the little girls, who take so naturally to playing at motherhood, or to the mimicry of nursing cares, with their inanimate dolls, instinctively recognise the exhibition of maternal affection in this watchful parent of a canine infant brood. They press forward, eager to look, but scarcely daring to touch, while the boy surveys the young dogs with an air of critical inspection, which is equally characteristic of future manly tastes. This pleasing scene, in the picture which has been copied for our Engraving, tells its own tale, and demands no further comment; but our readers will be gratified by the simple truthfulness of expression in the figures of the children, and by the life-like drawing of the handsome and affectionate creature whose parental office is engaging their attention.

The Chelsea Public Library Commissioners have appointed Mr. T. Henry Quinn, of the Liverpool Free Library, to the post of chief librarian. There were 150 applicants.



A NICE FAMILY.—FROM THE PICTURE BY C. REICHERT.





HILL MANŒUVRES OF OUR TROOPS IN INDIA.  
SKETCH BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GHOORKAS.



## MILITARY HILL MANŒUVRES IN INDIA.

Under the orders of Major-General Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B., commanding the troops in the Rohilkund district, a series of military manœuvres were performed, in October, by the troops of the Ranikhet garrison, consisting of the "Buffs," under command of Colonel Halloran, with a wing of the 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles, under Colonel Ward, and details forming the standing camps. They moved out from their quarters at Ranikhet on Oct. 12, taking up positions on the Ranikhet and Almorah cart-road, while the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Ghorkas left their head-quarters at Almorah on the same day. The officers and men bivouacked that evening, and marched on the following day to Dwarsum, about eighteen miles from Almorah. The 14th and 15th were devoted to field operations and to the practice of outpost duties by both forces; the wing of the Scottish Rifles having joined the Ghorkas on the evening of the 14th, at the conclusion of the day's work. Sunday, the 16th, was a day of rest. On Monday, the 17th, a combined force of the Scottish Rifles and Ghorkas attacked the Buffs' camp at Majkali, marching on the same evening to Upatkhet, and encamping about three miles from Ranikhet. Next day the Upatkhet ravine, on the road from Ranikhet, was defended by the Rifles and Ghorkas, under Major Stewart, against the Buffs, under Major Newnham Davis. The troops received a complimentary address from the Major-General. Our illustration, from a sketch by Captain C. Pulley, 3rd Ghorkas, shows the defending force awaiting the development of the attack, which was mainly delivered on its right flank. A determined effort was made to turn the high wooded ridge seen to the right of the sketch, and to force a passage up the ravine. The ground over which the troops had to work during the manœuvres was such as to put the climbing capabilities and wind of all concerned to a severe test. But the men showed themselves fully equal to the strain. The Major-General specially commented on this point when alluding to a flank march executed by the "Buffs" under the orders of Colonel Hart, V.C., which, from a military point of view, was admirably conceived and as ably carried out. The camp was quite an experiment, and as such may be considered a great success. The troops separated on the 18th, the Europeans returning to Ranikhet, and the Ghorkas on the following day to Almorah, bivouacking en route at their old quarters of Dwarsum.

## OLD "MARYBONE" GARDENS.

The great parish of St. Marylebone, extending over a large part of north-west London, from Oxford-street to Regent's Park, and between St. Pancras and Paddington, with a population exceeding half a million, takes its name from the church of a hamlet called St. Mary-le-bourne. This "bourne," or brook, was not that known as the West Bourne, which rises on the west side of Hampstead-heath, flows to Kilburn and to Paddington, and thence to Hyde Park, forming the ornamental waters of the Serpentine, and from Knightsbridge reaches the Thames above Chelsea. It was the Ty Bourne, which also had its source at Hampstead, in the Shepherd's Fields, where Fitzjohn's Avenue has lately been constructed, and the course of which is southward from Belsize, west of Primrose-hill, and through Regent's Park: thence bending across Gloucester place, Baker-street, and High-street, Marylebone, crossing Oxford-street at the spot formerly called "Tyburn," and descending by Mayfair to the Green Park, whence it reached the Thames at Westminster Abbey. The village of St. Marylebone, situated at the bend of the stream, on the ground marked by the existing names of High-street and Marylebone-lane, was an insignificant rural place a hundred and fifty years ago. A map of 1742 shows the small village church standing alone in the open fields, approached by the two lanes just mentioned; the old manor house stood at a short distance to the east, on the site behind Devonshire-place; while on the east side of Marylebone-lane, to the north-east of the present Manchester-square, were the old "Marybone Gardens," opened in 1670, which had already become a place of popular resort. These gardens were originally formed in connection with the "Rose of Normandy," a tavern in High-street, with a famous bowling-green, and no charge was at first made for admission; but in 1738 they were improved and adorned; an orchestra for musicians was erected, and concerts of a superior kind, under the direction of Dr. Arne and other eminent professors of the art, were given to subscribers for the season, and to purchasers of tickets. Handel once attended a performance of selections from his own compositions at this place. "Acis and Galatea" was performed here again in 1773. The history of the "Marybone Gardens" will be found, related fully and precisely enough by Mr. Edward Walford, in the fourth volume of "Old and New London," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., which contains a view of the interior of the gardens, somewhat resembling Vauxhall and Cremorne as we remember them, copied from a print of 1780. Mr. Walford states that those grounds extended over the whole space now occupied by Devonshire-street, Weymouth-street, and Marylebone-street, Upper Wimpole-street, and Upper Harley-street. The gardens were closed in 1778, and the land was devoted to building purposes. A representation of some aspects of the old "Marybone" Gardens, designed by Mr. T. Harris, architect, with costumes in the fashion of the time, more or less correctly reproduced, was exhibited from Tuesday, Nov. 22, to Saturday, Nov. 26, at the Grand Fancy Bazaar and Fête held at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street (late Madame Tussaud's) to raise funds for parish work in connection with the church of St. Marylebone. It was opened by the Countess of Meath, and was an attractive and successful entertainment, some features of which are shown in our page of Sketches. The imitative garden scenery, with the alleys between rows of trees, hung with lanterns, the latticed alcoves, the gipsy tent, the fishpond, and the concert-room and orchestra, and with the entrance through the "Rose of Normandy" tavern, had a quaint and pretty effect. These scenes were fitted up by Messrs. Campbell, Smith and Co., and with furniture and decorations by Messrs. Simmonds. The costumes were supplied by Messrs. Harrison, of Bow-street. The Rev. Canon Barker, Rector of St. Marylebone, offered a prayer at the opening; and the National Anthem and the Old Hundredth Psalm were sung. The lady patronesses walked in procession, and many ladies presided at the stalls of the bazaar. Musical and dramatic performances were provided daily to the end of the week.

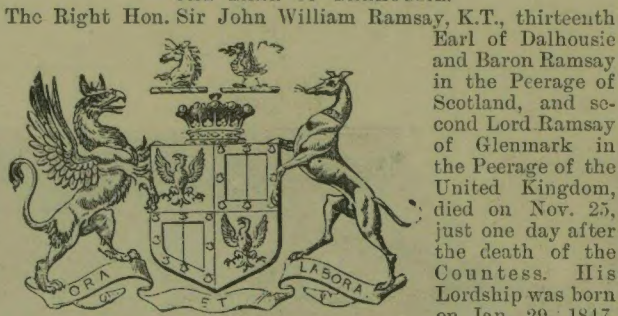
The Duke of Abercorn has been invited to accept the office of president of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland.

The Dowager Lady Lampson has given £2000 to the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, of which £1200 has been devoted to extinguishing the mortgage on the society's home at Dulwich, the remainder being for the general fund.

The new and commodious building in Bishopsgate-street erected by Messrs. Moore and Moore, pianoforte manufacturers, just opened, is replete with every convenience, and contains a large variety of instruments, from the simplest to the most ornate.

## OBITUARY.

## THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.



The Right Hon. Sir John William Ramsay, K.T., thirteenth Earl of Dalhousie and Baron Ramsay in the Peerage of Scotland, and second Lord Ramsay of Glenmark in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died on Nov. 25, just one day after the death of the Countess. His Lordship was born on Jan. 29, 1847, the eldest son of George, twelfth Earl, who inherited the Scottish honours at the decease of his cousin Fox, second Lord Panmure, and eleventh Earl of Dalhousie, and was created a Peer of the United Kingdom in 1875. The Ramsays of Dalhousie are one of the most ancient and historically-distinguished families in North Britain. The nobleman whose decease we record entered the Royal Navy in 1861, and retired as Commander. From 1874 to 1876 he was Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh; Extra Equerry, 1876 to 1880; and a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, 1880 to 1885. In 1880, being then Lord Ramsay, he contested Liverpool unsuccessfully; but at the General Election which followed he was returned, although in the same year he succeeded his father in the Peerage and vacated his seat. In 1881 he was made a Knight of the Thistle; and in 1886, Secretary of State for Scotland. He retired with the Gladstone Administration in that year. Lord Dalhousie married, Dec. 6, 1877, Lady Ida Louise Bennet, younger daughter of the Earl of Tankerville, by whom he leaves five sons, of whom the eldest, Arthur George Maule, Lord Ramsay, born Sept. 4, 1878, is now fourteenth Earl of Dalhousie.

## THE COUNTESS OF MARCH.

Isabel Sophie, Countess of March, died on Nov. 20, aged twenty-four. Her Ladyship was the second daughter of Mr. William George Craven, of Horseheath Lodge, Cambridgeshire, nephew of the second Earl Craven. Her mother was daughter of the fourth Earl of Hardwicke. She married, July 3, 1882, the Earl of March and Darnley, eldest son of the Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Gordon, K.G., and was the Earl's second wife. She leaves two daughters.

## COLONEL BALFOUR.

Colonel David Balfour, of Balfour and Trenabie, in the county of Orkney, J.P. and D.L., Convener of that county, died on Nov. 19. He was born Oct. 14, 1811, the second son of Captain William Balfour, R.N., of Trenabie, Vice-Lieutenant of Orkney, and succeeded, in 1846, at the decease of his father, to the estates and male representation of the senior line of the very ancient family of Balfour, of Munquanny. He married, Dec. 12, 1844, Eleanor Alder, daughter of Captain Samuel Barker Edmeston. Colonel Balfour published in 1859 his "Udal Rights and Feudal Wrongs." The imposing structure of Balfour Castle in the Island of Shapinsay was built by him in 1850.

## MR. BUCKLEY-WILLIAMES.

Mr. Rhys Buckley Buckley-Williames, of Pennant, Glanhafren, and Glyn-Cogan, in the county of Montgomery, J.P., died at Pennant on Nov. 21, aged thirty-three years. He was the last surviving son of the late Mr. John Buckley-Williames, of Glyn-Cogan, J.P. (second son of the late Major John Williames Buckley-Williames, of Pennant and Glanhafren, and, *jure uxoris*, of Glyn-Cogan, J.P., D.L., High Sheriff county of Montgomery, 1820), by his first wife, Mary Ann, daughter of the late Mr. Whitmore, of Hockley Abbey, in the county of Warwick (Mr. Buckley-Williames married secondly his cousin, Martha Anne, eldest daughter and coheir of the late Mr. Joseph Jones, of Dolobran Hall, in the county of Montgomery). The deceased gentleman, who was a Magistrate for Montgomeryshire, married Gertrude, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Jones Humphreys, of Dolarddyn, in the county of Montgomery, who survives him. He was the representative of a cadet branch of the very ancient Carnarvonshire family of Williams of Cochwillan, of which one of the most distinguished members in modern times has been John Williams, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to James I., and Archbishop of York, who is so well known as the enemy of Archbishop Laud, and for his active share in some of the stirring historical events of his day.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir J. T. Buller Duckworth, Bart., on Nov. 29, aged seventy-eight. His memoir will be given in our next issue.

Lieutenant-General Dominic Jacotin Gamble, C.B., Director-General of Military Education, on Nov. 21.

Mr. John Shapter, Q.C., Bench of Lincoln's Inn, on Nov. 24, aged eighty-one.

Mr. Joshua Pollard, of Scarr Hill, West Riding, Yorkshire, on Nov. 19, aged ninety-three.

General Henry Lawrence, one of the oldest (if not the oldest) of the East India Company's officers, on Nov. 23, aged ninety-seven.

Rear-Admiral Richard Carter, at Bembridge House, Fareham, on Nov. 21, aged fifty-seven. He had the Baltic and Chinese medals.

Mr. George Edward Eyre, M.A., of Warrens, Wilts, Barrister-at-Law, late Recorder of Romsey, High Sheriff 1844, on Nov. 24, at his seat near Lyndhurst, in his eighty-fourth year.

General Darby Griffiths, C.B., late Scots Greys, Colonel of the 5th Lancers, on Nov. 17, at Bushy Ruff House, near Dover, in his seventy-eighth year. He was youngest son of the late Major-General Darby Griffiths, of Padworth House, Berks.

Captain John Hawley Burke, Captain Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire Regiment, very promising young officer, at Rajanpur, India, on Oct. 24, aged thirty-three. He was second son of the Rev. Michael Burke, A.M., of Ballydugan, in the county of Galway, the representative of the old family of Burke, of Ballintober and Ballydugan.

The *Citizen* states that the picturesque space known as Drapers'-gardens, between Throgmorton-street and London-wall, is to be thrown open to the public.

Mr. J. A. Froude gave an address at the annual meeting of the Liberty and Property Defence League on the question of copyright, contending that if a man could be supposed to have a perpetual ownership in anything belonging to him it would be in a book which he had created out of nothing.

The Christmas Fat Stock Show at York opened on Nov. 29, proving one of the best ever held in the city by the society. Amongst the competitors were the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty had a couple of entries in the Scotch breeds class for pure-bred polled oxen, but the first prize fell to Mr. George Bruce, of Aberdeen. The Prince of Wales carried off the first and special award in shorthorns, for oxen not exceeding four years, with a very fine white steer.

## ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

*The Saône, a Summer Voyage.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With 148 Illustrations by Joseph Pennell and the Author. (Seeley and Co.)—The author of "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," of "Round My House," and "An Unknown River," is skilled in the use both of the pen and of the pencil; and the charm of his quiet and unaffected descriptions is equal to the value of his critical and historical comments on works of art. He has, for some years past, resided much in provincial France, latterly at Autun; and the pleasant land of Burgundy, in which many travellers by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway must wish to stop and sojourn, is familiarly known to him. The river Saône, which flows into the Rhone at Lyons, and on which Mâcon is situated, has many attractions for the lover of agreeable scenery and of cheerful French life. It may not be generally understood among English tourists that this river, for the greater part of its length, below the junction of the Coney with it, is rendered navigable, with short canals, by the modern engineering improvements; and that from where the Doubs meets it, at a town named Verdun, some fifteen miles above Châlons-sur-Saône, it is open, deep, and peculiarly adapted to the sailing of yachts. Mr. Hamerton, his eldest son, and Mr. Pennell, in June, 1886, embarked at Châlons-sur-Saône on board a long flat-bottomed canal-boat, locally called a "berrichon," to be towed upwards along the banks of the river. He had three tents of his own, which were fixed up in the boat, to accommodate himself and his friends at night where there were no convenient inns; the owner of the boat, with a pilot, and a donkey named "Zoulou," to aid in towing, managed it very well, making a very moderate charge for payment. Vernet was also a good cook, being an old soldier of the Algerian campaigns. They were helped by a steam-tug, which was drawing a train of barges, and went up in a leisurely manner, visiting the little towns and villages, and enjoying a variety of landscape and small adventures. At the pretty town of Gray, the gentlemen were entertained by hospitable friends. At Ormoy, near Corre, at Jussey, Conflandey, and Port-sur-Saône, picturesque scenes were abundant. The Saône and Coney have their sources in the Vosges mountains, to the north-east. Above Corre the former is only partially navigable for canoes. In returning, Pontallier, Auxonne, St. Jean-de-Losne, Seurre, and Verdun were inspected and are described. A brief detention by the gendarmes at Pontallier was due to suspicions of some hostile design in making sketches of the bridges and canals. Auxonne is a military station of importance, and the soldiers appeared to be four-fifths of the population. Below Verdun, the river flows, broad and placid, through spacious green pastures. The city of Châlons-sur-Saône, where Mr. Hamerton spent about six weeks, Mr. Pennell leaving him there to return to England, has a few remaining architectural monuments, but has been deprived of the aspect of antiquity. On Aug. 30, the author, with his son and nephew, Stephen and Maurice, set forth in his own sailing-boat, a two-hulled vessel like the Calais-Douvres, to descend the river to Lyons. This part of his explorations is quite as interesting as the first; and many readers will like to learn more of Mâcon, the birthplace of Lamartine; while at Trévoux, the views of the Mont d'Or, and the delightful country around, seem to be extremely fine. Mont Blanc is visible from Mâcon, at a distance of a hundred miles. The Ile Barbe, St. Rambert, and the environs of Lyons, on the north side, present features of beauty with which many travellers are acquainted. Mr. Hamerton's book is very agreeable reading, and each of the two artists has enriched it with numerous sketches, of the merits of which their names are sufficient attestation.

*Their Majesties' Servants: Annals of the English Stage.* By Dr. Doran, F.S.A. Edited and Revised by Robert W. Lowe. Three vols. (J. C. Nimmo).—This new edition of a standard work long held in esteem, which contains the accurate history of a most entertaining and interesting class of famous public favourites, actors and actresses, from Betterton to Kean, is adorned with fifty copperplate and eighty wood engravings, greatly enhancing its value, as they consist of the best original portraits, characters on the stage, and views of old theatres. The copperplate engravings, by Messrs. Annan and Swan, are printed as India proofs; and most of the wood-engravings, by Del Orme and Butler, on fine Japanese tinted paper, mounted on the pages of the book, the smaller woodcuts being tail-pieces of the chapters. The text has been accurately revised from the author's annotated copy, and Mr. Lowe has added many valuable foot-notes, with a complete index to each volume. Among the notable subjects of biography and portraiture, from the Elizabethan period, are Burbage, who was Shakespeare's associate; Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College; Nell Gwyn, Mrs. Barry, Betterton, Colley Cibber, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Quin, and Booth; Garrick, in several characters; Mrs. Oldfield, Peg Woffington, Bellamy, Kitty Clive, Macklin, Foote, Mrs. Abington, Bannister, John Philip Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Charles Kemble, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren, Master Betty, G. F. Cooke, Elliston, and Edmund Kean. The painters of the portraits include Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Morland, Sir Martin Archer Shee, and other eminent artists. The late Dr. Doran's work requires no further commendation; but this handsome reproduction of his most considerable book, finely illustrated, will take its place on the shelves of good libraries for an indefinite time in the future.

Workmen are employed in removing the stones of Temple Bar from the open space in Farringdon-street, where they have lain since the demolition of the ancient gateway. The stones are being taken to Theobald's Park, Cheshunt, the residence of Sir Henry Meux, who will re-erect the ancient monument.

At the next Quarterly Communication of the Grand Lodge of English Freemasons, to be held on Dec. 7, the Most Worshipful Grand Master will move that £500 be voted out of the fund of general purposes towards the relief of the distress of the deserving poor of the metropolis.

The ninth annual festival dinner of the members and friends of the East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women was celebrated on Nov. 24 at Willis's Rooms. The subscriptions amounted to nearly £1800, of which £1107 8s. 6d. was on the chairman's list.

A meeting convened by the Charity Organisation Society was held on Nov. 28, in the rooms of the Society of Arts, where Mr. H. V. Mills read a paper on "The Treatment of the able-bodied Poor in Holland and Belgium." Lord Stalbridge presided. The lecturer proposed taking 400 or 500 persons and settling them on a farm of five hundred acres of land now uncultivated, and gave accounts of such villages in Holland, where the people were comfortably maintained. The subject was discussed at some length.—A well-attended meeting of delegates to the London Trade Council was held at Bricklayers' Hall, Southwark Bridge-road, on the same day, when it was resolved to form a central council to co-operate in the distribution of a relief fund for the unemployed, and take other steps to aid in the removal of the existing distress.



# MAPPIN & WEBB

INVITE INSPECTION OF THEIR IMMENSE VARIETY OF LONDON-MADE LEATHER AND FANCY GOODS, SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

WRITE FOR THE CHRISTMAS LIST, POST-FREE.



Lady's Calf Hand-Bag, Oxidised Mounts, 7s. 6d.



Ormolu Gilt Carriage Clock, £1 1s.



Richly Cut-Glass Scent-Bottle, with richly-chased Solid Silver Mounts, Height 6 1/2 in., £1 13s.



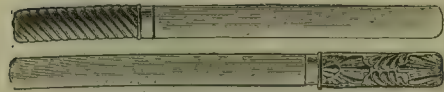
The Grenada Vase, in Gilt and Bronze and Cut Glass, very handsome, £1 11s. 6d.



Early English Brass Inkstand, with China Bottle, Height, 6 1/2 inches, 17s. 6d.



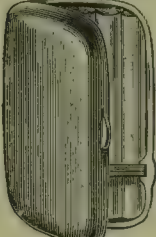
Button-Hook, with fluted Sterling Silver Handle, Length, 10 inches, Complete in Case, £1 8s.



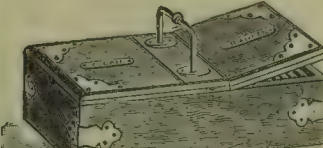
Finest African Ivory Paper Knives, with chased or fluted Sterling Silver Handles, Length, 13 inches, £1 8s. each.



Richly-Chased Solid Silver Fusee-Box, 12s. 6d.



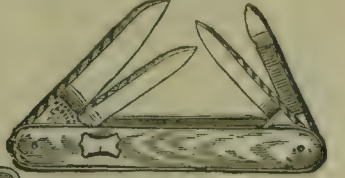
Sterling Silver Cigarette-Case, £1 6s.



Polished Oak Cigar and Cigarette-Box, Nickel Mounts, to hold 50 of each, 12s. 6d.



Finest Crocodile Wallet, Lined Calf, with Silver-Gilt Hall-Marked Corners, £1 8s.



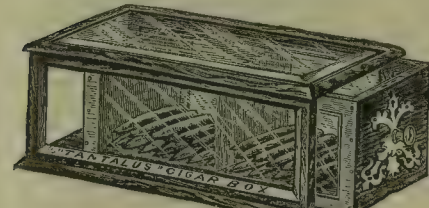
Fancy Pearl Pocket-Knife, Four Blades, richly ornamented, 9s.



Real Crocodile Purse, made from the remnants left in the manufacture of their Dressing-Bags, A Spécialité, 4s.



Ebony Hair-Brush, with two or three Letter Silver Monogram to order, 12s. 6d.



'Tantalus' Cigar-Box, in Cut Glass and Polished Oak, gilt mounts, and Self-Acting Lock, £2 5s.



Sterling Silver Hall-Marked Salts-Bottle, Gilt Inside, 1 1/2 in. long, in Morocco Case, lined silk, 13s. 6d.

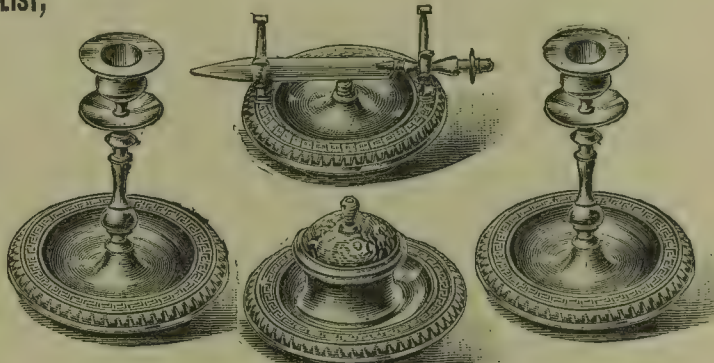


250 Needles, Gilt Eyes and Finest Quality, in Morocco Case, 10s. 6d. A Spécialité.

WRITE FOR THE CHRISTMAS LIST, POST-FREE.



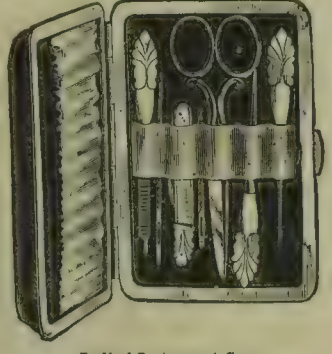
Cabinet Photo Frame, in Frosted Electro-Silver, 17s. 6d.



Handsome Brass Writing Set, complete in Leather Case, £1 1s.



Fluted Sterling Silver Cigar-Case, Gilt inside, £4 4s.



Ladies' Instrument Case, Real Russia, lined Satin, Nickel Frame, Six Pearl-handle Instruments, Complete, £1 5s.

MAPPIN & WEBB, 18 to 22, POULTRY, CITY (Opposite the Mansion House); & 158 to 162, OXFORD-ST., WEST-END. London Manufactory: 35, King-st., Covent-garden, W.C.

## THE BEAUTY OF THE SKIN ENHANCED BY Poudre d'Amour. PREPARED BY PICARD FRERES.



Ladies will find this delightful and refreshing TOILET POWDER invaluable as an application for the skin, reducing a too ruddy complexion and heightening a pallid skin to a beautiful tint. Its application absorbs all moisture, and induces that coolness and comfort to the skin so desirable in the ball-room, theatre, or in the open air. Price 1s. per box; per post, free from observation, 1s. 3d. In three tints: Blanche, for fair skins; Naturelle, for darker complexions; and Rachel, for use by artificial light. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Depôts: R. HOVENDE and SONS, 31 and 33, Berners-street, W.; and 91-95, City-road, E.C., London.

## A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 13 1/2d. tins.

## TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER.

Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post-free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

## A USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT. WOODWARD'S PATENT AUTOMATIC DROP-ACTION PENCIL. THE BEST EVER INVENTED.



No. 570. HALL-MARKED SILVER, extra strong, beautifully engraved or engine-cut, with Box of Eight Patent Black Copying Ink Refills, 10s. 6d. Smaller Sizes, post-free, 8s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. A. H. WOODWARD, IXL Works, Vittoria-street, BIRMINGHAM.



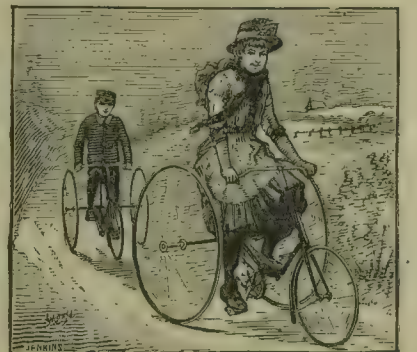
## S. SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER.

A HIGHLY PERFUMED Scent of great refinement, strength, and lasting quality.

Very economical in use. Prepared with the finest ENGLISH LAVENDER, without any foreign whatever.

176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.

At the Railway Bookstalls and generally throughout the country. Prices, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s.; post-free, 2d. extra. In neat Cases, suitable for Presents, from 3s. to 15s. 6d.; post-free, 3d. extra.



## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, from £3 3s.

These MACHINES are not mere toys, but are thoroughly reliable and unequalled for strength and easy running. They are fitted with adjustable handles and seat-rod; well finished in black enamel, with plated hubs, handle-bars, &c.

HUMBER & CO., LIMITED,

Head Office and Show-Rooms: 32, HOLBORN-VIADUCT, LONDON.

# THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD,

SUPPLIED, ACTUALLY FIRST HAND, DIRECT from the MINCING-LANE MARKET, by THE UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, delivered to any address in the Kingdom, CARRIAGE PAID.

SAVING ONE SHILLING

A POUND!

WHY DRINK INFERIOR TEA which has filtrated through some half-dozen hands, and throw away fully One Shilling a Pound swallowed up in intermediate profits?

- |  |         |                  |
|--|---------|------------------|
| No. 1. HOYUNE and ASSAM  | .. .. . | 1s. 3d. a Pound. |
| No. 2. CONGOU and ASSAM, thoroughly good Tea                       | .. .. . | 1s. 6d. "        |
| No. 3. OOPACK and CACHAR ASSAM, of great strength and fine quality | .. .. . | 1s. 9d. "        |
| No. 4. SPLENDID KAISOW and DARJEELING                              | .. .. . | TWO SHILLINGS "  |

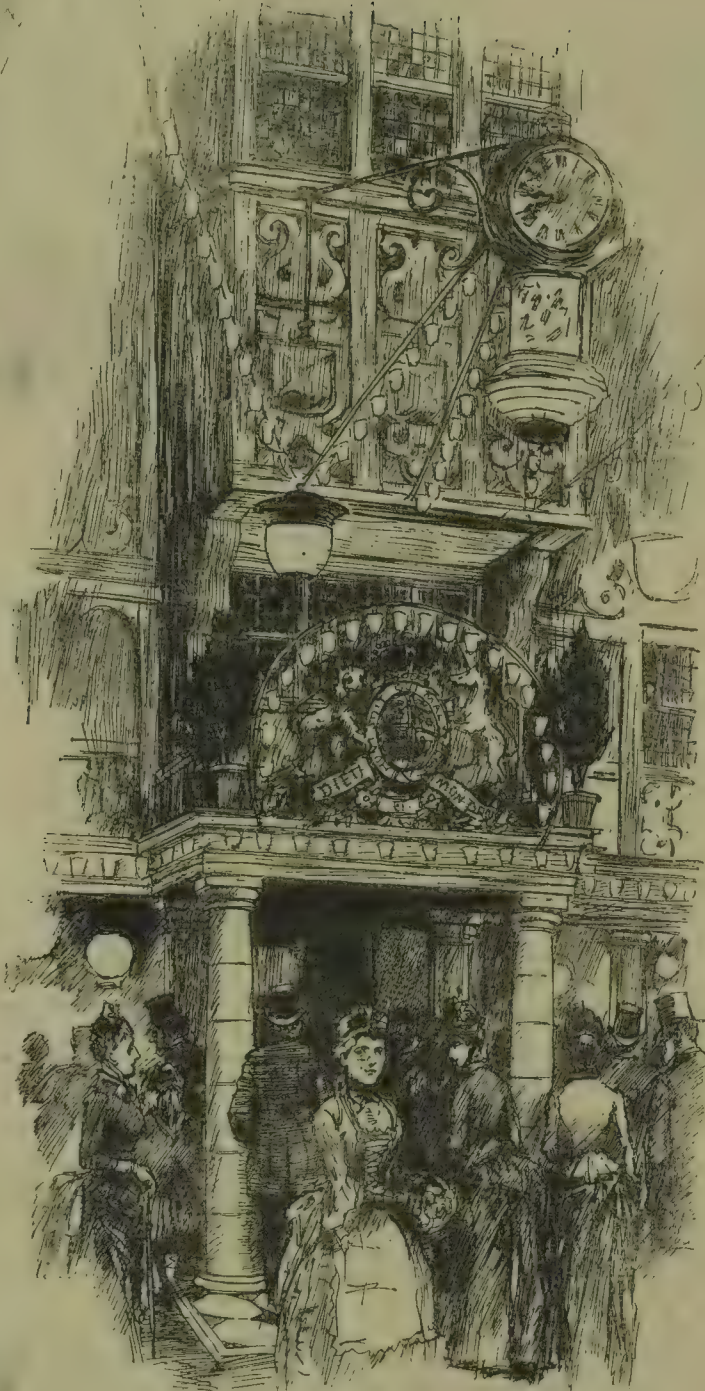
QUANTITIES of 7lb., 14lb., and 20lb. PACKED IN CANISTERS WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

The Public are respectfully requested to write for Samples of these Teas, which will be forwarded free of charge, and to taste and judge for themselves.

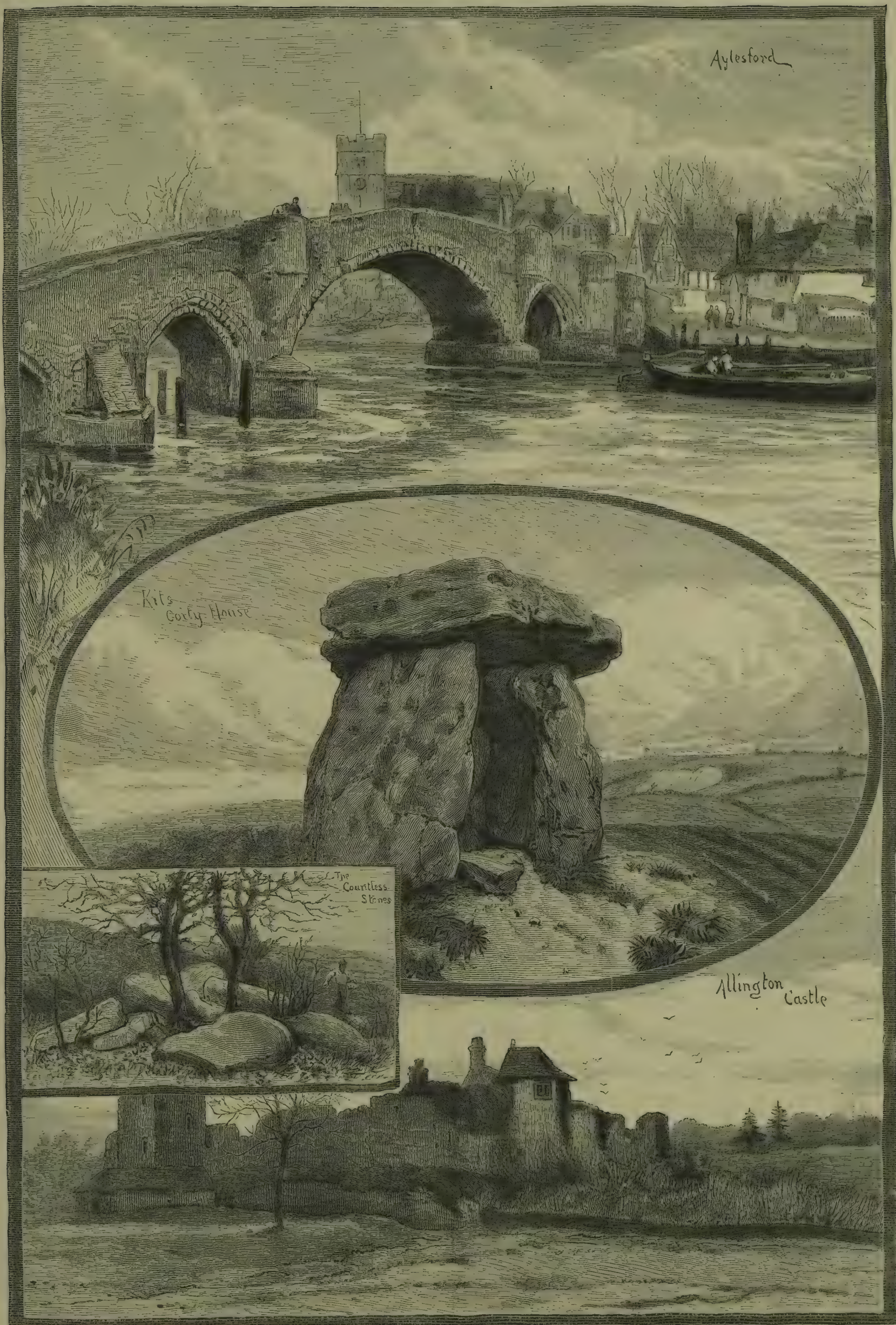
# UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY,

OFFICES: 21, MINCING-LANE, LONDON, E.C.











## RAMBLING SKETCHES: MID KENT.

An old proverbial saying, to which Fuller alludes with approval, describes Kent as being naturally divided into three parts, characterised respectively by the possession of "health without wealth," in the long backbone of chalk hills called the North Downs; "wealth without health," in the grassy marsh-lands between the Thames, the Lower Medway and the Swale, and in Romney Marsh on the south coast; finally, "health with wealth," in the beautiful stretch of country from west to east, from Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, and Tunbridge Wells, through the middle valley, that of the Upper Medway, including Maidstone and its neighbourhood, and on to Ashford and Canterbury—one of the fairest, richest, and most salubrious regions in rural England. Mid Kent, for many miles all round Maidstone, with the banks of the Medway from Aylesford up to Yalding, affords delightful rambles for the walker and subjects for the sketcher's pencil, whereof let our Artist bear witness in a page of this week's publication.

The little town of Aylesford, the Ægelesford of the Saxon Chronicle, named from Eigil, the mythical hero and mighty archer of the Teutonic race, stands on the site of the first great battle, fourteen centuries ago, between King Vortigern and the invaders who had crossed the sea, led by Hengist and Horsa. It was believed that Horsa was killed in this battle; yet he is said to have given his name to Horsted and Horsham, in

Sussex. A great burial-ground of the Britons was discovered on the hill above this town. Aylesford has an old bridge, an old Norman church, both shown in our Sketch; and some remains of an old "Friary," a Carmelite monastery, founded in 1240, and of the Keep of a Norman Castle.

On the hill, two miles from Aylesford, to the north-east, is the famous cromlech, a Celtic sepulchral monument of the ancient Britons, which is called "Kit's Coity House," this name being a corruption of "Ked" or "Coed," meaning the tomb in the wood. A few venerable yews of the sacred grove have remained to our day. The structure consists of four blocks or slabs of sandstone, three of which, in size nearly 8 ft. high and broad, are set upright to form the walls of a cell; the fourth slab, 12 ft. long, 9 ft. wide, and 2 ft. 6 in. thick, weighing ten or eleven tons, is laid on the top for a roof. It was the centre of a great number of lesser monuments, which now lie scattered and confused, and some remains of which are seen in "the Countess Stones." Vaults are cut in the chalk of the hill-side, and an avenue of stone posts has been traced from this place westward to Addington, nearly seven miles. A Roman villa, with fragments of pottery and coins, has been discovered near the ancient British cemetery at Aylesford.

In walking up the pleasant banks of the Medway, from Aylesford to the good city of Maidstone, an object of interest to the antiquary is the ruined Castle of Allington. It is an oblong walled enclosure, with circular towers projecting from

the walls, and with a surrounding moat, supplied with water from the river. It contains two courtyards, and many fragments of buildings, picturesque enough with the ivy and shrubs about them. These buildings are of the date of Henry VIII., when the place belonged to Sir Henry Wyatt, and to his son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, father of him who was beheaded, in 1554, for joining in the rebellion against Queen Mary. The more ancient castle on this side was founded by William de Warrenne, after the Norman Conquest, and was subsequently held by the Penchesters, the Cobhams, and the Brents. Queen Elizabeth bestowed the Allington Manor on Sir John Astley, from whom it passed to the Earl of Romney. We should like to associate this Kentish village with "The Small House at Allington," the late Anthony Trollope's best story of English life.

Mr. John L. Child gave on Nov. 29 the second of his spirited dramatic and miscellaneous recitals.

Lieutenant-General the Hon. Somerset John Gough Calthorpe has been appointed Colonel of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, in the place of the late General H. Darby Griffiths, C.B.

The fifty-seventh anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society was celebrated on Nov. 24 at St. James's Hall. Mr. George Allsopp, M.P., presided. Donations amounting to nearly £2500 were announced, the firm of Messrs. Allsopp contributing £800.

## DEATH.

On Monday, Oct. 10, 1887, at No. 7, Park-road, Lucknow, India, suddenly, of heat apoplexy, accelerated by heart disease, Madeline Annis, the beloved wife of Mr. Alfred Alone, in the 44th year of her age.

\*The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr"—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

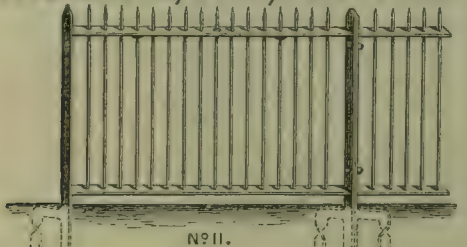
**MOROCCO, GRANADA, SEVILLE**, and SOUTH OF SPAIN, by P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS, via Gibraltar. Season (from October to May) now commenced. The pleasantest, least fatiguing, and cheapest route to the most charming and romantic districts in Europe. The Company's Steamers leave London every Thursday. Fare to Gibraltar, First Saloon, £3. Return Tickets, 21s. For full particulars apply to the Company's Offices, 12, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; or 25, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

**PARIS HIPPODROME, OLYMPIA**. Manager, H. HOUCKE. Every Evening at Eight; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30 and Eight. Grand Equestrian performances. Admission, from 1s. to Two Guineas. Doors open Six and 12.30. Box-office open Ten to Five.

**SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW**. Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The Ninetieth Annual Show of Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Implements, Roots, &c. MONDAY, DEC. 5, at Two p.m.; Close at Eight p.m. Admission, Five Shillings. Cattle Show—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Dec. 6, 7, 8, and 9. Open at Nine a.m.; close at Nine p.m. Admission, One Shilling. R. YEXNER, Secretary, Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

**SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA**. Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder. GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA. In Tins at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. SOLD BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

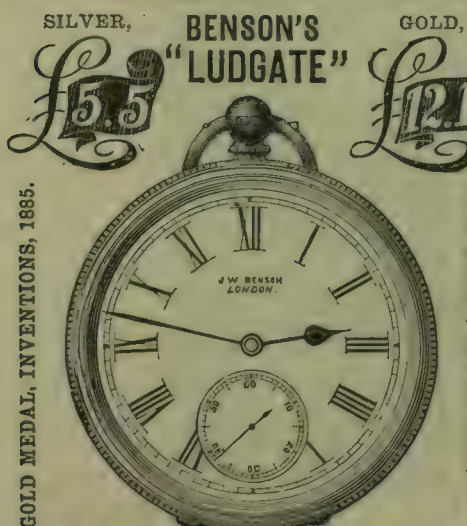
**IRON HURDLES, GATES, TREE GUARDS.**



Illustrated Catalogue free on application. BAYLISS, JONES, & BAYLISS, WOLVERHAMPTON. London Show-Rooms: 139 & 141, CANNON-ST., E.C.

## TO WEAK PEOPLE.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, and VITALITY restored without STOMACH DRUGGING. A valuable Treatise explanatory of the new method of cure by LOCAL ABSORPTION for all disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Female Complaints and Irregularities, Indigestion, Constipation, Premature Decline, and all Functional Disorders, will be sent, post-free, to any sufferer. Call upon or address—R. ORVIS PECK, 249A, High Holborn, London.



**FINEST ENGLISH THREE-QUARTER PLATE LEVER.**

Best London Make; Jewelled throughout, Chronometer Balance, Patent Ring Band; warranted to keep perfect time, and last a lifetime. Specially adapted for hard and rough wear. Small, for Gentlemen; Medium, for Working Men; Large, for Railway Men; or Smaller size for Ladies. Silver, £5 3s. In Gold Cases, from £12 12s. Sent free and safe on receipt of P.O.O., draft, or cash.

**J. W. BENSON (Queen's Watchmaker)** By Royal Warrant

Steam Factory: 62 & 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.

## FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

FASHIONS

AT

PETER ROBINSON'S

REGENT-STREET HOUSE.

PETER ROBINSON respectfully invites Ladies to visit his SHOW-ROOMS to SEE THE FASHIONS in

NEW MILLINERY,  
NEW MANTLES,  
NEW JACKETS,  
NEW COSTUMES, &c.,

Which have just been received from the FASHIONABLE MODISTES OF PARIS.

**PETER ROBINSON'S COURT AND FAMILY MOURNING,**

The Largest and most varied Stock of Fashionably Made-up Articles and Materials by the Yard that can be seen at any one Establishment, and at the most "Reasonable Prices."

Goods are sent on Approval to any part of the Country (however distant) Free of Charge.



**PETER ROBINSON** MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS**—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless, it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain; and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London" is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, at 1s. 14d.

## CORPULENCY.

Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dieting, &c. "Sunday Times" says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones, the system." Book, 116 pages (8 stamps).

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, 27, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

## "THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST."

Free by post to anyone who will ask for it.

"The Toy the Child Likes Best" is the title of an interesting Book, richly illustrated in Coloured Print, all about Toy Building operations with the NEW ANCHOR-STONE BUILDING BLOCKS, the same as supplied to the Princesses and Princesses of the Royal and Imperial Navies. It tells about the uses and shapes, where to obtain them, and the prices, which range from 1s. 3d. to 6s. per Box, the latter weighing more than 4 cwt.

A CLEVER TOY FOR EVERY CHILD.

A SPLENDID PRESENT.

It costs nothing for the Book. Write to London Depot,

F. A. RICHTER & CO.,

1, RAILWAY-PLACE, FENCHURCH-STREET, E.C.; and

310, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



## VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.

If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer" for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

## FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath.

Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world: it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living animalcules, leaving the teeth perfectly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as sherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

## BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

THE GREAT REMEDY for

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

SURE, SAFE, AND EFFECTUAL.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

## CONSUMPTION!

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with an ENTIRELY NEW and VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Address in full. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 5, Plum-tree-court, Farringdon-street, London.

## COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE**—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1884.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE**—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE**—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866:—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be this singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption Neuralgia, Rheumatism &c.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE**—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

TO LADIES OF FASHION. **SUNBURN, REDNESS, and** light Cutaneous Affections are Cured by CRÈME SIMON, recommended by all Doctors of Paris, and adopted by every Lady of Fashion. Whitens and fortifies the Skin, to which it imparts a fragrant perfume and gives a velvety appearance. Bottles, 4s., 2s. 6d., 1s. 14d., and 11s. J. SIMON, 30, Rue de Provence, Paris. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

## EPPS'S

(GRATEFUL-COMFORTING)

## C O C O A

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

## Violet of PARIS

SPECIALITIES IN PERFUMERY

VIOLETTES de SAN REMO (POWDER)

MUGUET DES BOIS (PERFUME)

ROYAL THRIDAGE SOAP, VELOURINE SOAP.

To be obtained from all high-class Perfumers, Chemists, etc.

WHOLESALE ONLY: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

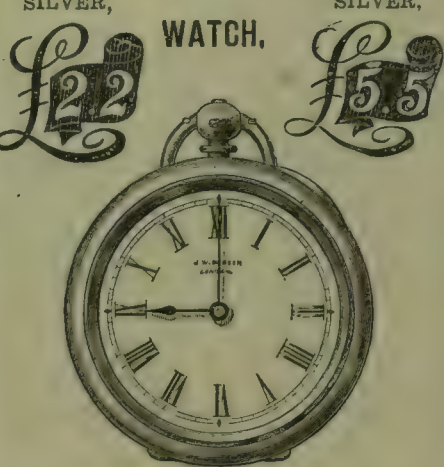


Now Ready. Tenth Edition.

CONTENTS:—Symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion; Special Advice as to Diet and Regimen; Diseases Sympathetic; Notes for Dyspeptics; Beverages, Air, and Ventilation; Particulars of numerous Dyspeptic Cases. Sent for one stamp.

Address: Publisher, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## BENSON'S LADY'S "SPECIAL" WATCH.

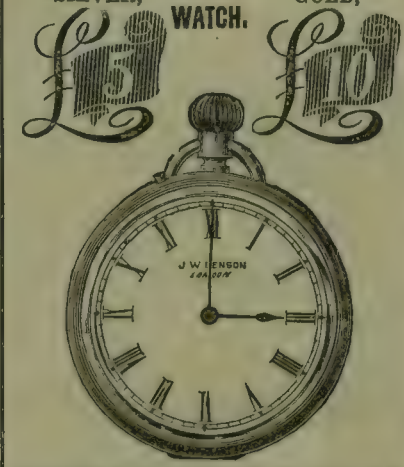


Lady's Watch, Fully Jewelled movement, hard white enamel dial, crystal glass cases. Strongly recommended. Sent free and safe on receipt of P.O.O. or cash. For Particulars and other designs, see Illustrated Book, post-free.

AN EXCELLENT WATCH AT A LOW PRICE.

Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Bond-street Novelties for Christmas post-free.

## BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS WATCH.



Extra Quality Movement. Strong Keyless Action. Fully Jewelled, 14-ct. Gold, Crystal Glass, Hunting or Half Hunting Cases. Warranted.

The "Lady" says:—"It is a marvel of cheapness; the most elegant and economical Lady's Watch we have seen."—May 24, 1885.

Monogram or Crest beautifully engraved without extra charge. Lady's Gold Albert Chain, from £1 15s.

Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Bond-street Novelties for Christmas post-free.

## BENSON'S LADY'S "FIELD" WATCH.



English Keyless Half-Chronometer. Best London Make, for Rough Wear.

In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases. The Hunting Editor of the "Field" says:—"I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's Hunting Watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 23, 1884. Illustrated Book free.

Also at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.



**WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?**—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Pedigree traced. The correct colours for liveries, the arms of husband and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals and dies, 8s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

**CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX** of STATIONERY—a Heap of Paper and 500 Envelopes, stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel dies. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD PLATE and fifty best Cards, Printed, 2s. 6d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

**MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.** Third Edition, in 3 vols., **LIKE AND UNLIKE.** The New Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Ismael," &c. "Like and Unlike" is by far the most effective of Miss Bradton's stories since "Ismael."—The "Times," Nov. 9, 1887. London: SPENCER BLACKETT, 33, St. Bride-street.

**THE GREAT ANNUAL.** Now ready, at all Libraries and Bookstalls, 3s. 6d., **LA FIGARO ILLUSTRÉ.** English Edition. Splendid Illustrations. Sole London Agent for the French Edition, SPENCER BLACKETT, successor to J. and R. Maxwell.

**"DEWICK GLEANINGS":** **BEING THE LIVES OF THE BEWICKS** and their PUPILS, by JULIA BOYD. Profusely Illustrated from the Original Wood Blocks and Copperplates. A few Copies of the Large (demy quarto, 240 pages) and Small (crown quarto) Paper Editions, in sheets, or full bound, or half bound, in dark or Morocco, now remain unsold. Very suitable for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Two to Seven Guineas; liberal cash discounts. ANDREW RID, Publisher, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Now ready, **THE DECEMBER, OR EXTRA CHRISTMAS, NUMBER OF THE ARGOSY.** Containing a Complete Story by JOHN LUDLOW (Mrs. HENRY WOOD), Entitled "IN LATER YEARS." Price One Shilling.

RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, 8, New Burlington-street, W.

**WELDON'S FANCY DRESS.** Price 1s. each; post-free, 1s. 1½d. 100 Characters. PART I.—Weldon's Practical Fancy Dress for Ladies. PART II.—Weldon's Practical Fancy Dress for Children. Each Book contains 50 Full-page Engravings, with practical directions how to make up at home, quantity of material required, &c.

**WELDON'S NEEDLEWORK.** Nos. 1 to 24 just out. Price 2d. each; post-free, 2½d.; or the Twenty-four Numbers, post-free, 4s. 6d. Weldon's Smocking. Weldon's Bazaar Articles. Weldon's Knitting. Weldon's Crochet. Weldon's Patchwork. Weldon's Macramé Lace. Weldon's Cross-stitch. Weldon's Stocking Knitter. Weldon's Netting. Vol. I. (Nos. 1 to 12). Vol. II. (Nos. 13 to 24). Just out. Beautifully bound in cloth. Price 2s. 6d. each; postage 3d.

**WELDON'S COOKERY BOOK.** Cloth, price 1s.; post-free, 1s. 2d. 320 pages. 100 Menus and 600 Recipes. For moderate people with moderate incomes. Suitable for every household. A Lady writes:—"I could not get on from day to day without 'Weldon's Cookery.'" WELDON and CO., 7, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

A Lady writes: "It is without doubt the most useful Magazine for ladies. I find it quite indispensable."

**MRS. LEACH'S FANCY WORK-BASKET.** Price SIXPENCE. CONTAINING practical LESSONS in every DESCRIPTION of FANCY WORK, Art Needlework, Crochet, Knitting, Lace-making, Quilting, d'Art, Mountmellick Embroidery, and how to make useful articles, with 120 Illustrations. All Booksellers; or, by post, 7d. R. CARTWRIGHT, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.

**WHITAKER'S ALMANACK.**—The Best, the Most Complete, the Cheapest, and the Most Useful Almanack published. The 1888 Edition, considerably improved, will be ready in December. London: WHITAKER and SONS.

**ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC, 1888.** Enormous Circulation. Year of change. Fate of the World. The only reliable weather forecasts. Zadkiel foretold the earthquakes in Southern Europe, the crisis in the East, &c. London: COULINS and CO., 6, Helmet-court, Strand. Price 6d.

Eleventh Edition, 1s.; post-free, 12 stamps. **THE HUMAN HAIR: Why it Falls Off** or Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By PROFESSOR HARLEY PARKER. Published by E. MILLS, 21, Clarendon-street, S.W. "Everybody should read this little book."—Scotsman.

Now ready, crown 8vo., cloth, price 2s. 6d., **EPILEPSY; The Tonic Treatment** of Epilepsy and Kindred Nervous Affections. By WALTER TYRRELL, M.D. London: TRENNER and CO., Ludgate-hill.

One Shilling, post-free. **ENLARGED TONSILS CURABLE** WITHOUT CUTTING. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. London: JAMES EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly.

Third Edition, post-free, twelve stamps, **SKIN DISEASES.** Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, &c. A Practical Treatise, explaining the Causes, Treatment, and CURE of these Diseases; with Directions for Diet and Baths. By Dr. S. BERRY NIBLETT. Published by MR. WILLIAMS, 10, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, London.

**WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.** An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

**LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED GOUT & RHEUMATIC REMEDIES AND PREVENTITIVES.** LAIRITZ'S PINE WOOL FLANNELS, UNDERCLOTHING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND PREPARATIONS. PINE WOOL PRODUCTS. TRADE MARK. L. E. Lairitz.

**LAIRITZ'S PINE-WOOL, OIL, SOAPS, WADDING,** BATH EXTRACT, &c. To be obtained of all Hosiery, Drapers, and Chemists. Chief Depot (Wholesale), WELCH, MARGETSON, & CO., 16, Cheapside, London. CAUTION.—None Genuine unless Stamped with Trade-Mark (Pine-Tree) and Signature.

**STOUT PERSONS** Can obtain advice free how to reduce Weight and cure Obesity by the only sure method: strict diet and nutritious drugs unnecessary. Now Tre. cluse, with full instructions how to Act, sent in sealed envelope for 6 stamps. E. K. LANTON, Bloomsbury Mansions, Bloomsbury, London.

**KEYLESS BRACELET WATCH, IN GOLD BANGLE, COMPLETE FROM £8.**

Made to fit any Watch, from £3 10s. Bracelet Watches, in Great Variety, from £10 to 100 Guineas.



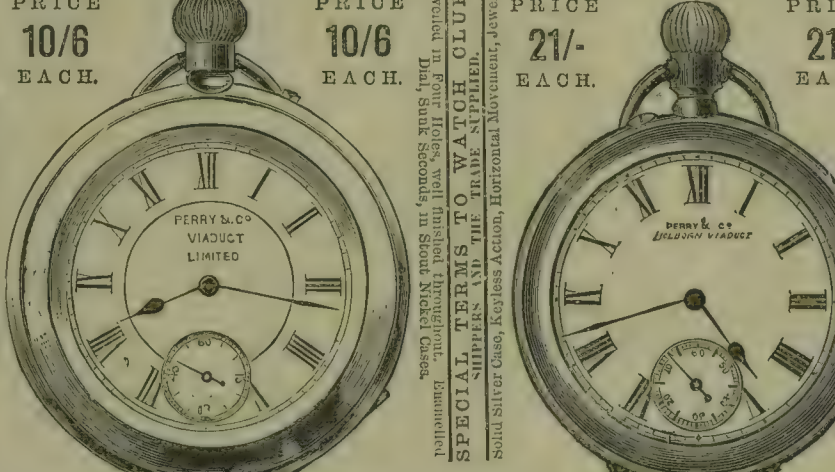
**LE ROY et FILS, 57, New Bond-street, W. A CHARMING CHRISTMAS PRESENT.**

**MUSIC IN THE HOUSE** The weary hours will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. Our World-famous MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves and this charming Bell Accompaniment, are specially adapted for home use. music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. Anyone can play upon them. No knowledge of music is required by the player. British Patent, No. 4192. German Patent, No. 21,110.

**ENORMOUS DEMAND! SELLING IN THOUSANDS!!** Our "Gem" Melodeon, 6s. 6d.; our "Miniature" Melodeon, 9s. 6d.; our "Paragon" Melodeon, 13s. 6d.; and our grand "Favourite" Melodeon, 15s. 6d. Any of the above instruments sent, carriage paid, on receipt of P.O.O. for the amount; worth double. We have received the unprecedented number of One Hundred Thousand Testimonials and Press Notices. Read the following Editorial Notices of Campbell's Melodeons:—"The Editor of the London 'Weekly Times' says: 'THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power the sweetness of the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art. No lover of real music could find fault with the Melodeon.' The Editor of the 'Christian Age' says: 'Having seen a Melodeon we can fully confirm the worth of it, and its perfectly genuine character for fine tone, elegance, and portability.' N.B.—All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price-List for Season 1887-88, now ready. One Hundred Thousand of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send one Penny Stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 110, Tringate, Glasgow. Established 50 years.

**THE CHEAPEST WATCH IN THE WORLD. PERRY & CO.'S "VIADUCT" WATCHES. NICKEL KEYLESS. SILVER KEYLESS.**

PRICE 10/6 EACH. PRICE 10/6 EACH. PRICE 21/- EACH. PRICE 21/- EACH.



White Enamelled Dial, Gold Hands, Sun's Seconds, Crystal Glass. SPECIAL TERMS TO WATCH CLUBS. SUPPLIES AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Jewelled in Four Holes, well finished throughout. Unimpaired Dial, Sun's Seconds, in Solid Nickel Cases. Solid Silver Case, Keyless Action, Horizontal Movement.

**PERRY & CO., STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18 to 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**

**TAMAR CONSTITUTION, HEMORRHOIDS, BILE, LOSS OF APPETITE, GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES, HEADACHE ARISING FROM THEM.** **INDIEN GRILLON.**

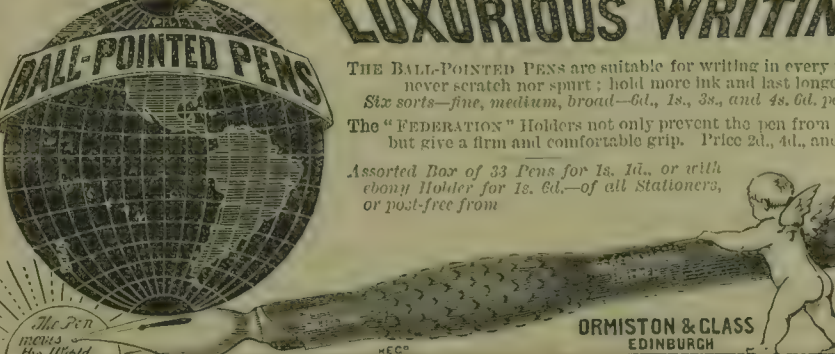
**E. GRILLON, 69, QUEEN-ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.**

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. a Box, stamp included.

**Christmas Presents. Send for CATALOGUE of NOVELTIES. 100 ILLUSTRATIONS. PARKINS & COTTO. 54, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.**



**LUXURIOUS WRITING BALL-POINTED PENS.** THE BALL-POINTED PENS are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink and last longer. Six sorts—fine, medium, broad—6d., 1s., 3s., and 4s. 6d. per Box. The "FEDERATION" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm and comfortable grip. Price 2d., 4d., and 6d. Assorted Box of 33 Pens for 1s. 1d., or with ebony holder for 1s. 6d.—of all Stationers, or post-free from ORMISTON & GLASS, EDINBURGH.



**SHIRTS.—Ford's Eureka Dress Shirts.** "The most Perfect Fitting Made."—Observer.

**SHIRTS.—Ford's Eureka Dress Shirts.** Sixteen different sizes. In the finest Linen. 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d.

**SHIRTS.—Ford's Eureka Shirts.** The Acme of Perfection for fit and quality. 14in. to 18in. Neck, 6s. 7s., each. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**SHIRTS.—Ford's Eureka.** "The most perfect fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing Shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka, 38s., 40s., 42s. half-dozen.

**EGIDIUS.—The only FLANNEL SHIRTS** that never shrink in washing, not if washed 100 times. Elastic, soft as silk, three for 2s. 6d. Write for Patterns and Self-measure.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**EGIDIUS.—Pure Wool Undyed Gentlemen's** Underwaies, Pants, and Half-hose all to match. Patterns and illustrated self-measure free per post. All goods carriage free.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar** Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with Cash. Returned, ready for use, carriage paid. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**LADIES' JACKET and MANTLE CLOTHS** one-third less than West-End prices. A. BROWN and SONS, Woolen Merchants, 8, Holborn-circus, London.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. NORWEGIAN FURS.** Floor runs handsomely mounted with head and claws of Bears, Wolves, Lynxes, and Foxes. Elderdown Quilt from the skins of the Elder Bird. Ladies' Muffs, Capes, Bags, and Trimmings. Gentlemen's Fur Coats and Caps. Mounted Elk and Reindeer Heads as wall decorations. EMIL LARSEN, Christiania, Norway.

**ARTISTS' SKETCHES.** For Panel-Painting, Plaques, Cards, &c. Sale or hire. White Wood Articles for Painting, burning, &c. Price-List free. WILLIAM BARNARD, 119, Edgware-road, London.

**ILFRACOMBE, Devonshire,** as a desirable WINTER RESORT, occupies first place for mild, equable, and dry climate (See Royal Meteorological Society's Record). Mean Temperature for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb. ... 49° Lowest recorded Temperature for ditto ... 30° (once only). At Nice, South of France, for same period ... 29.3

**THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH.** Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use EPPS' GLYCERINE JUJUBES. In contact with the glands at the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold in Tins, 1s. 1½d., labelled "James Epps and Co., Homoeopathic Chemists," London.

**EPPS' GLYCERINE JUJUBES.—Dr.** George Moore, in his work on "Nose and Throat Diseases," says:—"The Glycerine Jujubes prepared by James Epps and Co. are of undoubted service as a curative or palliative agent," while Dr. Gordon Holmes, Senior Physician to the Municipal Throat and Ear Infirmary, writes:—"After an extended trial, I have found your Glycerine Jujubes of considerable benefit in almost all forms of throat disease."

**NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.** For twenty-one years this preparation has been known to the fashionable world as superior to all others. Any person once using it will be convinced that it is the most effective, harmless, and permanent restorer. It is not a dye, but after a few days' use, it will certainly restore grey or faded hair to its original colour. Nuda Veritas quickly stops the hair from falling, strengthens and causes growth on bald spots; removes dandruff, and is a matchless dressing. Its use defies detection. (See, too, each of Chemists, Perfumers, &c., for information circulars may be had.)—Agents, R. HOVEDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.; 91-95, City-rd., London, E.C.

**GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE** produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVEDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

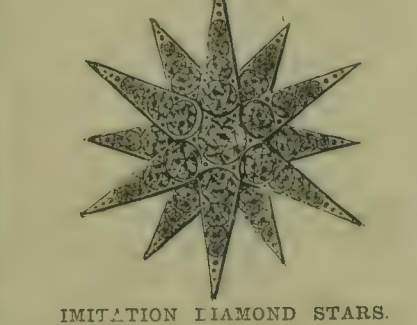
**DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.** The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

**ABYSSINIAN GOLD IMITATION DIAMOND JEWELLERY.** THE ONLY IMITATION EQUAL IN APPEARANCE TO REAL. Introduced 1866. Prize Medal Awarded, 1870.

**ELEGANT ARROW BROOCH,** Very Brilliant, Mounted in Silver, 30s.




**IMITATION DIAMOND STARS.** In three sizes. This size, 63s.; size smaller, 50s.



New Illustrated Catalogue forwarded, post-free, on application to Sole Manufacturers, **THE ABYSSINIAN GOLD JEWELLERY CO., LD.,** 153, CHEAPSIDE. 153A, CHEAPSIDE. 79, REGENT-STREET. CRYSTAL PALACE. HEAD OFFICES: 4 and 5, UNION BANK BUILDINGS, ELY-PLACE, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

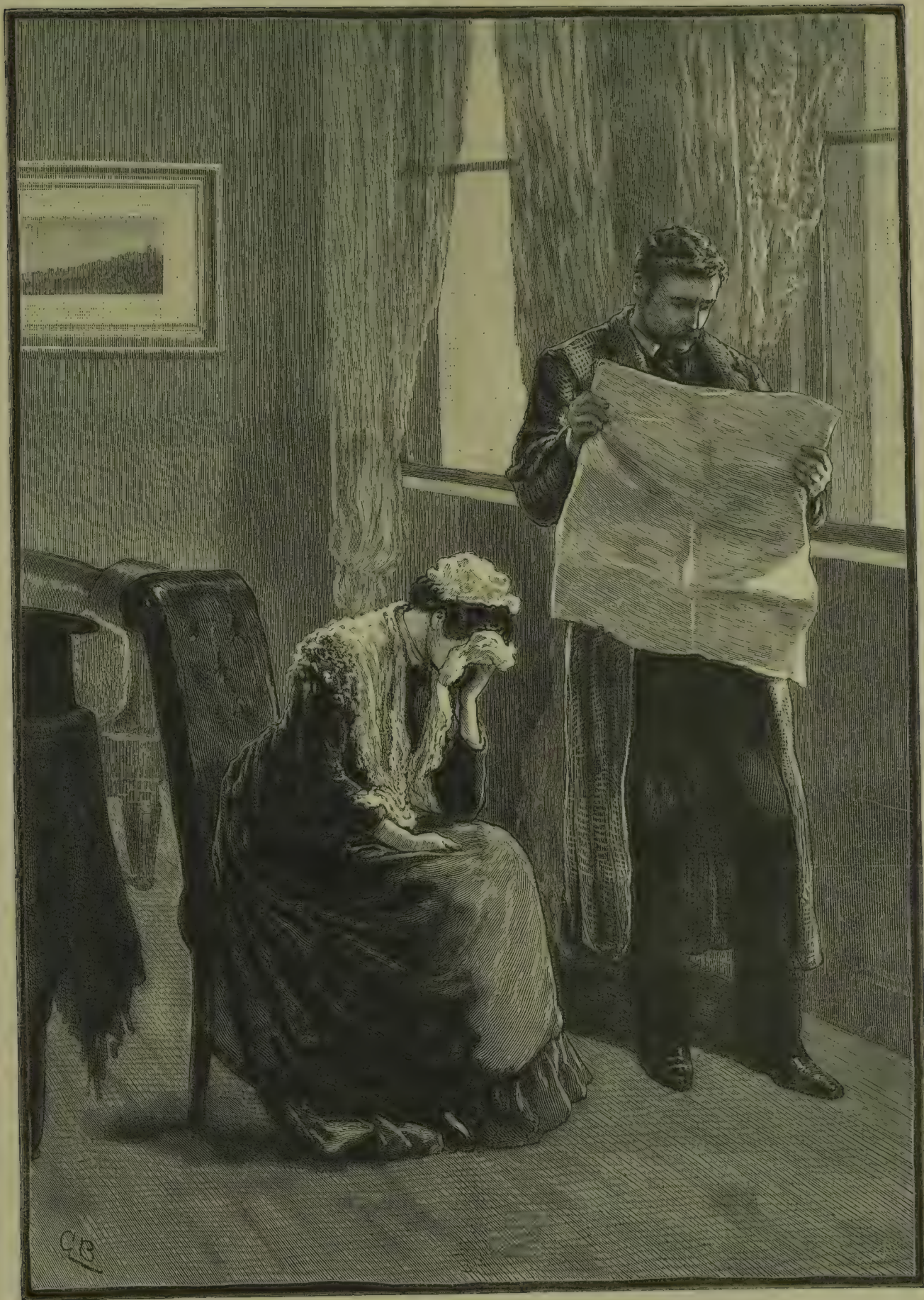
**BALMORAL GLOSS** For LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES. Self-polishing elastic dressing. Gives a brilliant lustre. Dries quickly. Easily applied with sponge attached to cork. Does not soil the clothing in wet weather. Ask for it, and reject substitutes. Sold by Bootmakers, Greengrocers, General Dealers, &c.











DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

He instantly saw that his darling girl was in peril.

## MISER FAREBROTHER.\*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &amp;C.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## FRED CORNWALL TO THE RESCUE.

So overwhelming was Aunt Leth's despair after Mr. Beeminster's departure that she almost lost her senses. She could not think coherently, but she had a vague consciousness that something—she knew not what—must be immediately done, and she put her hands over her face and pressed her forehead hard in the endeavour to recall her wandering thoughts. She was not successful; her mind grew more confused, and she might have remained for a long time in this most terrible bewilderment had it not been for a loud and rapid knocking at the street door. The interruption had a salutary effect upon her; it caused her to start to her feet, and to become sensible to what was actually occurring. What did that knocking portend? Some fresh calamity? In her condition the least sound seemed to be a herald of evil. But grateful tears gushed from her eyes as she heard Fred Cornwall's steps in the passage.

"Fred! Fred!" she cried.

He hastened into the room, and she fell into his arms, and sobbed there hysterically.

"Aunt Leth! Aunt Leth!" said Fred, soothingly. "There, there, be calm! You have heard the dreadful news, then?"

"And you," whispered Aunt Leth, amazed that he should be so cool; his voice was solemn, it is true, but there was in it no note of despair—"you know all?"

"All," he replied. "I bought a newspaper, and came here at once. Has Phœbe been told?"

"No."

"My poor girl!" said Fred. "How will she bear it?"

"What paper did you buy?" asked Aunt Leth, bewildered by his manner.

He gave it to her; and, wiping the tears from her eyes and looking at the column he pointed out, she saw that it was a different newspaper from that which Mr. Beeminster had brought with him. Fred's newspaper contained the simple announcement that Miser Farebrother had been found dead in his grounds at Parkside, under such circumstances as would lead to the belief that he had been murdered. Nothing more. Further particulars were promised in future editions.

"You do not know the worst," said Aunt Leth; and then, in as calm a voice as she could command, she related what had occurred.

He listened in horror and amazement. Until this moment he had been ignorant of Phœbe's visit to Parkside on the previous night, and of her return to Camden Town at ten o'clock that morning; and he instantly saw that his darling girl was in peril. The name of the paper from which Mr. Beeminster had read the account of the murder was being called in the street by a newspaper boy, and Fred darted out and purchased a copy. After perusing the report he remained quiet for a minute or two, with his head resting on his hand.

"We must be calm, Aunt Leth," he said. "There is in this paper the first notes of a terrible accusation against our dear girl. It is due to Mrs. Pamflett's malice. She shall be punished for it, she and her infamous son!"

"You will protect Phœbe!" implored Aunt Leth, laying her hand on Fred's arm. "You will save her!"

"I will protect and save her. My poor Phœbe! my poor Phœbe! But she will be able to clear up the mystery, although she may not lead us immediately to the discovery of the actual murderer. She can give us an explanation of her own movements. What has she told you, Aunt Leth?"

"I have not got one sensible word from her, Fred, since she came home."

"What does the doctor say?"

"That she must be kept quiet. He is coming again this evening."

"I must see her, if only for a moment. I will not agitate

her, but it is imperative that we learn something from her which will enable us to act. Take me to her, Aunt Leth."

Aunt Leth recognised the reasonableness of Fred's request, and she led him up-stairs to the bed-room. Fanny was there, her eyes red with weeping.

"Has she spoken, Fanny?" asked Aunt Leth. "Has she said anything?"

"Only one word, mamma. Oh, Fred, isn't this dreadful! There, mamma, that is all she says—'Father, father!'"

"Go out of the room for a little while, Fanny," said Fred Cornwall. "You can return when we leave." And then to Aunt Leth, when Fanny was gone, "Does Fanny know of Mr. Beeminster's visit?"

"She knows nothing, Fred," replied Aunt Leth.

It required a supreme effort on Fred's part to control his agitation as he gazed upon the white pitiful face of his dear girl. Her body was quite still, but her head tossed from side to side on the pillow, and in her distressful moans there could be distinguished but one word—"Father! father! father!" repeated incessantly.

"Phœbe!" whispered Fred, bending over her.

She showed no consciousness of his presence, and though he strove hard to make his voice reach her understanding, he did not succeed.

"She recognises no one, Fred," whispered Aunt Leth; "not even me or Fanny."

They remained with the suffering girl for a quarter of an hour, and then they stole softly from her bedside and went down-stairs. Fred was very grave; he realised that his dear one was in no light peril.

"Mr. Beeminster set a man to watch the house," said Aunt Leth, pointing to the window.

Fred looked out, and then, saying he would not be gone a minute, left the house.

"There is a man watching also at the back of the house," he said, when he returned.

"Oh, Fred," cried Aunt Leth, "what does it all really mean?"



"The meaning is clear enough," replied Fred, and the concentrated expression on his face showed how busily his mind was employed: "there has been a suspicion of the horrible crime thrown upon the suffering angel up-stairs. If I were only Phœbe's lover, Aunt Leth, I should be in a fury of rage at the wicked accusation; but I am her champion and her defender, and I must keep my feelings well under control, or I shall not be able to serve her. Some devilish plot has been invented, and we must meet it. Phœbe, by her actions last night and this morning, even by the state in which she now lies, unfortunately gives some colour to the vile, infernal accusation. Everything depends upon coolness. Such strange cases are being daily brought to light that the public are ready to believe anything. Now, tell me: what was Phœbe's motive in leaving last night for Parkside without first letting you know?"

"I can only guess at it, Fred; but I am sure it is the truth. We were in the most dreadful trouble—I thought nothing worse could happen to us, but I was mistaken: this is a thousand times more terrible!"

"Don't give way, Aunt Leth. Remember what I said: everything depends upon coolness. I know of your trouble, and that you are, thank God, out of it: it was a money trouble, and the money is paid."

"Yes, Fred; but how did you know?"

"Never mind; go on about Phœbe."

"We were sitting in the dark, talking and mourning over it. My husband was in despair. There was only one way to prevent ruin, and that was to obtain a sum of money at once—it was three hundred pounds, Fred: a fortune—and we saw no way. So we sat talking, and trying to console each other. Suddenly I missed Phœbe; she had left the room so quietly that we did not observe it. A little while afterwards Melia-Jane told us that she had met Phœbe, who had given her a message to us that she had gone to Parkside to see her father. There was but one reason for her doing this: it was to try and obtain the money from her father that would prevent us being turned into the streets. She must have left us just as my husband was saying that as he walked to the bank he had a dream of hope, and that an angel had come forward to save us. Then, I suppose, the idea occurred to our dear girl to go to her father and entreat him to help us. If she had spoken to me first, I should have convinced her of the impossibility of her errand meeting with success."

"You have placed the right construction upon her leaving unknown to you. She felt that if you suspected her intention she would be unable to carry it out. When you put her to bed this morning did you search her pockets?"

"Yes, Fred; and I hoped to find something that would clear up the mystery. I found nothing."

"You found something," said Fred. "Her handkerchief, her purse?"

"Yes, of course, those; and her gloves."

"She was not wearing them, then?"

"No."

"Was there any money in her purse?"

"Not one penny, Fred."

"I hear Melia-Jane's step on the stairs; I must have a word with her." He went to the door and called the girl, who entered the room. "I want to ask you a question or two," he said to her. "In answering me do not say a word you are not certain of."

"I won't, Mr. Cornwall," said Melia-Jane.

"When you met Miss Phœbe last night did she seem very much agitated?"

"Very much, Mr. Cornwall. More nor I can express. She was crying, but she didn't want me to see. She tried to keep her face from me."

"You did not attempt to stop her? You asked her no questions?"

"Lor', Mr. Cornwall, she didn't give me time to get out a single word. She said what she'd got to say, and she ran away like lightning."

"Did she wear a veil?"

"Yes, Mr. Cornwall, she did. The veil that man as come 'ere this afternoon showed me, and asked me whether Miss Phœbe wore it last night when she went away. 'Owver he got 'old of it is more than I can guess!'"

"When he asked you whether Miss Phœbe wore the veil, what did you say?"

"I sed, 'Yes, she did.' And he showed me a brooch, and wanted to git me to say that she wore that last night; but I didn't, because I aint seen that brooch on Miss Phœbe for a long time."

"You could swear," said Fred, eagerly, "that she did not wear the brooch when you saw her last night?"

"No, Mr. Cornwall, I couldn't swear that. I could swear I didn't see it—that's all. But I could swear to the veil."

Fred bit his lip. "If any man you don't know asks you any further questions about Miss Phœbe, do not answer him."

"I won't, Mr. Cornwall; they sha'n't pump me. That feller tried to, but he didn't git very much."

"He got enough," thought Fred, and said aloud, "That will do, Melia-Jane; you can go. And now, Aunt Leth, quite apart from the statement which Mrs. Pamflett gave the reporters, it is proved that Phœbe was at Parkside last night. How did she get there?"

"I really can't say, Fred. I think she must have been too late for the last train."

"Have you an 'A B C' in the house?"

"No."

"I must see at what time the last train starts. Do you think she came back to London by the train this morning?"

"I don't know, Fred. Poor child! her feet were very much blistered."

"Good God! Surely she could not have walked!" He paced the room in great excitement. "About the brooch, Aunt Leth? Can you fix any definite time—any particular day—on which you last saw it in Phœbe's possession?"

"No, Fred; but I am sure I haven't seen it for a good many weeks."

"That she has not worn it for a good many weeks?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"You could not swear she has not worn it?"

"No."

"You could not swear she did not wear it last night?"

"No. But it is sorely likely, with her feelings towards that wretch Mrs. Pamflett, that she would ever wear it after she was turned out of her father's house. What I am saying seems to trouble you."

"It does trouble me. I pray that I may be wrong in my impressions; but I fear that dark days are before us."

"If we speak the truth, Fred, there is nothing to fear."

"I am not so sure," said Fred, gloomily.

"But we must speak the truth, Fred!"

"Yes; it must be spoken—by us at least."

"Your fears may be groundless, Fred."

"I am afraid not."

"All we can do is to hope for the best."

"Not at all, Aunt Leth. What we have to do is to work for the best. Hoping never yet overcame a villainous plot. I must go now. There is much to do. I shall be here again in the evening."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## THE INQUEST.

The following report of the inquest appeared in the special editions of the evening papers on the following evening:—

"The inquest upon the body of the gentleman known as 'Miser' Farebrother, who was found dead in the grounds of Parkside, was held in Beddington this morning."

"The Coroner, addressing the jury, said that they were about to investigate what there was little reason to doubt was a foul murder. Certain witnesses were present whose evidence would enable them to decide under what circumstances death had taken place. He was informed that one witness was absent whose evidence might have an important bearing upon the inquiry, although it would not probably alter the verdict which would be given. Their first duty was to identify the body of the dead man."

"This being done, the actual inquiry commenced. The first witness called was Mrs. Deborah Pamflett. Before she was examined, however, Mr. Frederick Cornwall, barrister, rose, and asked to be allowed to say a few words."

"The Coroner: 'Have they any bearing upon this inquiry?'"

"Mr. Cornwall: 'A direct bearing. I appear here to watch the case on behalf of the only child of the murdered man, and I request permission to put some questions to the witnesses, if I consider it necessary to do so.'"

"The Coroner: 'I shall have no objection to pertinent questions being put to the witnesses, but it must be done through me.'"

"Mr. Cornwall: 'I thank you, Sir. You have referred to the absence of a witness whose evidence would be likely to have an important bearing upon this inquiry. I assume that the witness referred to is the lady I represent. An unhappy circumstance prevents her attendance. I hand you a certificate signed by two doctors, to the effect that Miss Farebrother is suffering from brain fever, and that she is not in a fit state to be removed from the house in which she is lying, or to be examined either there or here. Were she well enough, she would be present on this occasion, painful as it would be to her.'"

"The Coroner: 'In whose house is Miss Farebrother being nursed?'"

"Mr. Cornwall: 'In her aunt's house in Camden Town. You will find the exact address on the certificate.'"

"The certificate was handed in, and the examination of Mrs. Pamflett was proceeded with."

"Your name is Deborah Pamflett?"—"Yes."

"You are a widow?"—"Yes."

"In the service of the deceased?"—"Yes."

"In what capacity?"—"As his housekeeper."

"How long have you been so employed?"—"Eighteen years."

"Were there any other servants in the house?"—"None."

"Not at any time during your service?"—"Not at any time."

"Of how many persons did the household of the deceased consist?"—"Usually of three—himself, his daughter, and me."

"Why do you say usually?"—"Because his daughter was frequently absent on visits to her aunt and uncle, in London."

"Was she absent on the day of the death of your master?"—"She had been absent from the house for some weeks, but on the night my master met his death she was present."

"Relate the occurrences of that day, as far as your memory will serve you."—"My memory is pretty faithful. My master rose at his usual hour, and the day passed quietly. He received one visitor in the afternoon—my son, who managed his business for him in London, and who, I believe, will be examined here. Before my son arrived, my master sent me to the telegraph-office with a message to him, asking him to come upon business. My son, however, anticipated the message, and alighted from the train just as I sent off the message. He met me in the village, and we walked to Parkside together. When I went to my master and told him that my son had arrived, he expressed himself as being very pleased. Between my master and my son the most friendly and cordial relations existed: they never had a word of difference. This made my own service in the house very pleasant, so far as my master was concerned. I was present during some portion of the time my son was with our master, who spoke in great praise of the way my son was conducting the London business. They had tea together in my master's room, and after that my son left for London."

"At what hour did he leave?"—"At about seven o'clock. I did not take particular note of the time, there being no occasion for it, but that was about the hour, within a few minutes one way or another. At eight o'clock my master rang the bell for me, and I went up to him. I was in the habit of sitting with him often when there was no one else in the house, and sometimes of reading the paper to him. He was very lonely, and very much troubled and unhappy about his daughter."

"Mr. Cornwall (rising): 'I submit, Sir, that these observations do not come within the scope of the present inquiry.'"

"The Coroner: 'I think the witness is giving her evidence fairly. It will, however, be as well that she should confine herself as much as possible to facts.'"

"Witness: 'I am stating facts, Sir.'"

"The Coroner: 'I mean facts relating chiefly to the death of the deceased. It is sufficient, perhaps, at present to know that there was some disturbance of those affectionate relations which should exist between father and daughter.' To witness: 'Under what circumstances did Miss Farebrother, on the last occasion, leave her father's house? I must request you not to interrupt the proceedings, Mr. Cornwall. You are here only upon courtesy.'"

"Mr. Cornwall: 'I might contest that, Sir; but I will interrupt as little as possible.'"

"The Coroner (to witness): 'Answer my question.'—"I do not know the precise circumstances, Sir. All I know is that they had a violent quarrel late at night, and that Miss Farebrother left against her father's wish, and without his consent. After her departure he was very unhappy, and shed tears."

"The Coroner: 'Proceed now with the events of the day you are describing.'—"I sat with my master till ten o'clock, and then there was a ring at the gate bell. My master said it was a visitor he was expecting, and I went down and admitted him. I do not know his name, but for the last three or four years he came perhaps four or five times a year—always at night—and he and my master would be closeted together for two or three hours. On this occasion that he was with my master I went down to the kitchen, and did my work there. I put everything in order, and saw that the things were in their right places. Among other things, the knives, which I kept in the dresser drawer."

"Have you any reason for particularly mentioning the knives?"—"Yes, Sir. Among them was a large knife with a horn handle, which I had recently sharpened. My work being finished I went up to my bed-room, stopping on my way outside my master's door, and asking him whether he wanted anything. He answered no, and that I was to get to bed. It was his usual answer, and I obeyed him; there was nothing to excite my suspicions. At a little after eleven I was in bed

and asleep. I slept for a little over two hours, and then I awoke. Sounds in the lower part of the house had roused me. I listened, and heard someone moving about. Lighting a candle I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past one. I was not easy in my mind, and I went down-stairs. I listened a moment at my master's door; but all was still in the room. There was a light there, however, and I knocked softly. I got no answer, and I gently tried the handle; the door was unlocked, and I took a step into the room. There was no one there but my master, and he was asleep in his chair. He sometimes slept so for a few hours; he suffered greatly from gout and rheumatism, and he has said to me that he felt easier in that position than in bed. I closed the door quietly, and went down to the kitchen, and there, to my astonishment, I saw Miss Farebrother. She had a knife in her hand, the knife with a horn handle, and she put it hastily on the table as I entered. The drawer in which I kept my knives was open; when I went to bed I left it closed. Miss Farebrother was very angry at my making my appearance, and she asked me how I dared to play the spy upon her. I told her that I was not playing the spy, and that I had been disturbed in my sleep by a noise in the house, and I came down to see what it was. I said something, too, about how astonishing it was that she should come home at such an hour; and she replied that it was no business of mine, and that I was to go to my room at once, or she would have me bundled out of the house the first thing in the morning. It was no use answering her; she was my mistress, and I had to obey her; so I went up to my room again. I can't exactly say how long it was afterwards, but it could not have been very long, perhaps half an hour or three quarters, bringing the time to past two o'clock, that I heard the voices of my master and his daughter outside the house. Whether she had gone up to him and woke him, or whether he had gone out as he sometimes did in the middle of the night, I don't know, but at the time I heard them they were in the grounds. They both seemed to be very angry; Miss Farebrother, as well as I could make out, was insisting that her father should give her a sum of money, and she was using threats towards him. Presently he spoke in a more gentle tone to her, and I heard him say, 'Wait till I am dead, and it will all be yours if you will come back and behave as a dutiful and affectionate daughter to me.' And I heard her answer, 'I will do as I please, and go where I please. You ought to have been dead long ago! You had better be careful!' After that the voices grew fainter and fainter, as if they were moving away."

"The Coroner: 'Hearing what you did, why did you not go down to them?'—"I did not like to; and to tell the truth it would have been as much as my situation was worth to interfere. They had often quarrelled like that, though not in the exact words I heard then; and twice, some time ago, when I did interfere I was sent away and told not to mix myself up with family quarrels."

"Who used those words to you?"—"Principally Miss Farebrother; but my master also said very sorrowfully that I had better never trouble myself, and that my interference would only make things worse."

"Had they ever quarrelled in the middle of the night before?"—"Yes, and she was continually threatening him; so that there was nothing very unusual in this quarrel, although it was as bad as any that ever reached my ears."

"When you could no longer hear them did you fall asleep?"—"Not immediately; perhaps not for half an hour; I can't be sure."

"Did you hear them return to the house?"—"I heard nothing more of them."

"Well, then, you fell asleep. At what hour in the morning did you awake?"—"At a little before seven—my usual time. By seven o'clock I was in the kitchen, going on with my work."

"Did you observe anything particular in the kitchen?"—"Nothing particular. Things were pretty much as I had left them on the night before."

"The drawer in which you kept your knives—was it closed?"—"Yes, it was closed."

"The knife with the horn handle, where was that?"—"I did not know. I had no occasion to use it, and I did not look for it."

"At what time in the morning did the deceased usually ring his bell for you?"—"At nine o'clock or thereabouts; but there were exceptions, and when nine o'clock passed and I was not summoned I did not attach any importance to it."

"You supposed Miss Farebrother to be in the house?"—"Oh, yes; but I did not expect to hear her bell for a long time. She generally slept till ten or eleven o'clock. I waited till half past ten, and then, being uneasy at not hearing my master's bell, I went to his room, and, as there was no answer to my knock, I opened the door. My master was not there, and the bed had not been slept in. Then I went to Miss Farebrother's room, and she was not there, and she had not slept in her bed. I became frightened, and I thought I would look about the grounds. It was then that I discovered my master lying dead, with blood upon him, and the knife with the horn handle lying near him, with clotted blood on it. I flew to the village for assistance, and some people came back with me, and said that my master had been murdered."

"How far from the house is the spot upon which you discovered the body of the deceased?"—"I cannot say. Perhaps a quarter of a mile."

"Could you, being in the house, have heard any sounds proceeding from that spot?"—"It would be almost, if not quite, impossible."

"So that, if there had been any cries for help, they would not have reached your ears?"—"No, they could not."

"Now, did you observe anything particular about Miss Farebrother's dress when you found her in the kitchen so late at night?"—"She was dressed as she usually was."

"Fully dressed?"—"Yes."

"Did she wear a hat?"—"Yes."

"With a veil to it?"—"Yes, there was a veil to it."

"Would you be able to recognise the veil?"—"Yes."

"Is this it?" (Veil produced).—"Yes, this is it."

"Did she wear any ornaments?"—"I noticed only one, and I should not have noticed that if I had not presented it to her as a birthday gift."

"What was the ornament?"—"A brooch."

"Can you identify it?"—"Oh, yes; it is a very particular brooch. My mother had it before me."

"Is this it?"—"Yes, this is it."

"That is all I have to ask you."—"Thank you, Sir."

"Mr. Cornwall: 'A moment, please.'"

"The Coroner: 'You understand, Mr. Cornwall, that I shall check you if you ask any questions irrelevant to this inquiry?'"

"Mr. Cornwall: 'I quite understand it, Sir.' To witness: 'Are you positive that your memory is faithful upon all the events you have described?'"—"I am very positive, Sir."

"As to what took place between you and Miss Farebrother in the kitchen?"—"Everything is as I had described."

"The conversation between you?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And the knife with the horn handle?"—"It is as I have said, Sir."

"You swear that Miss Farebrother frequently threatened her father?"—"Frequently, Sir, I am sorry to say."









HYERES



MONACO & MONTE CARLO. ITALIAN FRONTIER IN THE DISTANCE.



VILLEFRANCHE. THE ROADSTEAD.



GRASSE



THE GARDENS MONTE CARLO: SHOWING ROQUEBRUNE & ITALIAN FRONTIER



LA TURBIE WITH ROMAN TOWER



EZE, ON THE CORNICHE

VILLEFRANCHE IN THE DISTANCE



BEAULIEU

LITTLE AFRICA



CANNES

ESTEREL IN THE DISTANCE



NICE

FROM THE VAR ROUTE



MENTON

FROM LAMADONE



## THE FRENCH RIVIERA.

The eastern portion of the coast of the Gulf of Genoa, from Hyères, near Toulon, to the Italian frontier a short distance beyond Mentone, is the French Riviera, containing towns which are among the most delightful, salubrious, and commodious places for winter sojourn in Europe; Cannes, Nice, Villefranche, Monaco and Monte Carlo, and Mentone being the most celebrated resorts for health and pleasure, where fashionable society is now gathering for the season, and where amusements of various kinds abound from the month of December until May. The fêtes succeed each other uninterruptedly, horse-racing, pigeon-shooting, regattas, and carnival fêtes, the latter being justly famed throughout the world, and it is promised that those of the coming season will have an unaccustomed éclat.

Nice has now been put within a few hours' range from London, comparatively speaking, thanks to the rapid train-services of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway and the South Eastern Railway, of London, and the French Chemin de Fer du Nord, in conjunction with the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, so that by leaving London about 8 a.m. the traveller arrives on the following afternoon at Nice at 4.30, and the return journeys are effected with the same rapidity. In fact, in about thirty-two hours one can be conveyed from London to the privileged region of the sun, where winter is only known by name. The time passes on the road without fatigue, in the comfortable and luxurious carriages of the lines, and with the international sleeping-cars trains, which permit passengers to pass the night almost as comfortably as in their own beds. The railway companies above named have arranged to organise during the whole of this season daily "trains de luxe," composed alternately of wagon-lits (sleeping-cars) and saloon-lits (saloon bed-carriages); which will be known as the *train de luxe*—leaving Paris at about 7 p.m., and arriving at Nice at 2 o'clock on the following afternoon, thus gaining nearly three hours over the other trains, and making the journey thirty hours only between London and Nice, and the beautiful Riviera.

The series of Views of places on the French Riviera, filling two pages of Illustrations, comprises Monte Carlo and Monaco, occupying the central position; Nice, Villefranche (formerly called Villafranca), Beaulieu, Cannes, and Hyères, along the western coast; views from Eze, on the Corniche road; of the Esterels mountains, a range of the Maritime Alps; and of the pleasant inland town of Grasse; and, to the eastward, Mentone, with the neighbouring frontier of Italy, and the ancient Pass of La Turbia, with the ruins of the tower built by the Roman Emperor Augustus Cæsar. All the towns here mentioned, to which should be added the name of St. Raphael, near Cannes, possess remarkable local advantages and attractions, not only by their favoured climate, and by the inviting scenery around them, but also by the facilities of every kind which these afford, whether for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of general health.

There is perhaps no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special attractions and attractions. As Dr. Pickering observes in his very useful and interesting work, "Monaco, the Beauty Spot of the Riviera": "It is as easy to lead a quiet life there as it is to lead a noisy life; and there are persons who pass the winter within the reach of all the quietness of society, whose only participation in the festivities is listening to the sounds of music borne upon the wings of the wind." It is, moreover, a highly fashionable locality. At least a hundred persons of

high rank have passed some portion of the winter there during the last few years: Emperors and Kings, Dukes, Earls and Countesses, Viscounts, Lords, Ladies, "Honourables," and Baronets, in large numbers, according to the statistics of the town. Its progress has been wonderfully rapid. It is not ten years since that the hotels and villas in this town could be reckoned almost on one's fingers' ends; whereas there are now about a hundred, with beautiful villas, hotels, grand and semi-grand, and even some of less pretensions, all of which are full during the winter season. Monte Carlo is, from its altitude—300 ft. above the sea—and from its drainage, considered to be the healthiest spot on the Riviera, and it has, moreover, water of the greatest purity and abundance.

In the centre of our Illustration will be seen a very magnificent group of semi-tropical trees, shrubs, and plants, which are naturalised in this part of France, and flourish as do those in Africa, in Egypt, or in Palestine—all of which is evidence of the wonderful warmth and shelter of this southern winter resort. Condamine, situated just below, has also made rapid strides in modern improvement. It is about eight or nine years since that Mr. Ash, the English dentist there, kept all sorts of appliances, in case of danger or accident, as when he went to practice there, there was not so much as a litter, ambulance, or hand-barrow anywhere available in that part of the Principality, but now several are provided in various parts of the town.

The old town of Monaco, with the palace of its Sovereign Princes, a huge pile of buildings in mingled styles, mediæval and feudal, Moorish and Renaissance, must be interesting to lovers of picturesque and romantic antiquity. Short excursions along the Corniche road, either to the east or to the west, lead to grand and beautiful views of the coast; at Eze, four miles distant, the bay of Villefranche (Villefranche) comes in sight; and in the opposite direction, after ascending the mountain road to La Turbia, 1620 ft. above the sea, there is a glorious prospect of the eastern shore, as far as the hills above San Remo, in Italy, with headlands of red cliffs running out into blue water, sails gleaming on its surface, and white towns nestling in their sunny bays, and villages clinging to the brown mountain sides, where the olive gives place to the pine, till the bare rocky summits look down on the diversified landscape, while far below are the orange-groves of a southern climate with their golden fruit. Mentone lies about eight miles beyond La Turbia, passing Roccaruna or Roquebrune, where the Corniche road meets the lower coast road, and which is a village in a most picturesque situation.

Villefranche, a town and seaport with a good harbour, and the neighbouring village of Beaulieu, where the Algerine carouba, as well as the palm, the olive, and other plants of the south, flourish so well that this locality is called "Little Africa," is easily reached by road or rail from Monaco. The large town of Nice, with a population of sixty thousand, lies in the plain beyond, at the foot of the Maritime Alps; and the river Var used to divide it, with the best part of the Riviera, from the territory of France; it belonged to the King of Sardinia previously to 1861, when it was ceded together with Savoy. The seacoast extends farther, by Antibes, to the southwest, including Cannes, with the isles of St. Marguerite and Lerins, Fréjus, and Hyères, beyond which is the French naval port of Toulon.

Intending visitors to any of these attractive towns may feel perfectly assured that nothing is now to be feared in consequence of the earthquake; the damage that it did in February last has proved insignificant, and all traces of it have entirely disappeared. The part of Mentone that suffered least was along

the East Bay, where but little injury was received. At Monte Carlo there was no damage; the town, being built on a rock, stood firm. At Nice the effects were not so great as they were supposed or reported to be, and had it not been for the local daily and weekly papers publishing the details so zealously, little more would have been heard of it at Nice than at Cannes, or at Hyères. It is the general opinion that all the Riviera is now safe, and that the buildings generally have had such a settling down that no earthquake will, for the remainder of this century, shake the houses from their present compact position. We may remind English readers that the Prince of Wales, who was at Cannes at the moment of the occurrence, refused to leave the country until all danger had passed; and that her Majesty the Queen of England was not deterred from staying several days at Cannes very shortly after the event, even when it was supposed by some that other shocks might supervene; and it is but just to remark, that her Majesty's example was followed by a great number of the members of the highest English society both at Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone.

Our Illustrations are from photographs by M. Degand, of Nice.

Mr. E. F. Jacques lectured at Trinity College, on Nov. 30, in behalf of the Richard Wagner Society (London branch), the subject of his lecture being "Wagner as a Melodist."

A petition for the incorporation of Chelmsford has been presented to the Privy Council. Chelmsford is the only county town in England, except Oakham, in Rutland, which does not possess a Mayor and Corporation.

Two albums, elegantly and strongly bound, have been issued by Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes, of 109, Queen Victoria-street. One is the "Victoria Album," the designs in which represent some of the principal events in the life of her Majesty, lithographed in different shades of colour, forming in this Jubilee year a most seasonable present.—The new photographic album brought out by this firm is entitled "Autumn Leaves and Winter Flowers," and contains ten designs in gold and colour artistically arranged around the openings for cabinet and carte-de-visite photographs.

The exhibition at St. James's Palace of her Majesty's Jubilee presents, which was opened on Sept. 12, was closed to the public on Nov. 23. During the time it has been open the total number of visitors has been 426,199. The most crowded days were Sept. 26 and 28 and Oct. 3, when over 10,000 persons passed the turnstiles on each day. Special visitors, having tickets from the Lord Chamberlain's department, were allowed to visit the presents three days later. With a view of affording her Majesty's subjects in the East-end of London a more convenient opportunity of seeing the Jubilee presents, they will be sent for exhibition to the Bethnal-green Museum.

A petition has been forwarded to Sir Henry Holland signed by pearl-shellers belonging to New South Wales, Queensland, and other colonies, but working on the north-west coast of Australia, protesting against the proposed concession of responsible Government to Western Australia without separation of the northern portion of the colony from the south, unless the three-mile fishing limit is recognised. It is stated that, although the diving operations are carried on beyond three miles from the shore, and often out of sight of land, the West Australia Government charge heavy export duties on the shell, and also deprive the vessels of the privileges of carrying bonded stores and demands import duties on everything consumed.

## THE MANUFACTURING

## GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show-Rooms—112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.,

Adjoining  
Stereoscopic Company.

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per Cent.

## HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.

The Stock of BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, NECKLETS, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

Jewellery, Diamonds, or Plate, taken in exchange or bought for Cash.

Awarded Seven Gold and Prize Medals and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

"Their work is exquisitely finished."—Times.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE.



Fine Diamond Swallow Brooch, in Best Morocco Case, price 25s.



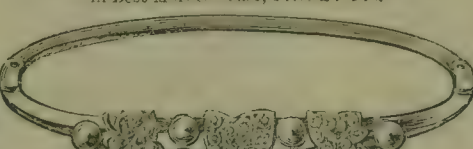
Fine Diamond Horseshoe and Horn Brooch, in Best Morocco Case, Price 25 15s.



Fine Diamond Horseshoe Fox-head and Crop Brooch, in Best Morocco Case, price 210.



Fine Single Stone Diamond Ring, Price 23 10s.



Fine Diamond and Pearl Ivy Leaf Bracelet, in best Morocco Case, Price 215.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Ring, Price 211 15s.



Fine Diamond Double Heart Brooch, Price 215.



Fine Diamond Foxhead and Crop Brooch, in best Morocco Case, Price 27 15s.



Fine Diamond Crescent Brooch, in best Morocco Case, Price 210.



Fine Diamond Foxhead and Horseshoe Brooch, in best Morocco Case, Price 212 10s.

## DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

A Beautiful Assortment of RINGS, STARS, SPRAYS, FLIES, NECKLACES, &c., of the finest quality, at very moderate Cash Prices.

GOODS FORWARDED to the Country on Approval for Selection and Competition.

The Company prepare, FREE OF CHARGE, Special and Original Designs of Elegant Novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' and Wedding Presents.

"An unrivalled display of Jewellery and Diamonds."—The Queen.

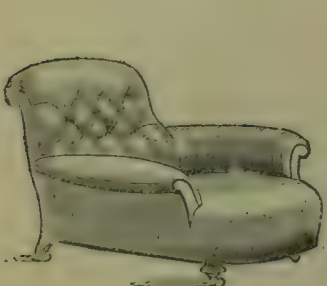
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE.

## FURNISH THROUGHOUT (REGD.)

## OETZMANN &amp; CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, AND 79, HAMPSTEAD-ROAD, LONDON,

Near Tottenham Court-road and Gower-street Stations.



LUXURIOUS DIVAN EASY-CHAIR.

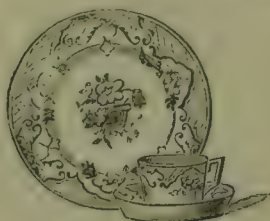
52s. 6d.

Superior ditto, 75s.

An immense variety of Easy-Chairs for Dining-Rooms, Drawing-Rooms, Libraries, Bed-Rooms, Clubs, Hotels, &c., always on show.



POLISHED BRASS AND CATHEDRAL COLOURED HALL LAMP, for Oil, 13s. 9d. Ditto, for Gas, 6s. 9d.



THE "MATLOCK" TEA SERVICE.

In Red, Blue, and Gold, Crown Derby Colourings.

COMPRISING

- 12 Tea Cups.
- 12 Saucers.
- 12 Plates.
- 2 Cake Plates.
- 1 Soup Basin.
- 1 Cream Jug.

Complete, 8s. 6d.



OETZMANN'S PATENT BED-ROOM WARE.

This latest novelty and the greatest improvement hitherto introduced.

Secures immunity from breakage, and pours from any side, handles being provided for lifting with both hands. Has become an artistic. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. As Illustrated, 11s. 6d. per set.



BEDROOM OR WALNUT OVERMANTEL.

Well made, with Six Bevelled-edge Best French Plates, 4ft. 6in. wide by 4ft. high, 22 12s. 6d.



BEDROOM OR WALNUT OCCASIONAL TABLE.

With Undersheet. Top, 21 in. by 21 in., 23 in. high, 11s. 9d.

ART SERGE AND TAPESTRY TABLE-COVERS.

As Illustrated, 1s. 11d. each. Reversible Chenille, 2s. 11d. each. Handmade Plush and Tapestry ditto, 3s. 11d. each.

ORDERS PER POST RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, THE BEST FURNISHING GUIDE EXTANT, POST-FREE.



# Pears' Soap.

PEARS' SOAP

TESTIMONIAL FROM Madame Adelina Patti.  
"I have found it matchless for the hands"  
"and complexion."

TESTIMONIAL FROM Mrs. Langtry.  
"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used"  
"your Soap for some time and prefer it to any other."

TESTIMONIAL FROM Madame Marie Roze Mapleson.  
"For preserving the complexion keeping"  
"the skin soft, free from redness and"  
"roughness, and the hands in nice"  
"condition it is the finest Soap in"  
"the world."

THE TESTIMONY OF THE NIGHTINGALE THE LILY AND THE ROSE

REGD. COPYRIGHT.

## Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

A most Eminent Authority on the Skin,  
**Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,**  
Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—  
"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEAR'S Transparent SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness, and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

Testimonial from  
**Madame Adelina Patti.**  
"I HAVE found PEAR'S SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

PEAR'S { TABLETS & BALLS: { PEAR'S  
Transparent { 1s. each. Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. { Transparent  
SOAP. { (The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Rose.) { SOAP.  
A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

## THURSTON & CO

16 CATHERINE ST. STRAND

BOTTOMLESS POCKETS PAT. 1857  
PERFECT CUSHIONS J. ROBERTS, JR. 1885  
RELIABLE INEXPENSIVE TIPS, CHALKS & CEMENT  
NEW WHIST TABLE PAT. 1887  
THE THURSTON CUE

ESTD 1814

SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY,  
CONSTRUCTIVE SOLIDITY,  
PERMANENT,  
INEXPENSIVE.

SOLE APPOINTMENT **THURSTON & CO** BY APPOINTMENT

## CHAPMAN & CO., NOTTING-HILL, LONDON.

NEW WINTER GOODS

IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, and SCOTCH WOOLLEN FABRICS.  
SKIRTINGS IN ALL QUALITIES and NUMBERLESS DESIGNS.  
EVENING and BALL DRESSES.

ALEXANDRA SUITING, Latest Novelty in Texture and Design, 44 to 48 in., 3s. 11d. per yard.	1000 Pieces <b>PONGEE SILKS,</b> 21 in. wide, 1s. 6½d.	Save 5s. in the Pound.	2000 Pieces <b>Perfection Silks,</b> guaranteed to wear, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d.	<b>GLEN HELEN STRIPES.</b> A rough but delightful Fabric, in happiest blendings, 25 in., 1s. 6½d. per yard.
---	---	------------------------------------	--	---

COURT DRESSMAKERS. ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.  
CHAPMAN and CO., INDUSTRY MILLS, BRADFORD.

Manufactured only by THE HOP BITTERS COMPANY, LIMITED,  
41, FARRINGDON-ROAD, LONDON, E.C.  
SEE GREEN HOP CLUSTER LABEL ON BOTTLE.

# HOP BITTERS.

THE PUREST, BEST, AND  
CHEAPEST FAMILY MEDICINE  
EVER MADE.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

NO DISEASE OR ILL HEALTH CAN POSSIBLY LONG EXIST WHERE THESE BITTERS ARE USED, SO VARIED AND PERFECT ARE THEIR OPERATION.

THEY GIVE NEW LIFE AND VIGOUR TO THE AGED AND INFIRM. To all whose employments cause irregularities of the bowels, kidneys, blood, or who require an Appetiser, Tonic, and Mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, WITHOUT INTOXICATING.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick; but, if you only feel bad—miserable, use the Bitters at once. Numerous and marvellous have been the cures effected by Hop Bitters. Only try them the first time you feel sick.

Remember Hop Bitters is the PUREST and BEST MEDICINE ever made; the "INVALID'S FRIEND AND HOPE," and no person or family should be without them. Always have a bottle in readiness.

**TRY THE BITTERS TO DAY.**

Genuine only in Square Amber-Coloured Bottles, with Green Hop Cluster Label on Panel.

All respectable Chemists and Medicine Vendors sell it. Write and inform us if you have any difficulty in procuring it.

Manufactured only by THE HOP BITTERS COMPANY, LIMITED,  
41, FARRINGDON-ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

## Allen & Hanbury's "Perfected" Cod Liver Oil

BYNIN, LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, being not only a most nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and fatty foods, and is entirely free from the inconvenience of ordinary Malt Extract. It is very palatable, and possesses the nutritive and purifying properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable remedy in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles at 9d. each.

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—Lancet.  
"Has almost the delicacy of sugar oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.  
"No nauseous eructations follow its use."—Medical Press.  
"I can't praise it too highly for the assistance it has given me in the use of Cod-Liver Oil, and for those who are unable to take the oil, it is a most efficacious remedy."—Lancet.  
2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. Sold Everywhere.



# WORTH ET CIE.,

ARTISTES EN CORSETS.

"ART WHEN  
STEPS NATURE  
IN PAIRS."



CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted, from 2s. to 10 guineas.

CORSETS and SUPPORTING STAYS, for Deformities, Curvatures, Spinal Complaints, and Defects of the Figure, under medical supervision.

Selected FRENCH CORSETS, from 1 guinea.  
Full Descriptive Circulars and Measurement Forms on application.

134, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

## MOURNING FOR FAMILIES.

JAY'S

experienced  
DRESSMAKERS  
and  
MILLINERS

Travel to any part of the Kingdom, Free of expense to purchasers.

They take with them Dresses and Millinery, besides Patterns of Materials, at 1s. per yard and upwards, all marked in plain figures, and at same price as if purchased at the Warehouse, in Regent-street. Reasonable estimates are also given for Household Mourning, at a great saving to large or small families. Funerals at stated charges conducted in London or Country.

JAY'S,

The London General Mourning Warehouse,  
REGENT-STREET, W.

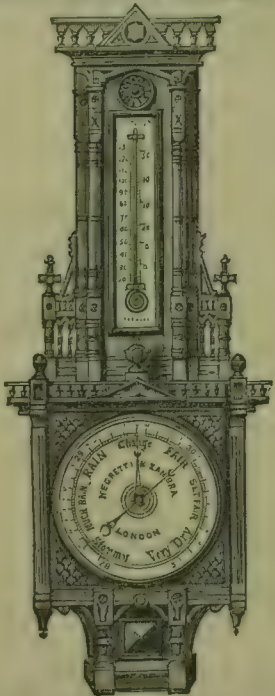


## ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples and Price-Lists, post-free.  
Children's .. 1/2 Hemstitched  
Ladies' .. 2/4 Ladies' .. 2/11 1/2  
Gents' .. 3/6 Gents' .. 4/11 1/2

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

## NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



N. and Z.'s large Illustrated Catalogue, 600 pp., 1200 Engravings, price 5s. 6d.

Barometers, Binoculars, Microscopes, Telescopes, Magic Lanterns, &c., of every description.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,  
Scientific Instrument Makers to the Queen,  
HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.  
BRANCHES: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT-STREET.  
PHOTOGRAPHERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ARSENICAL WATER of great RESTORATIVE PROPERTY  
for weak Children and Diseases of Skin and Bones

LA BOURBOULE

Rheumatism — Respiratory Organs —  
Anemia — Diabetes — Intermittent Fevers

Thermal Season from 25th May to 30th September.

# GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE

(LIMITED),

LATE A. B. SAVORY AND SONS,

SILVER AND BEST SILVER-PLATED MANUFACTURERS,

11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

(Opposite the Bank of England.)



ALCESTER PATTERN.

Massive Silver Bowl, richly chased, gilt inside,  
on ebonized plinth, to hold 9 pints ... £20 0 0  
Larger size, ditto, 13 pints ... 25 10 0

THE STOCK CONTAINS

SPOONS & FORKS.  
TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.  
WAITERS & TRAYS.  
CLARET JUGS & GOBLET.  
CRUET & BREAKFAST FRAMES.  
INKSTANDS, CANDLESTICKS, &c.

A new Pamphlet of Prices, Illustrated with  
over 500 Engravings, will be forwarded, post-  
free on application.

LICENSED APPRAISERS.

VALUATIONS MADE FOR PROBATE.

DIVISIONS OF FAMILY PLATE ARRANGED.

## Bird's CLEVER FRENCH RECIPES GIVEN AWAY!

With Every Packet of Bird's Custard Powder.  
This admirable substitute for Eggs is most enjoyable with Tinned and Preserved  
Fruits, and provides an Endless Variety of Choice Dishes.

A GREAT LUXURY.

Sold Everywhere, in 6d.  
Boxes, sufficient for 3  
Pints; 1s. Boxes, for 7 Pints.

"PASTRY AND SWEETS," GRATIS.

The new and enlarged edition of this valuable little work, containing  
Practical Hints and Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner  
and Supper Table, will be sent, post-free, on receipt of Address, to  
ALFRED BIRD and SONS, Birmingham.

N.B.—Grocers can have copies for distribution among their customers  
on application.

PUBLIC CAUTION.

Refuse Imitations  
of BIRD'S Choice, Delicious  
CUSTARD POWDER.

## THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and  
the wear of every yard, from the cheapest  
quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies  
should write for Samples of the New Shades  
to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn-circus,  
London, E.C., who supply all shades and all  
qualities at most reasonable prices.



## The Perfumed Realms of Flora.

Fair Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, one day  
Had summoned her legions around;  
And thus she addressed them in sweet, mellow tones:  
"My wishes let echo resound;  
Tis my wish to distil from each beautiful flower,  
That peeps from the dew-sprangled scene,  
The choicest, the sweetest, the richest of scents,  
And such as are fit for a Queen."

Then the beautiful rose raised its sweet-tinted head,  
And the violet crept from its bed;  
The jessamine, sweet briar, lavender, too,  
Their fragrance around her now shed.  
"Now list," said fair Flora; and waving her hand,  
A change came around that fair scene:  
For, bubbling aloft from a fountain of flowers,  
Came gushing the sweet "FLORILINE."

## FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the best Liquid Dentifrice.  
Cleanses the Teeth,  
Hardens the Gums,  
And purifies the Breath.  
Preserves the Teeth by  
Removing parasites, and  
Renders them pearly white.  
Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle, in case.  
Of all Chemists and Perfumers.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO. (Limited),  
33, FARRINGTON-ROAD, LONDON.

# SAMUEL BROTHERS.

BOYS'  
SCHOOL  
OUTFITS.



"ETON."

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS  
have ready for immediate  
use a very large assortment  
of BOYS' and YOUTHS'  
CLOTHING. They will also  
be pleased to send, upon  
application, PATTERNS of  
MATERIALS for the wear  
of Gentlemen, Boys, or  
Ladies, together with their  
new ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE of FASHIONS,  
containing about 300 Engrav-  
ings. This furnishes details  
of the various departments,  
with Price-Lists, &c., and is  
a useful Guide to Fashion-  
able Costume for Gentlemen,  
Boys, and Ladies.

Messrs. Samuel Brothers'  
"Wear-Resisting" Fabrics  
(Reg.) are especially adapted  
for BOYS' HARD WEAR.

# SAMUEL BROTHERS,

Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c.,

65 & 67, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a  
time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure.  
I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING  
SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure  
the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for  
not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a  
Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Address in full.  
It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address  
Dr. H. G. ROOT, 5, Plum-tree-court, Farringdon-street, London.

## LADIES SUFFERING

From any form of Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Neu-  
ralgia, Indigestion, Constipation, Spasms, Rheumatic and  
Nervous Affections, Irregularities of the System, &c., should  
WRITE TO-DAY for a New Pamphlet, en-  
titled "Electrification," on the "Diseases  
of Women," just  
issued by Mr.  
C. B. HARNESSE,  
Consulting  
Medical Electrici-  
cian. Sent under  
cover.

FREE by POST,  
on application.  
If you wish to  
STRENGTHEN  
YOUR NERVES  
and keep your-  
self in good  
health, you can-  
not do better than procure one of HARNESSE'S world-famed  
ELECTROPATHIC BELTS, price 21s., post-free. Address—  
THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LD.,  
52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.  
(Corner of Rathbone-place.)



# MELLIN'S

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

## FOOD.

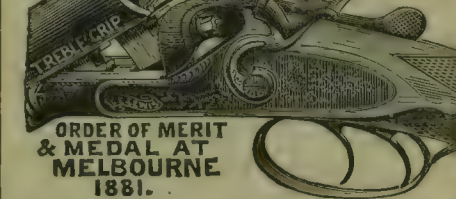
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE to August 1, now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

TRADE MARK. REGD.

HONORS AT PARIS 1878.

HAMMERS BELOW THE LINE OF  
SIGHT. Price 18 to 30 GUINEAS.



ORDER OF MERIT  
& MEDAL AT  
MELBOURNE  
1881.

DIPLOMA and MEDAL, Sydney, 1879-80.

This gun, wherever shown, has always taken  
honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at  
half the price from the maker? Any gun sent on  
approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned  
if, on receipt of gun, it is not satisfactory. Target trial  
allowed. A choice of 2000 guns, rifles, and revolvers,  
embracing every novelty in the trade. B.L. Guns,  
from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d.  
to 100s. Send six stamps for Catalogue and Illustrated  
Sheets to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, Birmingham.  
Established 1850. Largest Stock in the World. Calcutta  
Exhibition, 1883. "The Gun of the Period" has again  
taken honours. Established 1850.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT.

The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the  
liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is un-  
rivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

## TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL and STEEL

PILLS for FEMALES. Sold in Boxes 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d.,  
of all Chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by  
the LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., Lincoln.



CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that  
each Label bears the name of "WILCOX & CO., 239, Oxford-st., W."

There are THREE KINDS, distinguished from each other by  
a YELLOW, GREEN, and RED SILK THREAD, attached to  
stopper. **EAU DE SUEZ (YELLOW)** instantly removes the  
most violent Toothache. **EAU DE SUEZ (GREEN)**, used as  
a daily mouth-wash, prevents for ever the return of pain, arrests  
decay, and preserves the teeth sound and white. The **RED  
THREAD** is used as the Green, but especially adapted for  
children's use. **SUEZ ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE**, for the  
removal of tartar and whitening the teeth. Free by parcel post  
from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford-st., W.; and through any  
Chemists. Yellow, 2s. 9d.; Green, 3s. 6d.; Red, 3s.; Paste, 4s. 6d.



WITH FOUR COLOURED PICTURES.

# Illustrated London News



CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER

1887



“BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. EPPS has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

# EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.”—Civil Service Gazette.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.  
BEECHAM'S PILLS.

[illegible]

BEECHAM'S PILLS are universally admitted to be WORTH A GUINEA A BOX, for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain at the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in countless cases.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found to equal BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the appetite, and arouse into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.

[illegible]

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire; and sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers, in Boxes, at 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS,** GENTLEMEN'S,  
BOYS', AND LADIES' **TAILORS.**

## NOVELTIES IN BOYS' DRESS

FOR PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS.

BOYS' & YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

AND

PATTERNS, &c., FREE.

This Firm will be pleased to send, upon application, Patterns of Materials, accompanied by their Illustrated Book of Fashions and Price-List (300 engravings).

## OUTFITS FOR EVERY SEASON

ALL CLIMATES.

SERVANTS' LIVERIES.

HATS, HOSIERY, & BOYS' SUITS.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.

At this season Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS' Windows and Show-Rooms are replete with a variety of Fancy Evening Dress Costumes that have been designed in 'Plushes, Velvets, Velveteens, Black and Blue Superfines, Diagonals, &c.; new and original styles are being constantly introduced. A very choice and extensive variety of Clothing is kept in stock (manufactured from the same Cloths that are used in the Order Department), including the favourite Highland Suit in all the various Clans. Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS' "Wear-Resisting" Fabrics (Regd.) are especially adapted for Boys' Hard Wear. Special Makes of HATS, HOSIERY, &c., to match Suits.

**PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING.**

A vast assortment in stock, or promptly made to measure. The essential qualities of a good Overcoat are that it should be made of pure wool, which alone affords the needed warmth, comfort, and protection to the body; the spurious fabrics made from shoddy and cotton, that in these days of keen competition are being largely made up at low prices, and represented as woollen goods, in no way possess the properties of pure wool. Patterns of the new Winter Materials, comprising Witneys, Elysians, Elastics, Covert Coatings, Beavers, Meltons, Scotch and Irish Friezes, and all new Textures, sent post-free, together with Illustrated Price-List. Applications for Patterns should give an outline of the kind and quality required.

**LADIES' HABITS, COSTUMES.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c., SYDENHAM HOUSE, 65 AND 67, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON, E.C.**



# CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1887



A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.—BY BRET HARTE.

"Hush! There is somebody here."—See page 2.

Drawn by R. O. Woodville



## A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "A MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-AND-READY," "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," ETC.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

WHERE the great highway of the Sierras nears the summit, and the pines begin to show sterile reaches of rock and waste in their drawn-up files, there are signs of occasional departures from the main road, as if the weary traveller had at times succumbed to the long ascent, and turned aside for rest and breath again. The tired eyes of many a dusty passenger on the old overland coach have gazed wistfully on those sylvan openings, and imagined recesses of primeval shade and virgin wilderness in their dim perspectives. Had he descended, however, and followed one of these diverging paths, he would have come upon some rude waggon track, or "log-slide," leading from a clearing on the slope, or the ominous saw-mill, half hidden in the forest it was slowly decimating. The woodland hush might have been broken by the sound of water passing over some unseen dam in the hollow, or the hiss of escaping steam and throb of an invisible engine in the covert.

Such, at least, was the experience of a young fellow of five-and-twenty, who, knapsack on back and stick in hand, had turned aside from the highway and entered the woods one pleasant afternoon in July. But he was evidently a deliberate pedestrian, and not a recent deposit of the proceeding stage-coach; and although his stout walking-shoes were covered with dust, he had neither the habitual slouch and slovenliness of the tramp, nor the hurried fatigue and growing negligence of an involuntary wayfarer. His clothes, which were strong and serviceable, were better fitted for their present usage than the ordinary garments of the Californian travellers, which were too apt to be either above or below their requirements. But perhaps the stranger's greatest claim to originality was the absence of any weapon in his equipment. He carried neither rifle nor gun in his hand, and his narrow leathern belt was empty of either knife or revolver.

A half-mile from the main road, which seemed to him to have dropped out of sight the moment he had left it, he came upon a half-cleared area, where the hastily-cut stumps of pines, of irregular height, bore an odd resemblance to the broken columns of some vast and ruined temple. A few fallen shafts, denuded of their bark and tessellated branches, sawn into symmetrical cylinders, lay beside the stumps, and lent themselves to the illusion. But the freshly-cut chips, so damp that they still clung in layers to each other as they had fallen from the axe, and the stumps themselves, still wet and viscous from their drained life-blood, were redolent of an odour of youth and freshness.

The young man seated himself on one of the logs and deeply inhaled the sharp balsamic fragrance—albeit with a slight cough and a later hurried respiration. This, and a certain drawn look about his upper lip, seemed to indicate, in spite of his strength and colour, some pulmonary weakness. He, however, rose after a moment's rest with undiminished energy and cheerfulness, readjusted his knapsack, and began to lightly pick his way across the fallen timber. A few paces on, the muffled whirr of machinery became more audible, with the lazy, monotonous command of "Gee thar," from some unseen ox-driver. Presently, the slow, deliberately-swaying heads of a team of oxen emerged from the bushes, followed by the clanking chain of the "skids" of sawn planks, which they were ponderously dragging with that ostentatious submissiveness peculiar to their species. They had nearly passed him when there was a sudden hitch in the procession. From where he stood he could see that a projecting plank had struck a pile of chips and become partly imbedded in it. To run to the obstruction and, with a few dexterous strokes and the leverage of his stout stick, dislodge the plank was the work not only of the moment but of an evidently energetic hand. The teamster looked back and merely nodded his appreciation, and with a "Gee up! Out of that, now!" the skids moved on.

"Much obliged, there!" said a hearty voice, as if supplementing the teamster's imperfect acknowledgment.

The stranger looked up. The voice came from the open, sashless, shutterless window of a rude building—a mere shell of boards and beams half hidden in the still leafy covert before him. He had completely overlooked it in his approach, even as he had ignored the nearer throbbing of the machinery, which was so violent as to impart a decided tremor to the slight edifice, and to shake the speaker so strongly that he was obliged while speaking to steady himself by the sashless frame of the window at which he stood. He had a face of good-natured and alert intelligence, a master's independence and authority of manner in spite of his blue jean overalls and flannel shirt.

"Don't mention it," said the stranger, smiling with equal but more deliberate good-humour. Then, seeing that his interlocutor still lingered a hospitable moment in spite of his quick eyes and the jarring impatience of the machinery, he added hesitatingly, "I fancy I've wandered off the track a bit. Do you know a Mr. Bradley—somewhere here?"

The stranger's hesitation seemed to be more from some habitual conscientiousness of statement than awkwardness. The man in the window replied, "I'm Bradley."

"Ah! Thank you: I've a letter for you—somewhere. Here it is. He produced a note from his breast-pocket. Bradley stooped to a sitting posture in the window. "Pitch it up." It was thrown and caught cleverly. Bradley opened it, read it hastily, smiled and nodded, glanced behind him as if to implore further delay from the impatient machinery, leaned perilously from the window, and said—

"Look here! Do you see that silver-fir straight ahead."

"Yes."

"A little to the left there's a trail. Follow it and skirt along the edge of the canyon until you see my house. Ask for my wife—that's Mrs. Bradley—and give her your letter. Stop!" He drew a carpenter's pencil from his pocket, scrawled two or three words across the open sheet and tossed it back to the stranger. "See you at tea! Excuse me—Mr. Mainwaring—we're short handed—and—the engine"—But here he disappeared suddenly.

Without glancing at the note again, the stranger quietly replaced it in his pocket, and struck out across the fallen trunks towards the silver-fir. He quickly found the trail indicated by Bradley, although it was faint and apparently worn by a single pair of feet as a shorter and private cut from some more travelled path. It was well for the stranger that he had a keen eye or he would have lost it; it was equally fortunate that he had a mountaineering instinct, for a sudden profound deepening of the blue mist seen dimly through the

leaves before him caused him to slacken his steps. The trail bent abruptly to the right; a gulf fully two thousand feet deep was at his feet! It was the Great Canyon.

At the first glance it seemed so narrow that a rifle-shot could have crossed its tranquil depths; but a second look at the comparative size of the trees on the opposite mountain convinced him of his error. A nearer survey of the abyss also showed him that instead of its walls being perpendicular they were made of successive ledges or terraces to the valley below. Yet the air was so still, and the outlines so clearly cut, that they might have been only the reflections of the mountains around him cast upon the placid mirror of a lake. The spectacle arrested him, as it arrested all men, by some occult power beyond the mere attraction of beauty or magnitude, even the teamster never passed it without the tribute of a stone or broken twig tossed into its immeasurable profundity.

Reluctantly leaving the spot, the stranger turned with the trail that now began to skirt its edge. This was no easy matter, as the undergrowth was very thick, and the foliage dense to the perilous brink of the precipice. He walked on, however, wondering why Bradley had chosen so circuitous and dangerous a route to his house, which naturally would be some distance back from the canyon. At the end of ten minutes struggling through the "brush," the trail became vague, and, to all appearances, ended. Had he arrived? The thicket was as dense as before, through the interstices of leaf and spray he could see the blue void of the canyon at his side, and he even fancied that the foliage ahead of him was more symmetrical and less irregular, and was touched here and there with faint bits of colour. To complete his utter mystification, a woman's voice, very fresh, very youthful, and by no means unmusical, rose apparently from the circumambient air. He looked hurriedly to the right and left, and even hopelessly into the trees above him.

"Yes," said the voice, as if renewing a suspended conversation, "it was too funny for anything. There were the two Missouri girls from Skinner's, with their auburn hair ringletted, my dear, like the old 'Books of Beauty'—in white frocks and sashes of an unripe greenish yellow, that puckered up your mouth like persimmons. One of them was speechless from good behaviour, and the other—well! the other was so energetic she called out the figures before the fiddler did, and shrieked to my vis-à-vis to dance up to the entire stranger—meaning me, if you please."

The voice appeared to come from the foliage that overhung the cañon, and the stranger even fancied he could detect through the shimmering leafy veil something that moved monotonously to and fro. Mystified and impatient, he made a hurried stride forward, his foot struck a wooden step, and the next moment the mystery was made clear. He had almost stumbled upon the end of a long verandah that projected over the abyss before a low, modern dwelling, till then invisible, nestling on its very brink. The symmetrically-trimmed foliage he had noticed were the luxuriant Madeira vines that hid the rude pillars of the verandah; the moving object was a rocking-chair with its back towards the intruder, that disclosed only the brown hair above, and the white skirts and small slippered feet below, of a seated female figure. In the meantime, a second voice from the interior of the house had replied to the figure in the chair, who was evidently the first speaker:

"It must have been very funny; but as long as Jim is always bringing somebody over from the mill, I don't see how I can go to those places. You were lucky, my dear, to escape from the new Division Superintendent last night; he was insufferable to Jim with his talk of his friend the San Francisco millionaire, and to me with his cheap society airs. I do hate a provincial fine gentleman."

The situation was becoming embarrassing to the intruder. At the apparition of the woman, the unaffected and simple directness he had previously shown in his equally abrupt contact with Bradley had fled utterly; confused by the awkwardness of his arrival, and shocked at the idea of overhearing a private conversation, he stepped hurriedly on the verandah.

"Well? go on!" said the second voice impatiently. "Well, who else was there? What did you say? I don't hear you. What's the matter?"

The seated figure had risen from her chair, and turned a young and pretty face somewhat superciliously towards the stranger, as she said in a low tone to her unseen auditor, "Hush! there is somebody here."

The young man came forward with an awkwardness that was more boyish than rustic. His embarrassment was not lessened by the simultaneous entrance from the open door of a second woman, apparently as young as and prettier than the first.

"I trust you'll excuse me for—being so wretchedly stupid," he stammered, "but I really thought, you know, that—that—I was following the trail to—to—the front of the house, when I stumbled in—in here."

Long before he had finished, both women, by some simple feminine intuition, were relieved and even prepossessed by his voice and manner. They smiled graciously. The later-comer pointed to the empty chair. But with his habit of pertinacious conscientiousness the stranger continued, "It was regularly stupid, wasn't it?—and I ought to have known better. I should have turned back and gone away when I found out what an ass I was likely to be, but I was—afraid—you know, of alarming you by the noise."

"Won't you sit down?" said the second lady, pleasantly.

"Oh, thanks!" I've a letter here—I—" he transferred his stick and hat to his left hand as he felt in his breast-pocket with his right. But the action was so awkward that the stick dropped on the verandah. Both women made a movement to restore it to its embarrassed owner, who, however, quickly anticipated them. "Pray don't mind it," he continued, with accelerated breath and heightened colour. "Ah, here's the letter!" He produced the note Bradley had returned to him. "It's mine, in fact—that is, I brought it to Mr. Bradley. He said I was to give it to—to—to—Mrs. Bradley." He paused, glancing embarrassedly from the one to the other.

"I'm Mrs. Bradley," said the prettiest one, with a laugh. He handed her the letter. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Bradley,—Put Mr. Mainwaring through as far as he wants to go, or hang him up at The Lookout, just as he likes. The Bank's behind him, and his hat's chalked all over the

Road; but he don't care much about being on velvet. That ain't his style—and you'll like him. He's somebody's son in England."

Mrs. Bradley glanced simply at the first sentence. "Pray sit down, Mr. Mainwaring," she said gently; "or, rather, let me first introduce my cousin—Miss Macy."

"Thanks," said Mainwaring, with a bow to Miss Macy, "but I—I—I—think," he added conscientiously, "you did not notice that your husband had written something across the paper."

Mrs. Bradley smiled, and glanced at her husband's indorsement—"All right. Wade in." "It's nothing but Jim's slang," she said, with a laugh and a slightly heightened colour. "He ought not to have sent you by that short cut; it's a bother, and even dangerous for a stranger. If you had come directly to us by the road, without making your first call at the mill," she added, with a touch of coquetry, "you would have had a pleasanter walk, and seen us sooner. I suppose, however, you got off the stage at the mill?"

"I was not on the coach," said Mainwaring, unfastening the strap of his knapsack. "I walked over from Lone Pine Flat."

"Walked!" echoed both women in simultaneous astonishment.

"Yes," returned Mainwaring simply, laying aside his burden and taking the proffered seat. "It's a very fine bit of country."

"Why, it's fifteen miles," said Mrs. Bradley, glancing horror-stricken at her cousin. "How dreadful! And to think Jim could have sent you a horse to Lone Pine. Why, you must be dead!"

"Thanks, I'm all right! I rather enjoyed it, you know."

"But," said Miss Macy, glancing wonderingly at his knapsack, "you must want something, a change—or some refreshment—after fifteen miles."

"Pray don't disturb yourself," said Mainwaring, rising hastily, but not quickly enough to prevent the young girl from slipping past him into the house, whence she rapidly returned with a decanter and glasses.

"Perhaps Mr. Mainwaring would prefer to go into Jim's room and wash his hands and put on a pair of slippers?" said Mrs. Bradley, with gentle concern.

"Thanks, no. I really am not tired. I sent some luggage yesterday by the coach to the Summit Hotel," he said, observing the women's eyes still fixed upon his knapsack. "I dare say I can get them if I want them. I've got a change here," he continued, lifting the knapsack as if with a sudden sense of its incongruity with its surroundings, and depositing it on the end of the verandah.

"Do let it remain where it is," said Mrs. Bradley, greatly amused, "and pray sit still and take some refreshment. You'll make yourself ill after your exertions," she added, with a charming assumption of matronly solicitude.

"But I'm not at all deserving of your sympathy," said Mainwaring, with a laugh. "I'm awfully fond of walking and my usual constitutional isn't much under this."

"Perhaps you were stronger than you are now," said Mrs. Bradley, gazing at him with a frank curiosity that, however, brought a faint deepening of colour to his cheek.

"I dare say you're right," he said suddenly, with an apologetic smile. "I quite forgot that I'm a sort of an invalid, you know, travelling for my health. I'm not very strong here," he added, lightly tapping his chest, that now, relieved of the bands of his knapsack, appeared somewhat thin and hollow in spite of his broad shoulders. His voice, too, had become less clear and distinct.

Mrs. Bradley, who was still watching him, here rose potentially. "You ought to take more care of yourself," she said. "You should begin by eating this biscuit, drinking that glass of whisky, and making yourself more comfortable in Jim's room until we can get the spare room fixed a little."

"But I am not to be sent to bed—am I?" asked Mainwaring, in half-real, half-amused consternation.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mrs. Bradley, with playful precision. "But for the present we'll let you off with a good wash and a nap afterwards in that rocking-chair, while my cousin and I make some little domestic preparations. You see," she added with a certain proud humility, "we've got only one servant—a Chinaman, and there are many things we can't leave to him."

The colour again rose in Mainwaring's cheek, but he had tact enough to reflect that any protest or hesitation on his part at that moment would only increase the difficulties of his gentle entertainers. He allowed himself to be ushered into the house by Mrs. Bradley, and shown to her husband's room, without perceiving that Miss Macy had availed herself of his absence to run to the end of the verandah, mischievously try to lift the discarded knapsack to her own pretty shoulder, but, failing, heroically stagger with it into the passage and softly deposit it at his door. This done, she pantingly rejoined her cousin in the kitchen.

"Well," said Mrs. Bradley, emphatically. "Did you ever? Walking fifteen miles for pleasure—and with such lungs!"

"And that knapsack!" added Louise Macy, pointing to the mark in her little palm where the strap had imbedded itself in the soft flesh.

"He's nice, though; isn't he?" said Mrs. Bradley, tentatively.

"Yes," said Miss Macy, "he isn't, certainly, one of those provincial fine gentlemen you object to. But did you see his shoes? I suppose they make the miles go quickly, or seem to measure less by comparison."

"They're probably more serviceable than those high-heeled things that Captain Greyson hops about in."

"But the Captain always rides—and rides very well—you know," said Louise, reflectively. There was a moment's pause.

"I suppose Jim will tell us all about him," said Mrs. Bradley, dismissing the subject, as she turned her sleeves back over her white arms, preparatory to grappling certain culinary difficulties.

"Jim," observed Miss Macy, shortly, "in my opinion, knows nothing more than his note says. That's like Jim."

"There's nothing more to know, really," said Mrs. Bradley, with a superior air. "He's undoubtedly the son of some Englishman of fortune, sent out here for his health."

"Hush!"

Miss Macy had heard a step in the passage. It halted at



last, half irresolutely, before the open door of the kitchen, and the stranger appeared with an embarrassed air. But in his brief absence he seemed to have completely groomed himself, and stood there, the impersonation of close-cropped, clean and wholesome English young manhood. The two women appreciated it with cat-like fastidiousness.

"I beg your pardon; but really you're going to let a fellow do something for you," he said, "just to keep him from looking like a fool. I really can do no end of things, you know, if you'll try me. I've done some camping-out, and can cook as well as the next man."

The two women made a movement of smiling remonstrance, half coquettish, and half superior, until Mrs. Bradley, becoming conscious of her bare arms and the stranger's wandering eyes, coloured faintly, and said with more decision,

"Certainly not. You'd only be in the way. Besides, you need rest more than we do. Put yourself in the rocking-chair in the verandah, and go to sleep until Mr. Bradley comes."

Mainwaring saw that she was serious, and withdrew, a little ashamed at the familiarity into which his boyishness had betrayed him. But he had scarcely seated himself in the rocking-chair before Miss Macy appeared, carrying with both hands a large tin basin of unshelled peas.

"There," she said pantingly, placing her burden in his lap, "if you really want to help, there's something to do that isn't very fatiguing. You may shell these peas."

"Shell them—I beg pardon, but how?" he asked, with smiling earnestness.

"How? Why, I'll show you—look."

She frankly stepped beside him, so close that her full-skirted dress half encompassed him and the basin in a delicious confusion, and, leaning over his lap, with her left hand picked up a pea-cod, which, with a single movement of her charming little right thumb, she broke at the end, and stripped the green shallow of its tiny treasures.

He watched her with smiling eyes; her own, looking down on him, were very bright and luminous. "There; that's easy enough," she said, and turned away.

"But—one moment, Miss—Miss—?"

"Macy," said Louise.

"Where am I to put the shells?"

"Oh! throw them down there—there's room enough."

She was pointing to the canyon below. The verandah actually projected over its brink, and seemed to hang in mid air above it. Mainwaring almost mechanically threw his arm out to catch the incautious girl, who had stepped heedlessly to its extreme edge.

"How odd! Don't you find it rather dangerous here?" he could not help saying. "I mean—you might have had a railing that wouldn't intercept the view and yet be safe?"

"It's a fancy of Mr. Bradley's," returned the young girl carelessly. "It's all like this. The house was built on a ledge against the side of the precipice, and the road suddenly drops down to it."

"It's tremendously pretty, all the same, you know," said the young man thoughtfully, gazing, however, at the girl's rounded chin above him.

"Yes," she replied curtly. "But this isn't working. I must go back to Jenny. You can shell the peas until Mr. Bradley comes home. He won't be long."

She turned away, and re-entered the house. Without knowing why, he thought her withdrawal abrupt, and he was again feeling his ready colour rise with the suspicion of either having been betrayed by the young girl's innocent fearlessness into some unpardonable familiarity, which she had quietly resented, or of feeling an ease and freedom in the company of these two women that were inconsistent with respect, and should be restrained.

He, however, began to apply himself to the task given to him with his usual conscientiousness of duty, and presently acquired a certain manual dexterity in the operation. It was "good fun" to throw the cast-off husks into the mighty unfathomable void before him and watch them linger with suspended gravity in mid air for a moment—apparently motionless—until they either lost themselves, a mere vanishing black spot in the thin ether, or slid suddenly at a sharp angle into unknown shadow. How deuced odd for him to be sitting here in this fashion! It would be something to talk of hereafter, and yet—he stopped—it was not at all in the line of that characteristic adventure, uncivilised novelty, and barbarous freedom which for the last month he had sought and experienced. It was not at all like his meeting with the grizzly last week while wandering in a lonely canyon; not a bit in the line of his chance acquaintance with that notorious ruffian, Spanish Jack, or his witnessing with his own eyes that actual lynching affair at Angels. No! Nor was it at all characteristic, according to his previous ideas of frontier rural seclusion—as for instance the Pike County cabin of the family where he stayed one night, and where the handsome daughter asked him what his Christian name was. No! These two young women were very unlike her; they seemed really quite the equals of his family and friends in England—perhaps more attractive—and yet, yes, it was this very attractiveness that alarmed his inbred social conservatism regarding women. With a man it was very different; that alert, active, intelligent husband, instinct with the throbbing life of his saw-mill, creator and worker in one, challenged his unqualified trust and admiration.

He had become conscious for the last minute or two of thinking rapidly and becoming feverishly excited; of breathing with greater difficulty, and a renewed tendency to cough. The tendency increased until he instinctively put aside the pan from his lap and half rose. But even that slight exertion brought on an accession of coughing. He put his handkerchief to his lips, partly to keep the sound from disturbing the women in the kitchen, partly because of a certain significant taste in his mouth which he unpleasantly remembered. When he removed the handkerchief it was, as he expected, spotted with blood. He turned quickly and re-entered the house softly, regaining the bed-room without attracting attention. An increasing faintness here obliged him to lie down on the bed until it should pass.

Everything was quiet. He hoped they would not discover his absence from the verandah until he was better; it was deucedly awkward that he should have had this attack just now—and after he had made so light of his previous exertions. They would think him an effeminate fraud, these two bright, active women and that alert, energetic man. A faint colour came into his cheek at the idea, and an uneasy sense that he had been in some way foolishly imprudent about his health. Again, they might be alarmed at missing him from the verandah; perhaps he had better have remained there; perhaps he ought to tell them that he had concluded to take their advice and lie down. He tried to rise, but the deep blue chasm before the window seemed to be swelling up to meet him, the bed slowly sinking into its oblivious profundity. He knew no more.

He came to with the smell and taste of some powerful volatile spirit, and the vague vision of Mr. Bradley still standing at the window of the mill and vibrating with the machinery; this changed presently to a pleasant lassitude and

lazy curiosity as he perceived Mr. Bradley smile and apparently slip from the window of the mill to his bedside.

"You're all right now," said Bradley, cheerfully.

He was feeling Mainwaring's pulse. Had he really been ill and was Bradley a doctor?

Bradley evidently saw what was passing in his mind. "Don't be alarmed," he said gaily. "I'm not a doctor, but I practise a little medicine and surgery on account of the men at the mill, and accidents, you know. You're all right now; you've lost a little blood: but in a couple of weeks in this air we'll have that tubercle healed, and you'll be as right as a trivet."

"In a couple of weeks!" echoed Mainwaring, in faint astonishment. "Why, I leave here to-morrow."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Bradley, with smiling peremptoriness, suddenly slipping out from behind her husband. "Everything is all perfectly arranged. Jim has sent off messengers to your friends, so that if you can't come to them, they can come to you. You see, you can't help yourself! If you will walk fifteen miles with such lungs, and then frighten people to death, you must abide by the consequences."

"You see, the old lady has fixed you," said Bradley, smiling; "and she's the master here. Come, Mainwaring, you can send any other message you like, and have who and what you want here; but here you must stop for a while."

"But did I frighten you really?" stammered Mainwaring, faintly, to Mrs. Bradley.

"Frighten us!" said Mrs. Bradley. "Well, look there!"

She pointed to the window, which commanded a view of the verandah. Miss Macy had dropped into the vacant chair, with her little feet stretched out before her, her cheeks burning with heat and fire, her eyes partly closed, her straw hat hanging by a ribbon round her neck, her brown hair clinging to her ears and forehead in damp tendrils, and an enormous palm-leaf fan in each hand violently playing upon this charming picture of exhaustion and abandonment.

"She came tearing down to the mill, barebacked on our half-broken mustang, about half an hour ago, to call me 'to help you,'" explained Bradley. "Heaven knows how she managed to do it!"

## CHAPTER II.

The medication of the woods was not over-estimated by Bradley. There was surely some occult healing property in that vast reservoir of balmy and resinous odours over which The Lookout beetled and clung, and from which at times the pure exhalations of the terraced valley seemed to rise. Under its remedial influence and a conscientious adherence to the rules of absolute rest and repose laid down for him, Mainwaring had no return of the hemorrhage. The nearest professional medical authority hastily summoned saw no reason for changing or for supplementing Bradley's intelligent and simple treatment, although astounded that the patient had been under no more radical or systematic cure than travel and exercise. The women especially were amazed that Mainwaring had taken "nothing for it," in their habitual experience of an unfettered pill-and-elixir consuming democracy. In their knowledge of the thousand "panaceas" that filled the shelves of the General Store, this singular abstinence of their guest seemed to indicate a national peculiarity.

His bed was moved beside the low window, from which he could not only view the verandah but converse at times with its occupants, and even listen to the book which Miss Macy, seated without, read aloud to him. In the evening Bradley would linger by his couch until late, beguiling the tedium of his convalescence with characteristic stories and information which he thought might please the invalid. For Mainwaring, who had been early struck with Bradley's ready and cultivated intelligence, ended by shyly avoiding the discussion of more serious topics, partly because Bradley impressed him with a suspicion of his own inferiority and partly because Mainwaring questioned the taste of Bradley's apparent exhibition of his manifest superiority. He learned accidentally that this mill-owner and backwoodsman was a college-bred man; but the practical application of that education to the ordinary affairs of life was new to the young Englishman's traditions, and grated a little harshly on his feelings. He would have been quite content if Bradley had, like himself and fellows he knew, undervalued his training, and kept his gifts conservatively impractical. The knowledge also that his host's education naturally came from some provincial institution unlike Oxford and Cambridge may have unconsciously affected his general estimate. I say unconsciously, for his strict conscientiousness would have rejected any such formal proposition.

Another trifle annoyed him. He could not help noticing also that although Bradley's manner and sympathy were confidential and almost brotherly, he never made any allusion to Mainwaring's own family or connections, and, in fact, gave no indication of what he believed was the national curiosity in regard to strangers. Somewhat embarrassed by this indifference, Mainwaring made the occasion of writing some letters home an opportunity for laughingly alluding to the fact that he had made his mother and his sisters fully aware of the great debt they owed the household of The Lookout.

"They'll probably all send you a round robin of thanks, except, perhaps, my next brother, Bob," Bradley contented himself with a gesture of general deprecation, and did not ask why Mainwaring's young brother should contemplate his death with satisfaction. Nevertheless, some time afterwards Miss Macy remarked that it seemed hard that the happiness of one member of a family should depend upon a calamity to another. "As for instance?" asked Mainwaring, who had already forgotten the circumstance. "Why, if you had died and your younger brother succeeded to the baronetcy, and become Sir Robert Mainwaring," responded Miss Macy, with precision. This was the first and only allusion to his family and prospective rank. On the other hand he had—through naïve and boyish inquiries, which seemed to amuse his entertainers—acquired as he believed a full knowledge of the history and antecedents of the Bradley household. He knew how Bradley had brought his young wife and her cousin to California and abandoned a lucrative law practice in San Francisco to take possession of this mountain mill and woodland, which he had acquired through some professional service.

"Then you are a barrister really?" said Mainwaring, gravely.

Bradley laughed. "I'm afraid I've had more practice—though not as lucrative a one—as surgeon or doctor."

"But you're regularly on the rolls, you know; you're entered as Counsel, and all that sort of thing?" continued Mainwaring, with great seriousness.

"Well, yes," replied Bradley, much amused. "I'm afraid I must plead guilty to that."

"It's not a bad sort of thing," said Mainwaring, naïvely, ignoring Bradley's amusement. "I've got a cousin who's gone in for the law. Got out of the Army to do it—too. He's a sharp fellow."

"Then you do allow a man to try many trades—over there," said Miss Macy, demurely.

"Yes, sometimes," said Mainwaring, graciously, but by no means certain that the case was at all analogous.

Nevertheless, as if relieved of certain doubts of the conventional quality of his host's attainments, he now gave himself up to a very hearty and honest admiration of Bradley. "You know it's awfully kind of him to talk to a fellow like me who just pulled through, and never got any prizes at Oxford, and don't understand the half of these things," he remarked confidentially to Mrs. Bradley. "He knows more about the things we used to go in for at Oxford than lots of our men, and he's never been there. He's uncommonly clever."

"Jim was always very brilliant," returned Mrs. Bradley, indifferently, and with more than even conventionally polite wifely deprecation; "I wish he were more practical."

"Practical! Oh, I say, Mrs. Bradley! Why, a fellow that can go in among a lot of workmen and tell them just what to do—an all-round chap that can be independent of his valet, his doctor, and his—banker! By jove—that's practical!"

"I mean," said Mrs. Bradley, coldly, "that there are some things that a gentleman ought not to be practical about nor independent of. Mr. Bradley would have done better to have used his talents in some more legitimate and established way."

Mainwaring looked at her in genuine surprise. To his inexperienced observation Bradley's intelligent energy and, above all, his originality, ought to have been priceless in the eyes of his wife—the American female of his species. He felt that slight shock which most loyal or logical men feel when first brought face to face with the easy disloyalty and incomprehensible logic of the feminine affections. Here was a fellow, by Jove, that any woman ought to be proud of, and—and—he stopped blankly. He wondered if Miss Macy sympathised with her cousin.

Howbeit, this did not affect the charm of their idyllic life at The Lookout. The precipice over which they hung was as charming as ever in its poetic illusions of space and depth and colour; the isolation of their comfortable existence in the tasteful yet audacious habitation, the pleasant routine of daily tasks and amusements, all tended to make the enforced quiet and inaction of his convalescence a lazy recreation. He was really improving; more than that, he was conscious of a certain satisfaction in this passive observation of novelty that was healthier and perhaps truer than his previous passion for adventure and that febrile desire for change and excitement which he now felt was a part of his disease. Nor were incident and variety entirely absent from this tranquil experience. He was one day astonished at being presented by Bradley with copies of the latest English newspapers, procured from Sacramento, and he equally astonished his host, after profusely thanking him, by only listlessly glancing at their columns. He stopped a proposed visit from one of his influential countrymen; in the absence of his fair entertainers at their domestic duties, he extracted infinite satisfaction from Foo-Yup, the Chinese servant, who was particularly detached for his service. From his invalid coign of vantage at the window he was observant of all that passed upon the verandah, that al fresco audience-room of The Lookout, and he was good-humouredly conscious that a great many eccentric and peculiar visitors were invariably dragged thither by Miss Macy, and goaded into characteristic exhibition within sight and hearing of her guest, with a too evident view, under the ostentatious excuse of extending his knowledge of national character, of mischievously shocking him. "When you are strong enough to stand Captain Gashweiller's opinions of the Established Church and Chinamen," said Miss Macy, after one of those revelations, "I'll get Jim to bring him here, for really he swears so outrageously that even in the broadest interests of international understanding and good-will neither Mrs. Bradley nor myself could be present."

On another occasion she provokingly lingered before his window for a moment with a rifle slung jauntily over her shoulder. "If you hear a shot or two don't excite yourself, and believe we're having a lynching case in the woods. It will be only me. There's some creature—confess, you expected me to say 'critter'—hanging round the barn. It may be a bear. Good-bye." She missed the creature—which happened to be really a bear—much to Mainwaring's illogical satisfaction. "I wonder why," he reflected, with vague uneasiness, "she doesn't leave all that sort of thing to girls like that tow-headed girl at the blacksmith's."

It chanced, however, that this blacksmith's tow-headed daughter, who, it may be incidentally remarked, had the additional eccentricities of large black eyes and large white teeth, came to the fore in quite another fashion. Shortly after this, Mainwaring being able to leave his room and join the family board, Mrs. Bradley found it necessary to enlarge her domestic service, and arranged with their nearest neighbour, the blacksmith, to allow his daughter to come to The Lookout for a few days to "do the chores" and assist in the housekeeping, as she had on previous occasions. The day of her advent Bradley entered Mainwaring's room, and, closing the door mysteriously, fixed his blue eyes, kindling with mischief, on the young Englishman.

"You are aware, my dear boy," he began with affected gravity, "that you are now living in a land of liberty, where mere artificial distinctions are not known, and where Freedom from her mountain heights generally levels all social positions. I think you have graciously admitted that fact."

"I know I've been taking a tremendous lot of freedom with you and yours, old man, and it's a deuced shame," interrupted Mainwaring, with a faint smile.

"And that nowhere," continued Bradley, with immovable features, "does equality exist as perfectly as above yonder unfathomable abyss, where you have also, doubtless, observed the American eagle proudly soars and screams defiance."

"Then that was the fellow that kept me awake this morning, and made me wonder if I was strong enough to hold a gun again."

"That wouldn't have settled the matter," continued Bradley, imperturbably. "The case is simply this: Miss Minty Sharpe, that blacksmith's daughter, has once or twice consented, for a slight emolument, to assist in our domestic service for a day or two, and she comes back again to-day. Now, under the ægis of that noble bird whom your national instincts tempt you to destroy, she has on all previous occasions taken her meals with us, at the same table, on terms of perfect equality. She will naturally expect to do the same now. Mrs. Bradley thought it proper, therefore, to warn you, that, in case your health was not quite equal to this democratic simplicity, you could still dine in your room."

"It would be great fun—if Miss Sharpe won't object to my presence."

"But it must not be 'great fun,'" returned Bradley, more seriously; "for Miss Minty's perception of humour is probably as keen as yours, and she would be quick to notice it. And, so far from having any objection to you, I am inclined to think that we owe her consent to come to her desire of making your acquaintance."

"She will find my conduct most exemplary," said Mainwaring, earnestly.

"Let us hope so," concluded Bradley, with unabated gravity. "And, now that you have consented, let me add





The good old days! the dear old times!  
When watchmen slept and snored amain,  
Unheeding sprees or ruffian crimes—  
When shall we see their like again?

*THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.*

*Drawn by A. Hunt.*

Hard life at times, though, watchmen led;  
For roystering bucks, in drunken whim,  
Would turn poor Charley heels o'er head,  
And larking lads would snowball him.





How long is it, Annie—how long ago  
Since you and I were walking through the snow,  
One Christmas morn, along the path to church,  
And on the stile we saw a Robin perch?  
'Tis fifty years ago.

*L O N G,   L O N G   A G O !*

*Drawn by A. Hunt.*

You were seven, and I was barely ten,  
And Robin sang a Christmas carol then,  
Which chimed so sweetly with the old church bells,  
That still the scene within my memory dwells,  
Though 'tis so long ago.



from my own experience that Miss Minty's lemon-pies alone are worthy of any concession."

The dinner-hour came. Mainwaring, a little pale and interesting, leaning on the arm of Bradley, crossed the hall, and for the first time entered the dining-room of the house where he had lodged for three weeks. It was a bright, cheerful apartment, giving upon the laurels of the rocky hill-side, and permeated, like the rest of the house, with the wholesome spice of the valley—an odour that, in its pure desiccating property, seemed to obliterate all flavour of alien human habitation, and even to dominate and etherealise the appetising smell of the viands before them. The bare, shining, planed, boarded walls appeared to resent any decoration that might have savoured of dust, decay, or moisture. The four large windows and long, open door, set in scanty strips of the plainest spotless muslin, framed in themselves pictures of woods and rock and sky of limitless depth, colour, and distance, that made all other adornment impertinent. Nature, invading the room at every opening, had banished Art from those neutral walls.

"It's like a picnic, with comfort," said Mainwaring, glancing round him with boyish appreciation. Miss Minty was not yet there; the Chinaman was alone in attendance. Mainwaring could not help whispering, half mischievously, to Louise, "You draw the line at Chinamen, I suppose?"

"He don't, but *he* does," answered the young girl. "He considers us his social inferiors. But—hush!"

Minty Sharpe had just entered the room, and was advancing with smiling confidence towards the table. Mainwaring was a little startled; he had seen Minty in a holland sun-bonnet and turned up skirt crossing the verandah only a moment before; in the brief instant between the dishing-up of dinner and its actual announcement she had managed to change her dress, put on a clean collar, cuffs, and a large jet brooch, and apply some odorous unguent to her rebellious hair. Her face, guileless of powder or cold cream, was still shining with the healthy perspiration of her last labours as she promptly took the vacant chair beside Mainwaring.

"Don't mind me, folks," she said cheerfully, resting her plump elbow on the table, and addressing the company generally, but gazing with frank curiosity into the face of the young man at her side. "It was a keen jump, I tell yer, to get out of my old duds inter these, and look decent inside o' five minutes. But I reckon I aint kept yer waitin' long—least of all this yer sick stranger. But you're looking pearter than you did. You're wonderin' like ez not where I ever saw ye before?" she continued, laughing. "Well, I'll tell you. Last week! I'd kem over yer on a chance of seein' Jimmy Bradley, and while I was meanderin' down the verandah I saw you lyin' back in your chair by the window drowned in sleep, like a baby. Lordy! I mout hev won a pair o' gloves, but I reckoned you were Loo's game, and not mine."

The slightly constrained laugh which went round the table after Miss Minty's speech was due quite as much to the faint flush that had accented Mainwaring's own smile as to the embarrassing remark itself. Mrs. Bradley and Miss Macy exchanged rapid glances. Bradley, who alone retained his composure, with a slight flicker of amusement in the corner of his eye and nostril, said quickly: "You see, Mainwaring, how Nature stands ready to help your convalescence at every turn. If Miss Minty had only followed up her healing opportunity, your cure would have been complete."

"Ye mout hev lett some o' that pretty talk for *him* to say," said Minty, taking up her knife and fork with a slight shrug, "and you needn't call me *Miss* Minty either, jest because there's kempeny present."

"I hope you won't look upon me as company, Minty, or I shall be obliged to call you 'Miss' too," said Mainwaring, unexpectedly regaining his usual frankness.

Bradley's face brightened; Miss Minty raised her black eyes from her plate with still broader appreciation.

"There's nothin' mean about that," she said, showing her white teeth. "Well, what's *your* first name?"

"Not as pretty as yours, I'm afraid. It's Frank."

"No it aint, it's Francis! You reckon to be Sir Francis some day," she said gravely. "You can't play any Frank off on me. You wouldn't do it on *her*," she added, indicating Louise with her elbow.

A momentous silence followed. The particular form that Minty's vulgarity had taken had not been anticipated by the two other women. They had not unreasonably expected some original audacity or *gaucherie* from the blacksmith's daughter, which might astonish yet amuse their guest, and condone for the situation forced upon them. But they were not prepared for a playfulness that involved themselves in a ridiculous indiscretion. Mrs. Bradley's eyes sought her husband's meaningly; Louise's pretty mouth hardened. Luckily the cheerful cause of it suddenly jumped up from the table, and saying that the stranger was starving, insisted upon bringing a dish from the other side and helping him herself plentifully. Mainwaring rose gallantly to take the dish from her hand, a slight scuffle ensued, which ended in the young man being forced down in his chair by the pressure of Minty's strong plump hand on his shoulder. "There," she said, "ye kin mind your dinner now, and I reckon we'll give the others a chance to chip into the conversation," and at once applied herself to the plate before her.

The conversation presently became general, with the exception that Minty, more or less engrossed by professional anxiety in the quality of the dinner and occasional hurried visits to the kitchen, briefly answered the few polite remarks which Mainwaring felt called upon to address to her. Nevertheless, he was conscious, *malgré* her rallying allusions to Miss Macy, that he felt none of the vague yet half pleasant anxiety with which Louise was beginning to inspire him. He felt at ease in Minty's presence, and believed, rightly or wrongly, that she understood him as well as he understood her. And there were certainly points in common between his two hostesses and their humbler though proud dependant. The social evolution of Mrs. Bradley and Louise Macy from some previous Minty was neither remote nor complete; the self-sufficient independence, ease, and quiet self-assertion were alike in each. The superior position was still too recent and accidental for either to resent or criticise qualities that were common to both. At least, this was what he thought when not abandoning himself to the gratification of a convalescent appetite; to the presence of two pretty women, the sympathy of a genial friend, the healthy intoxication of the white sunlight that glanced upon the pine walls, the views that mirrored themselves in the open windows, and the pure atmosphere in which The Lookout seemed to swim. Wandering breezes of balm and spice lightly stirred the flowers on the table, and seemed to fan his hair and forehead with softly healing breath. Looking up in an interval of silence, he caught Bradley's grey eyes fixed upon him with a subdued light of amusement and affection, as of an elder brother regarding a schoolboy's boisterous appetite at some feast. Mainwaring laid down his knife and fork with a laughing colour, touched equally by Bradley's fraternal kindness and the consciousness of his gastronomical powers.

"Hang it, Bradley: look here! I know my appetite's disgraced but what can a fellow do? In such air, with such

viands and such company! It's like the bees getting drunk on Hybla and Hymettus, you know. I'm not responsible!"

"It's the first square meal I believe you've really eaten in six months," said Bradley, gravely. "I can't understand why your doctor allowed you to run down so dreadfully."

"I reckon you aint as keeful of yourself, you Britishers, ez us," said Minty. "Lordy! Why there's 'Pop' invests in more patent medicines in one day than you have in two weeks, and he'd make two of you. *Mebbe* your folks don't look after you enough."

"I'm a splendid advertisement of what *your* care and your medicines have done," said Mainwaring, gratefully, to Mrs. Bradley; "and if you ever want to set up a 'Cure' here, I'm ready with a ten-page testimonial."

"Have a care, Mainwaring," said Bradley, laughing, "that the ladies don't take you at your word. Louise and Jenny have been doing their best for the last year to get me to accept a flattering offer from a Sacramento firm to put up a Hotel for Tourists on the site of The Lookout. Why, I believe that they have already secretly in their hearts concocted a flaming prospectus of 'Unrivalled Scenery' and 'Health-giving Air,' and are looking forward to Saturday night hops on the piazza."

"Have you really thought?" said Mainwaring, gazing from the one to the other.

"We should certainly see more company than we do now, and feel a little less out of the world," said Louise, candidly. "There are no neighbours here—I mean the people at the Summit are not," she added, with a slight glance towards Minty.

"And Mr. Bradley would find it more profitable—not to say more suitable to a man of his position—than this wretched saw-mill and timber business," said Mrs. Bradley, decidedly.

Mainwaring was astounded: was it possible they considered it more dignified for a lawyer to keep an hotel than a saw-mill? Bradley, as if answering what was passing in his mind, said mischievously, "I'm not sure, exactly, what my position is, my dear, and I'm afraid I've declined the hotel on business principles. But, by-the-way, Mainwaring, I found a letter at the mill this morning from Mr. Richardson. He is about to pay us the distinguished honour of visiting The Lookout, solely on your account, my dear fellow."

"But I wrote him that I was much better, and it wasn't necessary for him to come," said Mainwaring.

"He makes an excuse of some law business with me. I suppose he considers the mere fact of his taking the trouble to come here, all the way from San Francisco, a sufficient honour to justify any absence of formal invitation," said Bradley, smiling.

"But he's only—I mean he's my father's banker," said Mainwaring, correcting himself, "and—you don't keep an hotel."

"Not yet," returned Bradley, with a mischievous glance at the two women, "but The Lookout is elastic, and I dare say we can manage to put him up."

A silence ensued. It seemed as if some shadow, or momentary darkening of the brilliant atmosphere: some film across the mirror-like expanse of the open windows, or misty dimming of their wholesome light had arisen to their elevation. Mainwaring felt that he was looking forward with unreasoning indignation and uneasiness to this impending interruption of their idyllic life; Mrs. Bradley and Louise, who had become a little more constrained and formal under Minty's freedom, were less sympathetic; even the irrepressible Minty appeared absorbed in the responsibilities of the dinner.

Bradley alone preserved his usual patient good-humour. "We'll take our coffee on the verandah, and the ladies will join us by-and-by, Mainwaring; besides, I don't know that I can allow you, as an invalid, to go entirely through Minty's bountiful *menu* at present. You shall have the sweets another time."

When they were alone on the verandah, he said, between the puffs of his black briarwood pipe—a pet aversion of Mrs. Bradley—"I wonder how Richardson will accept Minty!"

"If I can, I think he *must*," returned Mainwaring, drily. "By Jove, it will be great fun to see him; but"—he stopped and hesitated—"I don't know about the ladies. I don't think, you know, that they'll stand Minty again before another stranger."

Bradley glanced quickly at the young man; their eyes met, and they both joined in a superior and, I fear, disloyal smile. After a pause Bradley, as if in a spirit of further confidence, took his pipe from his mouth and pointed to the blue abyss before them.

"Look at that profundity, Mainwaring; and think of it ever being bullied and overawed by a long verandah-load of gaping, patronising tourists, and the idiotic flirting females of their species. Think of a lot of over-dressed creatures flouting those severe outlines and deep-toned distances with frippery and gaudiness. You know how you have been lulled to sleep by that delicious indefinite far-off murmur of the canyon at night—think of it being broken by a crazy waltz or a monotonous German—by the clatter of waiters and the pop of champagne corks. And yet, by thunder, those women are capable of liking both and finding no discord in them!"

"Dancing aint half bad, you know," said Mainwaring, conscientiously, "if a chap's got the wind to do it; and all Americans, especially the women, dance better than we do. But I say, Bradley, to hear you talk, a fellow wouldn't suspect you were as big a Vandal as anybody, with a beastly, howling saw-mill in the heart of the primeval forest. By Jove, you quite bowled me over that first day we met, when you popped your head out of that delirium tremens-shaking mill, like the very genius of destructive improvement."

"But that was *fighting* Nature, not patronising her; and it's a business that pays. That reminds me that I must go back to it," said Bradley, rising and knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Not after dinner, surely!" said Mainwaring, in surprise. "Come now, that's too much like the bolting Yankee of the travellers' books."

"There's a heavy run to get through to-night. We're working against time," returned Bradley. Even while speaking he had vanished within the house, returned quickly—having replaced his dark suit by jean trousers tucked in heavy boots, and a red flannel shirt over his starched white one—and, nodding gaily to Mainwaring, stepped from the lower end of the verandah. "The beggar actually looks pleased to go," said Mainwaring to himself in wonderment.

"Oh! Jim," said Mrs. Bradley, appearing at the door.

"Yes," said Bradley, faintly, from the bushes.

"Minty's ready. You might take her home."

"All right. I'll wait."

"I hope I haven't frightened Miss Sharpe away," said Mainwaring. "She isn't going, surely?"

"Only to get some better clothes, on account of company. I'm afraid you are giving her a good deal of trouble, Mr. Mainwaring," said Mrs. Bradley, laughing.

"She wished me to say good-bye to you for her, as she couldn't come on the verandah in her old shawl and sun-

bonnet," added Louise, who had joined them. "What do you really think of her, Mr. Mainwaring? I call her quite pretty, at times. Don't you?"

Mainwaring knew not what to say. He could not understand why they could have any special interest in the girl, or care to know what he, a perfect stranger, thought of her. He avoided a direct reply, however, by playfully wondering how Mrs. Bradley could subject her husband to Miss Minty's undivided fascinations.

"Oh, Jim always takes her home—if it's in the evening. He gets along with these people better than we do," returned Mrs. Bradley, drily. "But," she added, with a return of her piquant Quaker-like coquettishness, "Jim says we are to devote ourselves to you to-night—in retaliation, I suppose. We are to amuse you, and not let you get excited; and you are to be sent to bed early."

It is to be feared that these latter wise precautions—invaluable for all defenceless and enfeebled humanity—were not carried out; and it was late when Mainwaring eventually retired, with brightened eyes and a somewhat accelerated pulse. For the ladies, who had quite regained that kindly equanimity which Minty had rudely interrupted, had also added a delicate and confidential sympathy in their relations with Mainwaring—as of people who had suffered in common—and he experienced these tender attentions at their hands which any two women are emboldened by each other's saving presence to show any single member of our sex. Indeed, he hardly knew if his satisfaction was the more complete when Mrs. Bradley, withdrawing for a few moments, left him alone on the verandah with Louise and the vast, omnipotent Night.

For a while they sat silent, in the midst of the profound and measureless calm. Looking down upon the dim moonlit abyss at their feet, they themselves seemed a part of this night that arched above it; the half-risen moon appeared to linger long enough at their side to envelop and suffuse them with its glory; a few bright stars quietly ringed themselves around them, and looked wonderingly into the level of their own shining eyes. For some vague yearning to humanity seemed to draw this dark and passionless void towards them. The vast protecting maternity of Nature leant hushed and breathless over this solitude. Warm currents of air rose occasionally from the valley, which one might have believed were sighs from its full and overflowing breast, or a grateful coolness swept their cheeks and hair when the tranquil heights around them were moved to slowly respond. Odours from invisible bay and laurel sometimes filled the air; the incense of some rare and remoter cultivated meadow beyond their ken, or the strong germinating breath of leagues of wild oats, that had yellowed the upland by day. In the silence and shadow, their voices took upon themselves, almost without their volition, a far-off confidential murmur, with intervals of meaning silence—rather as if their thoughts had spoken for themselves, and they had stopped wonderingly to listen. They talked at first vaguely to this discreet audience of space and darkness, and then, growing bolder, spoke to each other and of themselves. Invested by the infinite gravity of nature, they had no fear of human ridicule to restrain their youthful conceit or the extravagance of their unimportant confessions. They talked of their tastes, of their habits, of their friends and acquaintances. They settled some points of doctrine, duty, and etiquette, with the sweet seriousness of youth and its all-powerful convictions. The listening vines would have recognised no flirtation or love-making in their animated but important confidences; yet when Mrs. Bradley reappeared to warn the invalid that it was time to seek his couch, they both coughed slightly in the nervous consciousness of some unaccustomed quality in their voices, and a sense of interruption far beyond their own or the innocent intruder's ken.

"Well?" said Mrs. Bradley, in the sitting-room as Mainwaring's steps retreated down the passage to his room.

"Well," said Louise with a slight yawn, leaning her pretty shoulders languidly against the door-post, as she shaded her moonlight-acustomed eyes from the vulgar brilliancy of Mrs. Bradley's bed-room candle. "Well—oh, he talked a great deal about 'his people' as he called them, and I talked about us. He's very nice. You know, in some things he's really like a boy."

"He looks much better."

"Yes; but he is far from strong yet."

Meantime, Mainwaring had no other confidant of his impressions than his own thoughts. Mingled with his exaltation, which was the more seductive that it had no well-defined foundation for existing, and implied no future responsibility, was a recurrence of his uneasiness at the impending visit of Richardson the next day. Strangely enough, it had increased under the stimulus of the evening. Just as he was really getting on with the family, he felt sure that this visitor would import some foreign element into their familiarity, as Minty had done. It was very possible they would not like him: now he remembered there was really something ostentatiously British and insular about this Richardson—something they would likely resent. Why couldn't this fellow have come later—or even before? Before what? But here he fell asleep, and almost instantly slipped from this verandah in the Sierras, six thousand miles away, to an ancient terrace, overgrown with moss and tradition, that overlooked the sedate glory of an English park. Here he found himself, restricted painfully by his inconsistent night-clothes, endeavouring to impress his mother and sisters with the singular virtues and excellences of his American host and hostesses—virtues and excellences that he himself was beginning to feel conscious had become more or less apocryphal in that atmosphere. He heard his mother's voice saying severely, "When you learn, Francis, to respect the opinions and prejudices of your family enough to prevent your appearing before them in this uncivilised aboriginal costume, we will listen to what you have to say of the friends whose habits you seem to have adopted;" and he was frantically indignant that his efforts to convince them that his negligence was a personal oversight, and not a Californian custom, were utterly futile. But even then this vision was brushed away by the bewildering sweep of Louise's pretty skirt across the dreamy picture, and her delicate features and softly-fringed eyes remained the last to slip from his fading consciousness.

The moon rose higher and higher above the sleeping house and softly breathing canyon. There was nothing to mar the idyllic repose of the landscape; only the growing light of the last two hours had brought out in the far eastern horizon a dim white peak, that gleamed faintly among the stars, like a bridal couch spread between the hills ringed with fading nuptial torches. No one would have believed that behind that impenetrable shadow to the west, in the heart of the forest, the throbbing saw-mill of James Bradley was even at that moment eating its destructive way through the conserved growth of Nature and centuries, and that the refined proprietor of house and greenwood, with the glow of his furnace fires on his red shirt, and his alert intelligent eyes, was the geni of that devastation, and the toiling leader of the shadowy felling figures around him.



## CHAPTER III.

Amid the beauty of the most uncultivated and untrodden wilderness there are certain localities where the meaner and more common processes of Nature take upon themselves a degrading likeness to the slovenly, wasteful, and improvident processes of man. The unrecorded landslip disintegrating a whole hill-side will not only lay bare the delicate framework of strata and deposit to the vulgar eye, but hurl into the valley a débris so monstrous and unlovely as to shame even the hideous ruins left by dynamite, hydraulic, or pick and shovel; an overflown and forgotten woodland torrent will leave in some remote hollow a disturbed and ungraceful chaos of inextricable logs, branches, rock, and soil that will rival the unsavoury details of some wrecked or abandoned settlement. Of lesser magnitude and importance, there are certain natural dust-heaps, sinks, and cesspools, where the elements have collected the cast-off, broken, and frayed disjecta of wood and field—the sweepings of the sylvan household. It was remarkable that Nature, so kindly considerate of mere human ruins, made no attempt to cover up or disguise these monuments of her own mortality: no grass grew over the unsightly landslides, no moss or ivy clothed the stripped and bleached skeletons of overthrown branch and tree; the dead leaves and withered husks rotted in their open grave uncrossed by vine or creeper. Even the animals, except the lower organisations, shunned those haunts of decay and ruin.

It was scarcely a hundred yards from one of those dreary receptacles that Mr. Bradley had taken leave of Miss Minty Sharpe. The cabin occupied by her father, herself, and a younger brother, stood, in fact, on the very edge of the little hollow, which was partly filled with decayed wood, leaves, and displacements of the crumbling bank, with the coal dust and ashes which Mr. Sharpe had added from his forge, that stood a few paces distant at the corner of a cross-road. The occupants of the cabin had also contributed to the hollow the refuse of their household in broken boxes, earthenware, tin cans, and cast-off clothing; and it is not improbable that the site of the cabin was chosen with reference to this convenient disposal of useless and encumbering impedimenta. It was true that the locality offered little choice in the way of beauty. An outcrop of brown granite—a portent of higher altitudes—extended a quarter of a mile from the nearest fringe of dwarf laurel and "brush" in one direction; in the other an advanced file of Bradley's woods had suffered from some long-forgotten fire, and still raised its blackened masts and broken stumps over the scorched and arid soil, swept of older underbrush and verdure. On the other side of the road a dark ravine, tangled with briars and haunted at night by owls and wild cats, struggled wearily on, until blundering at last upon the edge of the Great Canyon, it slipped and lost itself for ever in a single furrow of those mighty flanks. When Bradley had once asked Sharpe why he had not built his house in the ravine, the blacksmith had replied: "That until the Lord had appointed his time, he reckoned to keep his head above ground and the foundations thereof." Howbeit the ravine, or the "run" as it was locally known, was Minty's only Saturday-afternoon resort for recreation or berries. "It was," she had explained, "pow'ful soothin', and solitary."

She entered the house—a rude, square building of unpainted boards—containing a sitting-room, a kitchen, and two bed-rooms. A glance at these rooms, which were plainly furnished, and whose canvas-coloured walls were adorned with gorgeous agricultural implement circulars, patent medicine calendars, with polytinted chromos and cheaply-illuminated Scriptural texts, showed her that a certain neatness and order had been preserved during her absence; and, finding the house empty, she crossed the barren and blackened intervening space between the back-door and her father's forge, and entered the open shed. The light was fading from the sky; but the glow of the forge lit up the dusty road before it, and accentuated the blackness of the rocky ledge beyond. A small curly-headed boy, bearing a singular likeness to a smudged and blackened crayon drawing of Minty, was mechanically blowing the bellows and obviously intent upon something else; while her father—a powerfully-built man, with a quaintly dissatisfied expression of countenance—was with equal want of interest mechanically hammering at a horse-shoe. Without noticing Minty's advent, he lazily broke into a querulous drawling chaunt of some vague religious character:—

O tur-ren, sinner; tur-ren.  
For the Lord bids you turn—ah!  
O tur-ren, sinner; tur-ren.  
Why will you die?

The musical accent adapted itself to the monotonous fall of the sledge-hammer; and at every repetition of the word "turn" he suited the action to the word by turning the horse-shoe with the iron in his left hand. A slight grunt at the end of every stroke, and the simultaneous repetition of "turn" seemed to offer him amusement and relief. Minty, without speaking, crossed the shop, and administered a sound box on her brother's ear. "Take that, and let me ketch you agen layin' low when my back's turned, to put on your store pants."

"The others had fetched away in the laig," said the boy, opposing a knee and elbow at acute angle to further attack.

"You jest get and change 'em," said Minty. The sudden collapse of the bellows broke in upon the soothing refrain of Mr. Sharpe, and caused him to turn also.

"It's Minty," he said, replacing the horse-shoe on the coals, and setting his powerful arms and the sledge on the anvil with an exaggerated expression of weariness.

"Yes; it's me," said Minty, "and Creation knows it's time I *did* come, to keep that boy from ruinin' us with his airs and conceits."

"Did ye bring over any o' that fever mixer?"

"No. Bradley sez you're loading yerself up with so much o' that bitter bark—kuinin' they call it over there—that you'll lift the ruff off your head next. He allows ye aint got no ague; it's jest wind and dyspepsy. He sez yer's strong ez a hoss."

"Bradley," said Sharpe, laying aside his sledge with an aggrieved manner which was, however, as complacent as his fatigue and discontent, "ez one of them nat'ral born finikin skunks ez I despise. I reckon he began to give p'int's to his parents when he was about knee-high to Richelieu there. He's on them confidential terms with himself and the Almighty that he reckons he ken run a saw-mill and a man's insides at the same time with one hand tied behind him. And his finikin is up to his conceit: he wanted to tell me that that yer handy brush dump outside our shanty was unhealthy. Give a man with frills like that his own way and he'd be a sprinkling odor Cologne and peppermint all over the country."

"He set your shoulder as well as any doctor," said Minty. "That's bone-settin', and a nat'ral gift," returned Sharpe, as triumphantly as his habitual depression would admit; "it aint conceit and finikin got out o' books! Well," he added, after a pause, "wot's happened?"

Minty's face slightly changed. "Nothin'; I ken back to get some things," she said shortly, moving away.

"And ye saw him?"

"Ye-e-s," drawled Minty, carelessly, still retreating.

"Bixby was along here about noon. He says the stranger was eathin' high and mighty in his own country, and then

'Frisco millionaires are quite sweet on him. Where are ye goin'?"

"In the house."

"Well, look yer, Minty. Now that you're here, ye might get up a batch o' hot biscuit for supper. Dinner was that promiscuous and experimental to-day, along o' Richelieu's nat'ral foolin', that I think I could git outside of a little suthin' now, if only to prop up a kind of innard sinkin' that takes me. Ye ken tell me the news at supper."

Later, however, when Mr. Sharpe had quitted his forge for the night and, seated at his domestic board, was, with a dismal presentiment of future indigestion, voraciously absorbing his favourite meal of hot saleratus biscuits swimming in butter, he had apparently forgotten his curiosity concerning Mainwaring and settled himself to a complaining chronicle of the day's mishaps. "Nat'rally, havin' an extra lot o' work on hand and no time for foolin', what does that ornery Richelieu get up and do this mornin'? Ye know them ridiklus specimens that he's been chippin' outter that ledge that the yearth slipped from down the run, and litterin' up the whole shanty with 'em. Well, darn my skin! if he didn't run a heap of 'em, mixed up with coal, unbeknown to me, in the forge, to make what he called a 'fire essay' of 'em. Nat'rally, I couldn't get a blessed iron hot, and didn't know what had gone of the fire, or the coal either, for two hours, till I stopped work and raked out the coal. That comes from his hangin' round that saw-mill in the woods, and listenin' to Bradley's high-falutin' talk about rocks and strata and sich."

"But Bradley don't go a cent on minin', Pop," said Minty. "He sez the woods is good enough for him; and there's millions to be made when the railroad comes along, and timber's wanted."

"But until then he's got to keep hisself, to pay wages, and keep the mill runnin'. Unless it's, ez Bixby says, that he hopes to get that Englishman to rope in some o' them 'Frisco friends of his to take a hand. Ye didn't have any o' that kind o' talk, did ye?"

"No; not that kind o' talk," said Minty.

"Not that kind o' talk!" repeated her father with aggrieved curiosity. "Wot kind, then?"

"Well," said Minty, lifting her black eyes to her father's; "I aint no account, and you aint no account either. You aint got no college education, aint got no friends in 'Frisco, and aint got no high-toned style; I can't play the piauuner, jabber French, nor get French dresses. We aint got no fancy 'Shallet,' as they call it, with a first-class view of nothing; but only a shanty on dry rock. But, afore I'd take advantage of a lazy, gawky boy—for it aint anything else, though he's good meanin' enough—that happened to fall sick in my house, and coax and cosset him, and wrap him in white cotton, and mother him, and sister him, and Aunt Sukey him, and almost dry-nuss him gin'rally, jist to get him sweet on me and on mine, and take the inside track of others—I'd be an Injin! And if you'd allow it, Pop, you'd be wass nor a nigger!"

"Sho!" said her father, kindling with that intense gratification with which the male receives any intimation of alien feminine weakness. "It aint that, Minty, I wanter know!"

"It's jist that, Pop; and I ez good ez let 'em know I seed it. I aint a fool, if some folks do drop their eyes and pretend to wipe the laugh out of their noses with a handkerchief when I let out to speak. I mayn't be good enough kempany!"

"Look yer, Minty," interrupted the blacksmith, sternly, half rising from his seat with every trace of his former weakness vanished from his hardest face; "do you mean to say that they put on airs to ye—to my darter?"

"No," said Minty, quickly; "the men didn't; and don't you, a man, mix yourself up with women's meannesses. I ken manage 'em, Pop, with one hand."

Mr. Sharpe looked at his daughter's flashing black eyes. Perhaps an uneasy recollection of the late Mrs. Sharpe's remarkable capacity in that respect checked his further rage.

"No. Wot I was sayin'," resumed Minty, "ez that I mayn't be thought by others good enough to keep kempany with baronets ez is to be—though baronets mightn't object—but I aint mean enough to try to steal away some ole woman's darling boy in England, or snatch some likely young English girl's big brother outter the family without sayin' by your leave. How'd you like it if Richelieu was growed up, and went to sea—and it would be like his peartness—and he fell sick in some foreign land, and some princess or other skyugled him underhand away from us?"

Probably owing to the affair of the specimens, the elder Sharpe did not seem to regard the possible mesalliance of Richelieu with extraordinary disfavour. "That boy is conceited enough with hair ile and fine clothes for anything," he said plaintively. "But didn't that Louie Macy hev a feller already—that Captain Greyson? Wot's gone o' him?"

"That's it," said Minty: "he kin go out in the woods and whistle now. But all the same, she could hitch him in again at any time if the other stranger kicked over the traces. That's the style over there at The Lookout. There aint ez much heart in them two women put together ez would make a green gal flush up playin' forfeits. It's all in their breed, Pop. Love aint going to spile their appetites and complexions, give 'em nose-bleed, nor put a drop o' water into their eyes in all their natural born days. That's wot makes me mad. Ef I thought that Loo cared a bit for that child I wouldn't mind; I'd just advise her to make him get up and get—pack his duds out o' camp, and go home and not come back until he had a written permit from his mother, or the other baronet in office."

"Looks sorter of someone order interfere," said the blacksmith, reflectively. "Taint exakly a case for a vigilance committee, tho' it's agin public morals, this sorter kidnappin' o' strangers. Looks ez if it might bring the country into discredit in England."

"Well, don't you go and interfere and havin' folks say ez my nose was put out o' jint over there," said Minty, curtly. "There's another Englishman comin' up from 'Frisco to see him to-morrow. Ef he aint scooped up by Jenny Bradley he'll guess there's a nigger in the fence somewhere. But there, Pop, let it drop. It's a bad aig, any way," she concluded, rising from the table, and passing her hands down her frock and her shapely hips, as if to wipe off further contamination of the subject. "Where's Richelieu agin?"

"Said he didn't want supper, and like ez not he's gone over to see that famerly at the Summit. There's a little girl thar he's sparkin', about his own age."

"His own age!" said Minty, indignantly. "Why, she's double that, if she's a day. Well—if he aint the triflinest, conceitednest little limb that ever grew! I'd like to know where he got it from—it wasn't mar's style."

Mr. Sharpe smiled darkly. Richelieu's precocious gallantry evidently was not considered as gratuitous as his experimental metallurgy. But as his eyes followed his daughter's whole-some, Phyllis-like figure, a new idea took possession of him: needless to say, however, it was in the line of another personal grievement, albeit it took the form of religious reflection.

"It's curious, Minty, wot's fore-ordained, and wot aint. Now, yer's bue of them high and mighty fellows, after the Lord, ez comes meanderin' around here, and drops off—ez fur

ez I kin hear—in a kind o' faint at the first house he kems to, and is taken in and lodged and sumptuously fed; and, nat'rally, they gets their reward for it. Now, wot's to hev kept that young feller from coming here and droppin' down in my forge, or in this very room, and you a tendin' him, and jist layin' over them folks at The Lookout?"

"Wot's got hold o' ye, Pop? Don't I tell ye he had a letter to Jim Bradley?" said Minty, quickly, with an angry flash of colour in her cheek.

"That aint it," said Sharpe, confidently; "it's cos he walked. Nat'rally, you'd think he'd ride, being high and mighty, and that's where, ez the parson will tell ye, wot's merely fi-nite and human wisdom errs! Ef that feller had ridden, he'd have had to come by this yer road, and by this yer forge, and stop a spell like any other. But it was fore-ordained that he should walk, jest cos it wasn't generally kalkilated and reckoned on. So, you had no show."

For a moment, Minty seemed struck with her father's original theory. But with a vigorous shake of her shoulders she threw it off. Her eyes darkened.

"I reckon you aint thinking, Pop,"—she began.

"I was only sayin' it was curious," he rejoined quietly. Nevertheless, after a pause, he rose, coughed, and going up to the young girl, as she leaned over the dresser, bent his powerful arm around her, and, drawing her and the plate she was holding against his breast, laid his bearded cheek for an instant softly upon her rebellious head. "It's all right, Minty," he said; "aint it, pet?" Minty's eyelids closed gently under the familiar pressure. "Wot's that in your hair, Minty?" he said tactfully, breaking an embarrassing pause.

"Bar's grease, father," murmured Minty, in a child's voice—the grown-up woman, under that magic touch, having lapsed again into her father's motherless charge of ten years before.

"It's pow'ful soothin', and pretty," said her father.

"I made it myself—do you want some?" asked Minty.

"Not now, girl!" For a moment they slightly rocked each other in that attitude—the man dextrously, the woman with infinite tenderness—and then they separated.

Late that night, after Richelieu had returned, and her father wrestled in his fitful sleep with the remorse of his guilty indulgence at supper, Minty remained alone in her room, hard at work, surrounded by the contents of one of her mother's trunks and the fragments of certain ripped-up and newly-turned dresses. For Minty had conceived the bold idea of altering one of her mother's gowns to the fashion of a certain fascinating frock worn by Louise Macy. It was late when her self-imposed task was completed. With a nervous trepidation that was novel to her, Minty began to disrobe herself preparatory to trying on her new creation. The light of a tallow candle and a large swinging lantern, borrowed from her father's forge, fell shyly on her milky neck and shoulders, and shone in her sparkling eyes, as she stood before her largest mirror—the long glazed door of a kitchen clock which she had placed upon her chest of drawers. Had poor Minty been content with the full, free, and goddess-like outlines that it reflected, she would have been spared her impending disappointment. For, alas! the dress of her model had been framed upon a symmetrically attenuated French corset, and the unfortunate Minty's fuller and ampler curves had under her simple country stays known no more restraining cincture than knew the Venus of Milo. The alteration was a hideous failure, it was neither Minty's statuesque outline nor Louise Macy's graceful contour. Minty was no fool, and the revelation of this slow education of the figure and training of outline—whether fair or false in art—struck her quick intelligence with all its full and hopeless significance. A bitter light sprang to her eyes; she tore the wretched sham from her shoulders, and then wrapping a shawl around her, threw herself heavily and sullenly on the bed. But inaction was not a characteristic of Minty's emotion; she presently rose again, and, taking an old work-box from her trunk, began to rummage in its recesses. It was an old shell-incrusted affair, and the apparent receptacle of such cheap odds and ends of jewellery as she possessed; a hideous cameo ring, the property of the late Mrs. Sharpe, was missing. She again rapidly explored the contents of the box, and then an inspiration seized her, and she darted into her brother's bed-room.

That precocious and gallant Lovelace of ten, despite all sentiment, had basely succumbed to the gross materialism of youthful slumber. On a cot in the corner, half hidden under the wreck of his own careless and hurried disrobing, with one arm hanging out of the coverlid, Richelieu lay supremely unconscious. On the forefinger of his small but dirty hand the missing cameo was still glittering guiltily. With a swift movement of indignation Minty rushed with uplifted palm towards the tempting expanse of youthful cheek that lay invitingly exposed upon the pillow. Then she stopped suddenly.

She had seen him lying thus a hundred times before. On the pillow near him an undistinguishable mass of golden fur—the helpless bulk of a squirrel chained to the leg of his cot; at his feet a wall-eyed cat, who had followed his tyrannous caprices with the long-suffering devotion of her sex; on the shelf above him a loathsome collection of flies and tarantulas in dull green bottles; a slab of ginger-bread for light nocturnal refection, and her own pot of bear's grease. Perhaps it was the piteous defencelessness of youthful sleep, perhaps it was some lingering memory of her father's caress; but as she gazed at him with troubled eyes, the juvenile reprobate slipped back into the baby-boy that she had carried in her own childish arms such a short time ago, when the maternal responsibility had descended with the dead mother's ill-fitting dresses upon her lank girlish figure and scant virgin breast—and her hand fell listlessly at her side.

The sleeper stirred slightly and awoke. At the same moment, by some mysterious sympathy, a pair of beady bright eyes appeared in the bulk of fur near his curls, the cat stretched herself, and even a vague agitation was heard in the bottles on the shelf. Richelieu's blinking eyes wandered from the candle to his sister, and then the guilty hand was suddenly withdrawn under the bedclothes.

"No matter, dear," said Minty; "it's mar's, and you kin wear it when you like, if you'll only ask for it."

Richelieu wondered if he was dreaming! This unexpected mildness—this inexplicable tremor in his sister's voice: it must be some occult influence of the night season on the sisterly mind, possible akin to a fear of ghosts! He made a mental note of it in view of future favours, yet for the moment he felt embarrassedly gratified. "Ye aint wantin' anything, Minty," he said affectionately; "a pail o' cold water from the far spring—no, nothin'?" He made an ostentatious movement as if to rise, yet sufficiently protracted to prevent any hasty acceptance of his prodigal offer.

"No, dear," she said, still gazing at him with an absorbed look in her dark eyes.

Richelieu felt a slight creepy sensation under that lonely far-off gaze. "Your eyes look awful big at night, Minty," he said. He would have added "and pretty" but she was his sister, and he had the lofty fraternal conviction of his duty in repressing the inordinate vanity of the sex. "Ye're sure ye aint wantin' nothin'?"





Ah! Memory, lift the misty veil  
That shrouds the far-off track of time,  
Rehearse once more the olden tale,  
Renew again the golden prime  
When childhood blossomed into youth,  
When manhood learned the power of love,  
When faith in friendship, honour, truth,  
Made all the earth seem heaven above

*THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.*

*Drawn by G. Montbard.*

Revive the hopes that fired the heart;  
Call back the thoughts that filled the brain.  
Oh! Memory, let the better part  
Of Life's long record come again.  
I would once more become a child,  
And by the glassy river roam;  
Or wander in the woodlands wild  
Around the dear old house at home!





Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side.  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

*EVANGELINE.*  
Drawn by Florence Graver.

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.  
LONGFELLOW.



"Not now, dear." She paused a moment, and then said deliberately: "But you wouldn't mind turnin' out after sun-up and runnin' an errand for me over to The Lookout?"

Richelieu's eyes sparkled so suddenly that even in her absorption Minty noticed the change. "But ye're not goin' to tarry over there, ner gossip—you hear? Yer to take this yer message. Yer to say 'that it will be onpossible for me to come back there, on account—on account of'—"

"Important business," suggested Richelieu; "that's the perlitte style."

"Ef you like." She leaned over the bed and put her lips to his forehead, still damp with the dews of sleep, and then to his long-lashed lids. "Mind Nip!"—the squirrel—he practically suggested. For an instant their blonde curls mingled on the pillow. "Now go to sleep," she said curtly.

But Richelieu had taken her white neck in the short strangulatory hug of the small boy, and held her fast. "Ye'll let me put on my best pants?"

"Yes."

"And wear that ring?"

"Yes"—a little sadly.

"Then yer kin count me in, Minty; and see here"—his voice sank to a confidential whisper—"mebbe some day ye'll be beholden to me for a lot o' real jewellery."

She returned slowly to her room, and, opening the window, looked out upon the night. The same moon that had lent such supererogatory grace to the natural beauty of The Lookout, here seemed to have failed, as Minty had, in disguising the relentless limitations of Nature or the cruel bonds of custom. The black plain of granite, under its rays, appeared only to extend its poverty to some remoter barrier; the blackened stumps of the burnt forest stood bleaker against the sky, like broken and twisted pillars of iron. The cavity of the broken ledge where Richelieu had prospected was a hideous chasm of blueish blackness, over which a purple vapour seemed to hover; the "brush dump" beside the house showed a cavern of writhing and distorted objects stiffened into dark rigidity. She had often looked upon the prospect: it had never seemed so hard and changeless; yet she accepted it, as she had accepted it before.

She turned away, undressed herself mechanically, and went to bed. She had an idea that she had been very foolish; that her escape from being still more foolish was something miraculous, and in some measure connected with Providence, her father, her little brother, and her dead mother, whose dress she had recklessly spoiled. But that she had even so slightly touched the bitterness and glory of renunciation—as written of heroines and fine ladies by novelists and poets—never entered the foolish head of Minty Sharpe, the blacksmith's daughter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was a little after daybreak next morning that Mainwaring awoke from the first unrefreshing night he had passed at The Lookout. He was so feverish and restless that he dressed himself at sunrise, and cautiously stepped out upon the still, silent verandah. The chairs which he and Louise Macy had occupied were still, it seemed to him, conspicuously confidential with each other, and he separated them, but as he looked down into the Great Canyon at his feet he was conscious of some undefinable change in the prospect. A slight mist was rising from the valley, as if it were the last of last night's illusions; the first level sunbeams were obtrusively searching, and the keen morning air had a dry practical insistence which irritated him, until a light footstep on the further end of the verandah caused him to turn sharply.

It was the singular apparition of a small boy, bearing a surprising resemblance to Minty Sharpe, and dressed in an unique fashion. On a tumbled sea of blonde curls a "chip" sailor hat, with a broad red ribbon, rode jauntily. But here the nautical suggestion changed, as had the desire of becoming a pirate which induced it. A red shirt, with a white collar, and a yellow plaid ribbon tie, that also recalled Minty Sharpe, lightly turned the suggestion of his costume to mining. Short black velvet trousers, coming to his knee, and ostentatiously new short-legged boots, with visible straps like curling ears, completed the entirely original character of his lower limbs.

Mainwaring, always easily gentle and familiar with children and his inferiors, looked at him with an encouraging smile. Richelieu—for it was he—advanced gravely and held out his hand, with the cameo ring apparent. Mainwaring, with equal gravity, shook it warmly, and removed his hat. Richelieu, keenly observant, did the same.

"Is Jim Bradley out yet?" asked Richelieu, carelessly.

"No; I think not. But I'm Frank Mainwaring. Will I do?"

Richelieu smiled. The dimples, the white teeth, the dark, laughing eyes, were surely Minty's?

"I'm Richelieu," he rejoined with equal candour.

"Richelieu?"

"Yes. That Frenchman—the Lord Cardinal—you know. Mar saw Forrest do him out in St. Louis."

"Do him?"

"Yes, in the theayter."

With a confused misconception of his meaning, Mainwaring tried to recall the historical dress of the great Cardinal and fit it to the masquerader—if such he were—before him. But Richelieu relieved him by adding—

"Richelieu Sharpe."

"Oh, that's your name!" said Mainwaring, cheerfully. "Then you're Miss Minty's brother. I know her. How jolly lucky!"

They both shook hands again. Richelieu, eager to get rid of the burden of his sister's message, which he felt was in the way of free-and-easy intercourse with this charming stranger, looked uneasily towards the house.

"I say," said Mainwaring, "if you're in a hurry, you'd better go in there and knock. I hear someone stirring in the kitchen."

Richelieu nodded, but first went back to the steps of the verandah, picked up a small blue knotted handkerchief, apparently containing some heavy objects, and repassed Mainwaring.

"What! have you cut it, Richelieu, with your valuables?"

"What have you got there?"

"Specimens," said Richelieu, shortly, and vanished.

He returned presently. "Well, Cardinal, did you see anybody?" asked Mainwaring.

"Mrs. Bradley; but Jim's over to the mill. I'm goin' there."

"Did you see Miss Macy?" continued Mainwaring, carelessly.

"Loo?"

"Loo!—well; yes."

"No. She's philanderin' with Captain Greyson."

"Philandering with Greyson?" echoed Mainwaring, in wonder.

"Yes; on horseback on the ridge."

"You mean she's riding out with Mr.—with Captain Greyson?"

"Yes; ridin' and philanderin'," persisted Richelieu.

"And what do you call philandering?"

"Well; I reckon you and she oughter know," returned Richelieu, with a precocious air.

"Certainly," said Mainwaring, with a faint smile. Richelieu really was like Minty.

There was a long silence. This young Englishman was becoming exceedingly uninteresting. Richelieu felt that he was gaining neither profit nor amusement, and losing time "I'm going," he said.

"Good morning," said Mainwaring, without looking up.

Richelieu picked up his specimens, thoroughly convinced of the stranger's glittering deceitfulness, and vanished.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Mrs. Bradley came from the house. She apologised, with a slightly distraught smile, for the tardiness of the household. "Mr. Bradley stayed at the mill all night, and will not be here until breakfast, when he brings your friend Mr. Richardson with him"—Mainwaring scarcely repressed a movement of impatience—"who arrives early. It's unfortunate that Miss Sharpe can't come to-day."

In his abstraction Mainwaring did not notice that Mrs. Bradley slightly accented Minty's formal appellation, and said carelessly—

"Oh, that's why her brother came over here so early!"

"Did you see him?" asked Mrs. Bradley, almost abruptly.

"Yes. He is an amusing little beggar; but I think he shares his sister's preference for Mr. Bradley. He deserted me here in the verandah for him at the mill."

"Louise will keep you company as soon as she has changed her dress," continued Mrs. Bradley. "She was out riding early this morning with a friend. She's very fond of early morning rides."

"And philandering," repeated Mainwaring to himself. It was quite natural for Miss Macy to ride out in the morning, after the fashion of the country, with an escort; but why had the cub insisted on the "philandering"? He had said, "and philandering," distinctly. It was a nasty thing for him to say. Any other fellow but he, Mainwaring, might misunderstand the whole thing. Perhaps he ought to warn her—but no! he

could not repeat the gossip of a child, and that child the brother of one of her inferiors. But was Minty an inferior? Did she and Minty talk together about this fellow Greyson? At all events, it would only revive the awkwardness of the preceding day, and he resolved to say nothing.

He was rewarded by a half-inquiring, half-confiding look in Louise's bright eyes, when she presently greeted him on the verandah. "She had quite forgotten," she said, "to tell him last night of her morning's engagement; indeed, she had half forgotten it. It used to be a favourite practice of hers, with Captain Greyson; but she had lately given it up. She believed she had not ridden since—since—"

"Since when?" asked Mainwaring.

"Well, since you were ill," she said frankly.

A quick pleasure shone in Mainwaring's cheek and eye; but Louise's pretty lids did not drop, nor her faint quiet bloom deepen. Breakfast was already waiting when Mr. Richardson arrived alone. He explained that Mr. Bradley had some important and unexpected business which had delayed him, but which, he added, "Mr. Bradley says may prove interesting enough to you to excuse his absence this morning." Mainwaring was not displeased that his critical and observant host was not present at their meeting. Louise Macy was, however, as demurely conscious of the different bearing of the two compatriots. Richardson's somewhat self-important patronage of the two ladies, and that Californian familiarity he had acquired, changed to a certain uneasy deference towards Mainwaring; while the younger Englishman's slightly stiff and deliberate cordiality was, nevertheless, mingled with a mysterious understanding that appeared innate and unconscious. Louise was quick to see that these two men, more widely divergent in quality than any two of her own countrymen, were yet more subtly connected by some unknown sympathy than the most equal of Americans. Minty's prophetic belief of the effect of the two women upon Richardson was certainly true as regarded Mrs. Bradley. The banker—a large material nature—was quickly fascinated by the demure, puritanic graces of that lady, and was inclined to exhibit a somewhat broad and ostentatious gallantry that annoyed Mainwaring. When they were seated alone on the verandah, which the ladies had discreetly left to them, Richardson said—

"Odd I didn't hear of Bradley's wife before. She seems a spicy, pretty, comfortable creature. Regularly thrown away with him up here."

Mainwaring replied coldly that she was "an admirable helpmeet of a very admirable man," not, however, without an uneasy recollection of her previous confidences respecting her husband. "They have been most thoroughly good and kind to me; my own brother and sister could not have done more. And certainly not with better taste or delicacy," he added markedly.

"Certainly, certainly," said Richardson, hurriedly. "I wrote to Lady Mainwaring that you were taken capital care of by some very honest people; and that—"

"Lady Mainwaring already knows what I think of them, and what she owes to their kindness," said Mainwaring, drily.

"True, true," said Richardson, apologetically. "Of course you must have seen a good deal of them. I only know Bradley in a business way. He's been trying to get the Bank to help him put up some new mills here; but we didn't see it. I daresay he is good company—rather amusing, eh?"

Mainwaring had the gift of his class of snubbing by the polite and forgiving oblivion of silence. Richardson shifted uneasily in his chair, but continued with assumed carelessness.

"No; I only knew of this cousin, Miss Macy. I heard of her when she was visiting some friends in Menlo Park last year. Rather an attractive girl. They say Colonel Johnson, of Sacramento, took quite a fancy to her—it would have been a good match, I daresay, for he is very rich—but the thing fell through in some way. Then, they say, she wanted to marry that Spaniard, young Pico, of the Amador Rancho; but his family wouldn't hear of it. Somehow, she's deuced unlucky. I suppose she'll make a mess of it with that Captain Greyson she was out riding with this morning."

"Didn't the Bank think Bradley's mills a good investment?" asked Mainwaring quietly, when Richardson paused.

"Not with him in it; he is not a business man, you know."

"I thought he was. He seems to me an energetic man, who knows his work, and is not afraid to look after it himself."

"That's just it. He has got absurd ideas of co-operating with his workmen, you know, and doing everything slowly and on a limited scale. The only thing to be done is to buy up all the land on this ridge, run off the settlers, freeze out all

(Continued on page 14.)

# CARPETS AND LINOLEUM.

## TURKEY CARPETS

HAVE NEVER BEEN SO LOW IN PRICE AS AT PRESENT.

## BRUSSELS CARPETS.

500 BORDERED CARPETS,

Made from remnants and old patterns, always in stock at reduced prices.

ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



REGISTERED DESIGN, THE JESSORE.

A CATALOGUE OF BEST FLOOR COVERINGS, AND ESTIMATES POST-FREE.

## TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM

IS WELL SEASONED, AND THEREFORE WEARS WELL.

ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

# TRELOAR AND SONS,

68, 69, 70, LUDGATE HILL.

AXMINSTER, WILTON, BRUSSELS, SAXONY, AND TAPESTRY CARPETS AT REDUCED PRICES.



OPENED TO KEEP PAGE WITH THE CIVIL SERVICE STORES.

# Chas. Baker & Co's

## SCHOOL OUTFITS

All Goods are forwarded, CARRIAGE PAID, by Parcel Post or Rail, to any part of the United Kingdom, and if not approved are exchanged, or the money returned, whichever customers prefer.

AT LEAST  
**25 PER CENT UNDER**  
USUAL LONDON PRICES.

CHAS. BAKER & CO'S Complete Price-List (with nearly 200 Illustrations) of Gentlemen's, and Boys' Clothing, Hosiery, Shirts, Hats, Boots, Travelling-Trunks, &c., POST-FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.



**BOYS' RUGBY SUITS,**  
Consisting of Jacket, Vest, and Knickers,  
In good durable Tweeds, &c.,  
8/11, 10/9, 12/11, 14/11, 16/11.  
In real West of England Cloths, Scotch Cheviots, &c.,  
10/11, 24/6, 29/6, 34/6  
In All-Wool Black Diagonal,  
19/11, 24/6, 29/6, 34/6



**ROYAL NAVY SUITS.**  
Warranted Fast Colour.  
Consisting of Blue Serge Blouse (with Badge on arm), and Knickerbockers, Flannel Singlet, Lanyard, and Whistle,  
6/11, 9/11, 12/11, 16/11.  
This style with Trousers, The "Man-of-War" Suit,  
8/11, 9/11, 13/9, 18/11.



**ETON SUITS.**  
Eton Jacket and Vest, in super Black and Diagonal Cloths,  
24/6, 29/6, 35/6.  
To Measure, 39/6, 45/6.  
The Vests for these Suits are kept in stock or made to order, either open, as illustrated, or nearly buttoned up to the neck, as worn at Eton.



**BOYS' REEFERS,**  
In heavy Nap Cloths, for Winter wear,  
5/11, 8/11, 10/9, 12/11.  
Blue Sailor Collars,  
1/-, 1/9.  
Blue Serge Knickerbockers,  
2/11, 4/11 per pair.  
Caps, as illustration, with badge,  
1/6, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11.



**YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS.**  
Well Made, Cut, and Lined.  
In Useful Tweeds, Cheviots, &c.,  
8/11, 10/9, 14/11, 16/11, 19/11.  
In Real West of England Cloths, Scotch Cheviots, &c.,  
25/9, 33/9, 37/6, 47/6.  
In Blue Serges,  
16/11, 19/11, 25/9, 29/6.  
In Black Diagonal Cloths,  
16/11, 21/6, 25/9, 29/6, 35/9, 39/6.



**BOYS' OVERCOATS,**  
In dark durable Tweeds,  
4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 8/11.  
In superior Scotch Tweeds, &c.,  
10/9, 12/11, 14/11, 16/11, 19/11.  
The Cape being buttoned on only, these Overcoats can be worn with or without, as required.



**BOYS' & YOUTHS' OVERCOATS**  
BOYS', in Tweeds, Naps, &c.,  
4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 8/11, 10/9, 12/11, 14/11, 19/11, 24/6.  
YOUTHS', in Tweeds, Naps, &c.,  
12/11, 14/11, 16/11.  
Very superior,  
24/6, 29/6, 35/6, 39/6.

HEAD DEPOT and LETTER ORDER DEPT.:

**271 & 272, HIGH HOLBORN;**

City side of the Inns of Court Hotel.

CITY BRANCH:

**82, FLEET-ST.;**

Close to Ludgate-circus.

TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD BRANCH:

**137 & 138, TOTTENHAM-CT.-RD.;**

Corner of Euston-road, a few doors from Maple's.

NEW WEST-END BRANCH:

**192 & 194, OXFORD-STREET.**

A few doors from Peter Robinson's.

FOR

**PUDDINGS, BLANC-MANGE, CUSTARDS,**  
CHILDREN'S AND INVALIDS' DIET,  
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,

**BROWN & POLSON'S**  
**CORN FLOUR**

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,  
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR

**UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.**

NOTE.—Purchasers should insist on being supplied with  
**BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.**

Inferior qualities, asserting fictitious claims, are being offered.

"ALWAYS YOUNG."



**Beetham's**  
**Glycerine**  
**Cucumber**

is the Most Perfect Preparation for Preserving and Beautifying THE SKIN ever produced.  
ITS EFFECT IN REMOVING ALL  
**ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c.,**  
IS ALMOST MAGICAL,

and by its use **THE SKIN** is rendered  
**SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE,**  
and preserved from all the ill-effects of  
FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

No Lady who values her COMPLEXION  
should be without it at this Season of the Year.  
If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it  
will be found

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.  
For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE, as it is  
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

"ALWAYS FAIR."

Beware of Injurious Imitations.

BOTTLES, 1s., 2s., 6d., of all CHEMISTS and PERFUMERS.

Sole Makers: **M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.**



Brilliant Half-hoop Engagement Ring, £15.



Brilliant Bracelet,

Comb, 250; or to order.



Brilliant, £4 4s.

Brilliant, 24 4s.



Brilliant, 25.



Hanging Scarf Pin.

Brilliant, £5.

VIOLETS.



Enamelled in Natural Colours on Fine Gold. Diamond Centre Brooches, from £2 2s.

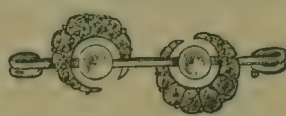


Plus, Diamond Centres, from £1 10s.

**SAFETY BROOCHES.**

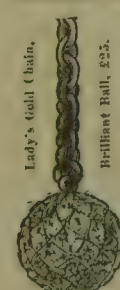


Brilliant Brooch, Centre forms Bracelet, with Diamond Shoulders, £25.



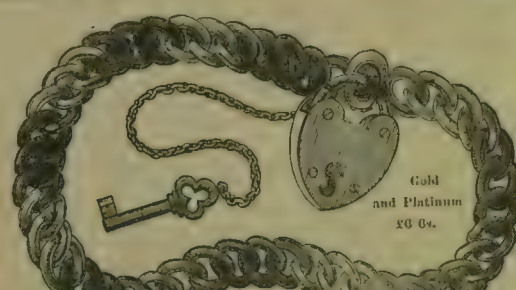
Pearls and Brilliant, £12.

Tortoiseshell and Diamond Hair Pin, £5.



Lady's Gold Chain.

Brilliant Ball, £25.



Gold and Platinum £6 6s.



Brilliant, £4 4s.



Diamonds, £4 4s.



Brilliant, 25. Smaller Size, £2.



Partridge, Brilliant, £0 6s.



Red Ground and Brilliant, £12.

**NEW CATALOGUE OF DIAMOND AND GEM JEWELLERY FREE.**  
New Clients will kindly mention reference when requesting selection of goods on approval.

**J. W. BENSON, Queen's Jeweller (by Royal Warrant), 25, OLD BOND-ST., W., LONDON.**  
STEAM FACTORY, 62 and 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.; also 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE.



Love or Lucre?



Rejected: Anger takes the place of love.



The Passionate Lover.



Many noble persons courted  
This young lady: 'twas reported,  
But their labour was in vain,  
They could not her love obtain.  
—Old Song.



Hopeless!

Pray tell me, now, said a maiden gay,  
Does love last for ever, or die in a day?  
I cannot say.

Does he who is scorned return no more?  
Can love exist in a heart of threescore?  
O yes—galore.

# LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Drawn by Kate Crauford.

And how does a passionate lover fare  
Who pleads in vain? Does he tear his hair?  
He may if he dare.

And he who is hopeless, what does he do?  
Does he drown himself? Does the lady rue?  
He only looks blue.





In our sprightlier dances we  
Minuet's grace too seldom see:  
Whirling, twirling, roundabout,

*THE MINUET.*  
From the Picture by Retnecke.

In a mad, fantastic rout—  
Dancing dervishes, set spinning,  
In amends for venial sinning.



See this couple—girl and page—  
Emblems of a courtlier age:  
Now advancing, now receding;

*THE MINUET.*  
From the Picture by Retnecke.

He as though for pardon pleading,  
She, with sweet, coquettish motion,  
Smiling love to his devotion.



the other mills, and put it into a big San Francisco company on shares. That's the only way we would look at it."

"But you don't consider the investment bad, even from his point of view?"

"Perhaps not."

"And you only decline it because it isn't big enough for the Bank?"

"Exactly."

"Richardson," said Mainwaring, slowly rising, putting his hands in his trouser pockets, and suddenly looking down upon the banker from the easy level of habitual superiority, "I wish you'd attend to this thing for me. I desire to make some return to Mr. Bradley for his kindness. I wish to give him what help he wants—in his own way—you understand. I wish it, and I believe my father wishes it, too. If you'd like him to write to you to that effect."

"By no means, it's not at all necessary," said Richardson, dropping with equal suddenness into his old-world obsequious-

ness. "I shall certainly do as you wish. It is not a bad investment, Mr. Mainwaring, and, as you suggest, a very proper return for their kindness. And, being here, it will come quite naturally for me to take up the affair again."

"And—I say, Richardson."

"Yes, Sir?"

"As these ladies are rather short-handed in their domestic service, you know, perhaps you'd better not stay to luncheon or dinner, but go on to the Summit House—it's only a mile or two further—and come back here this evening. I sha'n't want you until then."

"Certainly!" stammered Richardson. "I'll just take leave of the ladies!"

"It's not at all necessary," said Mainwaring, quietly: "you would only disturb them in their household duties. I'll tell them what I've done with you, if they ask. You'll find your stick and hat in the passage, and you can leave the verandah by these steps. By-the-way, you had better manage

at the Summit to get someone to bring my traps from here to be forwarded to Sacramento to-morrow. I'll want a conveyance, or a horse of some kind, myself, for I've given up walking for a while; but we can settle about that to-night. Come early. Good morning!"

He accompanied his thoroughly subjugated countryman—who, however, far from attempting to reassert himself, actually seemed easier and more cheerful in his submission—to the end of the verandah, and watched him depart. As he turned back, he saw the pretty figure of Louise Macy leaning against the doorway. How graceful and refined she looked in that simple morning dress! What wonder that she was admired by Greyson, by Johnson, and by that Spaniard!—no, by Jove, it was *she* that wanted to marry him!

"What have you sent away Mr. Richardson for?" asked the young girl, with a half-reproachful, half-mischievous look in her bright eyes.

(Continued on page 19.)

## THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' WHOLESALE CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

### HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.

The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

OLD JEWELLERY, DIAMONDS, and PLATE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE or BOUGHT FOR CASH.

AWARDED SEVEN GOLD and PRIZE MEDALS, and the CROSS of the LEGION of HONOUR, the highest distinction conferred on any Firm.

"Their work is exquisitely finished."—Times.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE  
POST-FREE

TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.



MANUFACTORY: CLERKENWELL.

### DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

A Beautiful Assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Flies, Necklaces, &c., of the finest quality, at very Moderate Cash Prices.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROBATION for Selection and Competition.

The Company prepare, FREE OF CHARGE, Special and Original Designs of Elegant Novelties suitable for BRIDES-MAIDS and WEDDING PRESENTS.

"An unrivalled display of Jewellery and Diamonds."—The Queen.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE  
POST-FREE

TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

# CREWDSON'S

PRIZE MEDAL

# CALICOES.

UNRIVALLED FOR FAMILY USE.



## S. SAINSBURY'S

A HIGHLY PERFUMED  
Scent of great refinement,  
strength, and lasting  
quality.

Very economical in use.

Prepared with the finest ENGLISH LAVENDER,  
without any foreign whatever.

176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.

At the Railway Bookstalls and generally throughout the country.

Prices, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s.; post-free, 2d. extra. In neat Cases, suitable for Presents, from 3s. to 15s. 6d.; post-free, 3d. extra.

## LAVENDER WATER.

## WRIGHT'S

"The only true  
Antiseptic Soap"—  
British Medical Jour-  
nal.

## COAL

USED BY THE  
PUBLIC FOR A QUARTER OF A  
CENTURY.

PROPRIETORS:  
W. V. WRIGHT & CO.,  
SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

To be had of all Chemists, Perfumers,  
and Medicine Venders, &c., throughout  
the civilised world.  
TABLETS, 6d. and 1s. BOXES, 1s. 6d. and 3s.

(THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY DISINFECTING SOAP).  
Never wash without it, and thus ensure protection from  
infectious disease.  
"In our hands it has proved most effective in Skin  
Diseases."—Lancet.

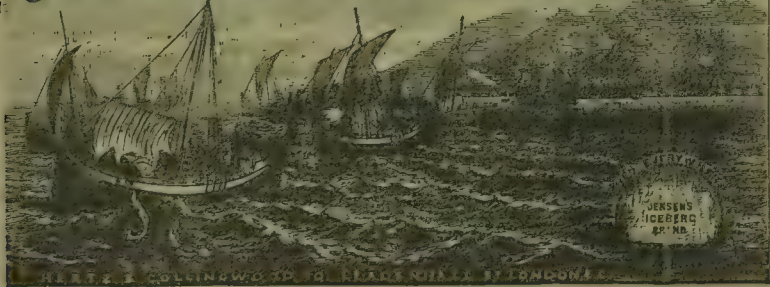
FOR TOILET, BATH-ROOM, AND NURSERY.

In purchasing, demand WRIGHT'S, and see that each  
Tablet is branded "SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENS."

Recommended by the entire Medical  
Faculty.  
Unrivalled for the Complexion, for it  
cleanses the skin, removes all impurities,  
and ensures its healthy action.

## SOAP.

## Jensen's Cod Liver Oil



The Picture shows a fleet of the boats used for the great annual Norwegian Cod Fishery. They are built with the old-fashioned high prows, in use since the times of the Vikings. They are manned usually by five or six men. The fishing grounds are chiefly in the deep fjords amongst the Lofoden Islands, where Jensen's great factory is situated. To secure the perfectly fresh livers, J. JENSEN and Co., Limited, have transformed a large vessel of 1600 tons burden into a floating factory, which is towed by their tugs to the different fjords where the fishing is most active. The men bring the fish alongside, fresh as they catch them, and the livers are at once cut out and put into the steam pans on board, where the oil is extracted. It is this great advantage of selected fresh livers which gives JENSEN'S COD-LIVER OIL its sweet pleasant taste, with wonderful digestive powers. The fishing lasts from January till Easter, and in these high latitudes is carried on in almost perpetual darkness, forming so unpleasant a contrast to the glories of summer in Norway, with its continuous daylight and marvellous Midnight Sun.

Jensen's Cod Liver Oil is sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Bottles, at 1s., 2s., and 3s. 6d.

THE "LANCET":—  
"Excellent quality.  
No taste. Of much  
value in wasting  
diseases."

"BRITISH MEDICAL  
JOURNAL":—

"Children take it  
well, even during  
the hottest months  
of the year."

In Bottles only,  
labelled "Jensen's."

THE CHEAPEST  
AND BEST.

TAKE NONE  
OTHER.

RECOMMENDED  
by the

HIGHEST MEDICAL  
AUTHORITIES

of  
GREAT BRITAIN AND  
GERMANY

as

Nourishment in the  
Most  
Digestible Form.

TAUNUS WATER is bottled as it comes from the Spring,

and the natural gases it contains secure its permanent

efficiency, independently of the distance travelled

or climate. The fact of its having been

continuously supplied to the Members

of the Royal Family for some

years renders any other

testimony to its quali-

ties almost

superfluous.

"TAUNUS,"  
THE ROYAL TABLE WATER.

"Safety is  
only to be gained  
by exclusively using  
Imported Waters of high  
class."—Globe.

The TAUNUS SPRING is at GROSSKARBEN,  
FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.

TAUNUS WATER is supplied at all the leading  
Hotels, Restaurants, &c.

Head Office: 23, LIME-STREET, LONDON, E.C.



GOLD MEDALS, EDINBURGH AND LIVERPOOL EXHIBITIONS, 1886.

# FRY'S PURE COCOA

## TESTIMONIALS.

Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, &c.:—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak; and I strongly recommend it as a substitute for tea for young persons."

Dr. NICHOLAS C. WHYTE, Coroner for the City of Dublin:—"There are innumerable varieties of Cocoa, but to my mind incomparably the best is FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. I have been using it myself for some time with manifest advantage. A persistent use of this Cocoa as a substitute for tea would, I am certain, greatly conduce to health. I can only say that it has made a wonderful improvement in my own since I adopted it."

E. M. SHELDON, M.R.C.S., &c.:—"It is a very elegant preparation, and about as near perfection as possible. The delicate aroma of the Cocoa is well retained. To invalids, its great solubility and absence of sediment will render it very attractive."

ALFRED CRESPI, M.D.:—"The CONCENTRATED COCOA is excellent; its flavour, solubility, and wholesomeness leave nothing to be desired. I heartily recommend it."

E. BUCKNILL, M.D.:—"Your PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA is so extremely nice that I have ordered it for family use, and I shall certainly recommend it to my patients."

W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.:—"I consider it a very rich delicious Cocoa. It is highly concentrated, and therefore economical as a family food. It is the drink *par excellence* for children, and gives no trouble in making."



# FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

Prepared by a new and special scientific process, securing extreme solubility, and developing the finest flavour of the Cocoa

**SOLUBLE — EASILY DIGESTED — ECONOMICAL.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A SAMPLE AND COPY OF TESTIMONIAL!

THIRTY-THREE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY, N.S.W.,  
CHOCOLATE MAKERS TO THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES.

FIVE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

For nearly Half a Century this Powder has sustained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. each.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

All at Wholesale cash prices. Frequently sold for the money.



25/- Cheques or P.O. to Mr. A. PERCY.

## CIGARS DE JOY

ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS

One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of **Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, and Shortness of Breath.** Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath, find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. In Boxes, of 35 Cigarettes, 2s. 6d., from **Wilcox and Co.,** and all Chemists.

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Box bears the name of "Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford-street, London."

**Tonga**

THE SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA. "Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of Neuralgia."—Lancet.

TONGA is sold at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. Of all Chemists.

8 Large Glasses of Delicious Custard at a Cost of 2D.  
**BIRD'S** RICHEST CUSTARDS! WITHOUT EGGS!  
AT HALF the COST and HALF the TROUBLE!  
CHOICE! DELICIOUS! A GREAT LUXURY!  
See that you get BIRD'S.

The Original and only Genuine. No eggs required. Sold Everywhere, in 6d. and 1s. Boxes and 2d. Packets. Recipes for tasty dishes enclosed in each box. To prevent disappointment, see that each packet bears the name of the Inventors and Manufacturers, **ALFRED BIRD and SONS, Devonshire Works, Birmingham.**

## ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOXES.

REAL STONE BLOCKS.

STONE COLOUR, RED BRICK AND SLATE.  
Price from 1s. 3d. to 64s. per Box.

The large box weighs over half-a-hundred weight.

These Building Blocks entirely supersede the old wooden bricks, and are a never-ending source of entertainment to young and old.

There are 328 different shapes and sizes of stones.

An interesting Book, entitled "The Toy the Child Likes Best," containing Catalogue of sizes and prices, illustrated with Coloured Plates, giving all particulars, will be sent post-free to any address; and from this Book customers can select any size box or quantity of Blocks, which will be supplied by the manufacturers from their London Depot.



THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED AGAINST COMMON AND DANGEROUS IMITATIONS OF THE ANCHOR BLOCKS made with QUICK-LIME. The Trade Mark—Anchor—is a guarantee of the genuine blocks, the same as supplied to the Royal and Imperial Nurseries of Europe.

**F. AD. RICHTER & CO., Sole Manufacturers,**  
London Depot: 1, RAILWAY-PLACE, FENCHURCH-ST., E.C.; and 310, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

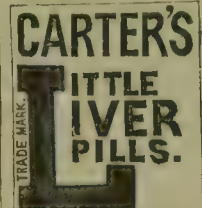
This Food should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Is made in a minute.

## Allen & Hanburys' Infants Food

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

Medical Testimony and full directions accompany each Tin. Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

## TORPID LIVER



Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent

Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1/2d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post. Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 48, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## MENDS EVERYTHING. LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE



Is used by Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., & by thousands of first-class mfrs. & mechanics throughout the world, for all kinds of fine work on Wood, Ivory, Leather, Paper, Glass, Marble, &c.

Awarded **GOLD MEDAL** at World's Ex'n, London, 1883. Pronounced the **STRONGEST ADHESIVE KNOWN**

Sold in tin cans for mechanics and Amateurs, & in bottles for family use

IT MENDS EVERYTHING. Wood, Leather, Paper, Ivory, Glass, China, Rubber, Stone, Jewellery, Metals, Shoes, Books, Card Albums, Toys, Musical Instruments, Statuary, Farmers' Implements, Furniture, Bric-a-brac, &c.

**STRONG AS IRON. SOLID AS A ROCK.**  
No Heating.—No Preparation.—Always Ready. Indispensable in every family. Sold in tin cans for Mechanics and Amateurs. Half Pints, 1s. 6d., Pints, 2s. 9d., and Quarts, 4s. 6d. each, and in bottles for family use, at 6d. and 1s. Samples free by post on receipt of stamps or postal order. Sold by the wholesale trade generally, and retailed by Stationers, Fancy Goods Dealers, Grocers, Ironmongers, Chemists, etc., etc. Depot: 48, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



Now Ready. Tenth Edition. CONTENTS:—Symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion; Special Advice as to Diet and Regimen; Diseases Sympathetic; Notes for Dyspeptics; Beverages, Air, and Ventilation; Particulars of numerous Dyspeptic Cases. Sent for one stamp.

Address: Publisher, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



**CHAPPELL and CO'S NEW MUSIC.**  
**SIX NEW SONGS**  
**BY THE MOST POPULAR COMPOSERS.**  
**EVER .. .. . Arthur Sullivan.**  
**SHALL WE FORGET** Paolo Tosti.  
**I SAID TO MY LOVE ..** Alfred Cellier.  
**SWEET TIME OF MAY** I. De Lara.  
**I WONDER WHY. ..** F. H. Cowen.  
**A CROSS THE STREAM** J. Roeckel.

The above, in various Keys, 4s. each.

#### NEW DANCE MUSIC.

RHODA VALSE .. .. P. Bucalossi.  
 KNAVE OF CLUBS POLKA .. P. Bucalossi.  
 PLEASURE VALSE .. .. F. Laughlin.  
 MERLINO VALSE .. .. Dan Godfrey, jun.  
 VER LUISANT VALSE .. J. H. Wolton.  
 MONTE CARLO POLKA .. J. H. Wolton.  
 4s. each.

**CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1887,**  
**OF**  
**CHAPPELL'S**

**MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 131,**

Containing the following Popular Dance Music:—  
 BID ME GOOD-BYE WALTZ .. .. Henry W. de Camors.  
 QUEEN OF MY HEART WALTZ .. P. Bucalossi.  
 and Seven other Dances by Bucalossi, Godfrey, &c.  
 Price 1s. Violin Part, 6d.

**CHAPPELL and CO'S ONE, TWO, or**  
**THREE YEARS' SYSTEM of HIRE and PURCHASE.**  
**PIANINOS, CHECK ACTION and TRICHORD,**  
 from 2 guineas per Quarter.

**COTTAGE PIANOFORTES**  
 from £2 10s. per Quarter.

**IRON OBLIQUE PIANOFORTES**  
 from £3 5s. per Quarter.

**GRAND PIANOFORTES,**  
 from £7 10s. per Quarter.

A large number of PIANOFORTES, by the best makers,  
 returned from HIRE, to be SOLD at GREATLY REDUCED  
 PRICES for Cash, or on the Three-Years' System.

**CLOUGH and WARREN'S AMERICAN**  
**ORGANS.** A combination of Pipes and Reeds which do  
 not go out of tune by the most severe changes of temperature.  
 Easy of manipulation, handsome in design, and of great dura-  
 bility. From 6 to 225 guineas. Second-hand from 12 guineas.  
 Testimonials and descriptive Lists free by post.

**AMERICAN ORGANS, with Two Rows of**  
 Keys and Pedals, from 70 to 250 guineas.

**CHAPPELL and CO'S ALEXANDRE**  
**HARMONIUMS,** for Church, School, or Drawing-room,  
 from 6 to 150 guineas; or on the Three-Years' System, from  
 £1 5s. per Quarter.

**THE NEW OCTAVE COUPLER HARMONIUMS,**  
 from TWELVE to NINETY GUINEAS.

50, NEW BOND-STREET; 15, POULTRY, E.C.

# FLORILINE

## FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

IS THE

### BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD.

It renders the Teeth Pearly White, and prevents their early decay.

OF CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PREPARED ONLY BY

**THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, LIMITED,**  
**33, FARRINGDON-ROAD, LONDON.**

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

## STREETERS'

## DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,

LONDON MADE, WHITE, AND MODERN CUT,

From £5 to £5000 (pounds).

**BOND-STREET, No. 18, W.,**

**LONDON.**

18-CT. STANDARD  
 GOLD JEWELLERY,  
 INTRODUCED BY  
 MR. STREETER,  
 1860.

#### METZLER and CO'S LIST.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS. "Queen's Model," £60 net.  
 Supplied to her Majesty the Queen.  
 MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS. "Liszt Organ," £90 net.  
 Used in Exeter Hall.  
 MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS. "Chancel Organ," £39 net.  
 For use in Churches and Chapels.  
 MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS. "Three-Manual Organ,"  
 £223 net. Used in Westminster Abbey.  
 MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS. New Saloon Organ, with  
 two Couplers and four Sets of Reeds, £24 net. Suitable  
 for the drawing-room and library.  
 MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS. New Illustrated Catalogue  
 sent gratis and post-free.  
 METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, London.

#### METZLER and CO'S LIST.

ROENISCH PIANOFORTES.—Celebrated for their singing  
 quality of tone.  
 ROENISCH PIANOFORTES.—New Upright Grand Pianoforte,  
 with iron frame, overstrung, and containing all the latest  
 improvements. Price £43 net.  
 ROENISCH PIANOFORTES.—The New Boudoir Overstrung  
 Grand Pianoforte, in beautiful cases of walnut, rose-  
 wood, and black and gold. Price £82 10s. net.  
 ROENISCH PIANOFORTES.—New Illustrated Catalogue sent  
 gratis and post-free.  
 METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, London, W.

#### METZLER and CO'S LIST.

THE ORGANO-PIANO (Metzler and Co's Patent). The effect  
 of organ and piano combined.  
 THE ORGANO-PIANO. The instrument to purchase where  
 the necessary room for a piano and organ, or harmonium  
 is not available.  
 THE ORGANO-PIANO. New Model in beautiful Walnut  
 Case, £39 net. New Catalogue containing full description,  
 with list of various models, sent gratis and post-free.  
 METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, London.

#### METZLER and CO'S LIST.

HEMY'S ROYAL MODERN PIANOFORTE TUTOR. New  
 Edition. Price 2s. 6d. net.  
 DR. STAINER'S WORK ON THE AMERICAN ORGAN.  
 New Edition. Price 2s. 6d. net.  
 DR. WESTBROOK'S TUTOR FOR THE PIPE ORGAN.  
 New Edition. Price 2s. 6d. net.  
 DR. ENGEL'S HARMONIUM TUTOR. New Edition. Price  
 2s. 6d. net.  
 METZLER'S VIOLIN TUTOR. 1s. 6d. net.  
 METZLER'S CORNET TUTOR. 1s. 6d. net.  
 METZLER'S FLUTE TUTOR. 1s. 6d. net.  
 METZLER'S BANJO TUTOR. 1s. 6d. net.  
 METZLER'S TUTORS FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS. 1s. 6d.  
 each net.

#### METZLER and CO'S LIST.

PLEASE SING ME A SONG. An Album of Children's Songs.  
 Composed by R. B. ADDISON. The Words by Mary Chater  
 and Ellis Walton. Price 2s. 6d. net.  
 GATTY'S "LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE VOICES." Books  
 1, 2, and 3. Price 2s. 6d. each net.  
 CALDICOTT'S OPERETTA FOR CHILDREN. "A Fishy  
 Case." Price 2s. 6d. Words and Music complete.  
 METZLER'S ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC, containing "Fairie  
 Voices" Waltz (A. G. Crowe), and 8 other select com-  
 positions. Price 1s. (Violin Part, 6d.).  
 A. G. CROWE'S POPULAR WALTZES. "Gripes," "Little  
 Sailors," "English Beauties," "Fairie Voice," and "See-  
 Saw," all beautifully illustrated. Price 2s. each net (Vocal  
 Parts 2d. each).

#### HUMOROUS GLEES, PART SONGS, &c.

By A. J. CALDICOTT.  
 Humpty Dumpty .. .. 6d. Out on the Waters .. .. 4d.  
 The House that Jack .. .. 6d. Poor Little Tommee .. .. 6d.  
 Built .. .. 6d. Where are you Going to, .. .. 6d.  
 Jack and Jill .. .. 4d. my Pretty Maid? .. .. 6d.  
 Little Jack Horner .. .. 6d. The Boy and the Bee .. .. 6d.  
 Sobbing Quartet .. .. 3d. Hey, diddle, diddle .. .. 6d.  
 The Haymakers .. .. 3d. (Vinning) .. .. 6d.  
 Yule .. .. 4d.

#### METZLER and CO'S NEW THEMATIC

CATALOGUES sent GRATIS and post-free on appli-  
 cation. Soprano Catalogue, Contralto Catalogue, Tenor  
 Catalogue, Baritone and Bass Catalogue, Pianoforte Music  
 Catalogue, Dance Music Catalogue.  
 METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, London, W.

# TEA OF ROBUST STRENGTH.

CEYLON, INDIAN, and CHINA GROWTH.

At 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d., and 2s. a Pound.

SOLD BY

# COOPER COOPER & CO.

And there is no such value sold in the United Kingdom at these Prices.

Finer TEAS of Choicest and most select qualities, 3s., 2s. 6d., and 2s. a Pound, at a Commission only on the  
 Price paid in Eastern Markets.

SAMPLES POST-FREE ON APPLICATION.

**COOPER COOPER & CO.** have an arrangement with the London Parcels Delivery Company to collect the value of any parcel  
 when delivered, if it is more convenient to customers to pay in this manner rather than remit direct.

Chief Office: 50, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C

Branches: 63, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.; 268, Regent-circus, W.; 35, Strand, W.C.; 21, Westbourne-grove, W.; and 334, High Holborn, W.C., London.

# DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS

WERE AWARDED THE

## ONLY GOLD MEDALS FOR LAMPS

AT "INVENTIONS," GLASGOW, AND BUILDING TRADES EXHIBITIONS, IN COMPETITION WITH ALL OTHER LAMPS.

The fearful accidents of such constant occurrence would not happen were these Lamps used.

**DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS** have no mechanism whatever. Lamps  
 with breakable oil-containers or mechanism of any sort should be  
 strictly avoided, if absolute safety be at all times desired.

**DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS** give an intensely white light, far  
 superior to, and more economical than, gas or any other style of lamp,  
 without smells or other disadvantages.

**DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS.**—Five hundred patterns of the highest  
 class finish, suited for all domestic purposes, also for ship, church, and  
 street lighting, fitted with burners of 43, 62, or 100-candle power,  
 from 10s. 6d. to £20.

**DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS.**—The new perfect Reading Lamp,  
 20-candle power, 10s. 6d. to 21s. The "Popular," of 10-candle power,  
 price 3s. 9d. to 10s. 6d. All Globes and Chimneys charged extra.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

**THE DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMP AND OIL COMPANY, LIMITED, 43 & 44, HOLBORN VIADUCT. LONDON.**

**THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES** recommend the  
 Defries' Safety Lamps.

**WARNING.**—The public is cautioned against purchasing Lamps unless  
 "Defries' Safety Lamp" is marked on the handle of the burner. This  
 warning is the more necessary on account of worthless imitations,  
 which, professing to be Safety Lamps, are actually MORE  
 DANGEROUS than the old forms of Lamps.

**SCIENTIFIC REPORTS,** Press Extracts, Testimonials, and all inform-  
 ation sent on application.

Defries' Safety Lamps and Oil may be obtained from any  
 respectable Lamp-Dealer.





A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.—BY BRET HARTE.

"Lordy! I mont hev won a pair o' gloves."—See page 6.

Drawn by R. C. Woodville.



# Good • Complexion • & • Nice • Hands.

## HEALTHFUL SKIN.

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz: the composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

Persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

A MOST eminent authority on the Skin, PROFESSOR SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, writes in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*:—"The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. **PEARS** is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant'; and **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

## CAUTION TO PARENTS.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence, frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that **artificially coloured Soaps are frequently poisonous**, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more Soda than others, owing to the use of Cocoa Nut Oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

**PEARS' transparent SOAP** is recommended as absolutely pure; free from excess of alkali (soda), and from artificial colouring matter. It is delightfully perfumed, remarkably durable, and has been in good repute nearly 100 years, and obtained 15 International Awards.

THE following testimony is extracted, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, from "The Hygiene of the Skin," by MR. J. L. MILTON, SENIOR SURGEON to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London. "From time to time I have tried many different Soaps, and 'I have now after **Fifteen Years**' careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both 'in hospital and private practice, no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that *nothing* has answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as **PEARS' transparent SOAP.**'"

# PEARS' SOAP.

### TESTIMONIAL FROM

**Madame Adelina Patti.**

I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion.

*Adelina Patti*

### TESTIMONIAL FROM

**Mrs. Langtry.**

I have much pleasure in stating that I have used your Soap for some time and prefer it to any other.

*Willie Langtry*

### TESTIMONIAL FROM

**Madame Marie Roze Mapleson,**

Prima Donna at Her Majesty's Theatre.

For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world.

*Marie Roze*

PEARS'

Transparent

SOAP.

Tablets and Balls.

1/- each.

Larger Sizes, 1/6 and 2/6.

(The 2/6 Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)

A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.



ESTD

1789.

A. & F. PEARS,

Soap Makers by Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,

71, 73, 75, NEW OXFORD-STREET

(Late 38 & 91, Great Russell-street),

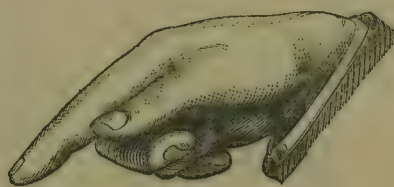
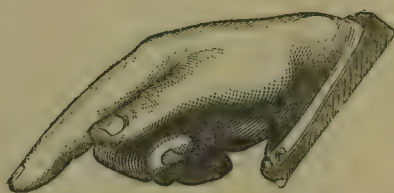
LONDON, W.C.

PEARS'

Transparent

SOAP.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.





"I packed him off because I thought it was a little too hard on you and Mrs. Bradley to entertain him without help."

"But as he was *our* guest, you might have left that to us," said Miss Macy.

"By Jove! I never thought of that," said Mainwaring, colouring in consternation. "Pray forgive me, Miss Macy—but you see I knew the man, and could say it, and you couldn't."

"Well, I forgive you, for you look really so cut up," said Louise, laughing. "But I don't know what Jenny will say of your disposing of her conquest so summarily." She stopped and regarded him more attentively. "Has he brought you any bad news? if so, it's a pity you didn't send him away before. He's quite spoiling our cure."

Mainwaring thought bitterly that he had. "But it's a cure for all that, Miss Macy," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "and being a cure, you see, there's no longer an excuse for my staying here. I have been making arrangements for leaving here to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Do you think it soon, Miss Macy?" asked Mainwaring, turning pale in spite of himself.

"I quite forgot—that you were here as an invalid only, and that we owe our pleasure to the accident of your pain."

She spoke a little artificially, he thought, yet her cheeks had not lost their pink bloom, nor her eyes their tranquillity. Had he heard Minty's criticism he might have believed that the organic omission noticed by her was a fact.

"And now that your good work as Sister of Charity is completed, you'll be able to enter the world of gaiety again with a clear conscience," said Mainwaring, with a smile that he inwardly felt was a miserable failure. "You'll be able to resume your morning rides, you know, which the wretched invalid interrupted."

Louise raised her clear eyes to his, without reproach, indignation, or even wonder. He felt as if he had attempted an insult and failed.

"Does my cousin know you are going so soon?" she asked finally.

"No, I did not know myself until to-day. You see," he added hastily, while his honest blood blazoned the lie in his cheek. "I've heard of some miserable business affairs that will bring me back to England sooner than I expected."

"I think you should consider your health more important than any mere business," said Louise. "I don't mean that you should remain *here*," she added with a hasty laugh, "but it would be a pity, now that you have reaped the benefit of rest and taking care of yourself, that you should not make it your only business to seek it elsewhere."

Mainwaring longed to say that within the last half hour, living or dying had become of little moment to him; but he doubted the truth or efficacy of this time-worn heroic of passion. He felt, too, that anything he said was a mere subterfuge for the real reason of his sudden departure. And how was he to question her as to that reason? In escaping from these subterfuges—he was compelled to lie again. With an assumption of changing the subject, he said calmly, "Richardson thought he had met you before—in Menlo Park, I think."

Amazed at the evident irrelevance of the remark, Louise said coldly, that she did not remember having seen him before.

"I think it was at a Mr. Johnson's—or *with* a Mr. Johnson—or perhaps at one of those Spanish Ranches—I think he mentioned some name like Pico!"

Louise looked at him wonderingly for an instant and then gave way to a frank, irrepressible laugh, which lent her delicate but rather set little face all the colour he had missed. Partially relieved by her unconcern, and yet mortified that he had only provoked her sense of the ludicrous, he tried to laugh also.

"Then, to be quite plain," said Louise, wiping her now humid eyes, "you want me to understand that you really didn't pay sufficient attention to hear correctly! Thank you; that's a pretty English compliment, I suppose."

"I daresay you wouldn't call it 'philandering'?"

"I certainly shouldn't, for I don't know what 'philandering' means."

Mainwaring could not reply, with Richelieu, "You ought to know"; nor did he dare explain what he thought it meant, and how he knew it. Louise, however, innocently solved the difficulty.

"There's a country song I've heard Minty sing," she said. "It runs—

Come, Philander, let us be a-marchin',  
Everyone for his true love a-sarchin'  
Choose your true love now or never. . . .

Have you been listening to her also?"

"No," said Mainwaring, with a sudden incomprehensible, but utterly irrepressible, resolution; "but I'm 'a-marchin', you know, and perhaps I must 'choose my true love now or never.' Will you help me, Miss Macy?"

He drew gently near her. He had become quite white, but also very manly, and it struck her, more deeply, thoroughly, and conscientiously sincere than any man who had before addressed her. She moved slightly away, as if to rest herself by laying both hands upon the back of the chair.

"Where do you expect to begin your 'sarchin'?" she said, leaning on the chair and tilting it before her; "or are you as vague as usual as to locality? Is it at some 'Mr. Johnson' or 'Mr. Pico,' or"—

"Here," he interrupted boldly.

"I really think you ought to first tell me what you are going away to-morrow," she said, with a faint smile: "it's such short notice. She's just in there." She nodded her pretty head, without raising her eyes, towards the hall.

"But it may not be so soon," said Mainwaring.

"Oh, then the 'sarchin' is not so important?" said Louise, raising her head, and looking towards the hall with some uneasy but indefinable feminine instinct.

She was right; the sitting-room door opened, and Mrs. Bradley made her smiling appearance.

"Mr. Mainwaring was just looking for you," said Louise, for the first time raising her eyes to him. "He's not only sent off Mr. Richardson, but he's going away himself to-morrow."

Mrs. Bradley looked from the one to the other in mute wonder. Mainwaring cast an imploring glance at Louise, which had the desired effect. Much more seriously, and in a quaint, businesslike way, the young girl took it upon herself to explain to Mrs. Bradley that Richardson had brought the invalid some important news that would, unfortunately, not only shorten his stay in America, but even compel him to leave. The Lookout sooner than he expected—perhaps to-morrow. Mainwaring thanked her with his eyes, and then turned to Mrs. Bradley.

"Whether I go to-morrow or next day," he said with simple and earnest directness, "I intend, you know, to see you soon again, either here or in my own home in England. I do not know," he added with marked gravity, "that I have succeeded in convincing you that I have made your family already well known to my people, and that"—he fixed his eyes with a meaning look on Louise—"no matter when, or in what way,

you come to them, your place is made ready for you. You may not like them, you know: the governor is getting to be an old man—perhaps too old for young Americans—but *they* will like you, and you must put up with that. My mother and sisters know Miss Macy as well as I do, and will make her one of the family."

The conscientious earnestness with which these apparent conventionalities were uttered, and some occult quality of quiet conviction in the young man's manner, brought a pleasant sparkle to the eyes of Mrs. Bradley and Louise.

"But," said Mrs. Bradley, gaily, "our going to England is quite beyond our present wildest dreams; nothing but a windfall, an unexpected rise in timber, or even the taboored hotel speculation could make it possible."

"But I shall take the liberty of trying to present it to Mr. Bradley to-night in some practical way that may convince even his critical judgment," said Mainwaring, still seriously. "It will be," he added more lightly, "the famous testimonial of my cure which I promised you."

"And you will find Mr. Bradley so sceptical that you will be obliged to defer your going," said Mrs. Bradley, triumphantly. "Come, Louise, we must not forget that we have still Mr. Mainwaring's present comfort to look after; that Minty has basely deserted us, and that we ourselves must see that the last days of our guest beneath our roof are not remembered for their privation."

She led Louise away with a half-mischievous suggestion of maternal propriety, and left Mainwaring once more alone on the verandah.

He had done it! Certainly she must have understood his meaning, and there was nothing left for him to do but to acquaint Bradley with his intentions to-night, and press her for a final answer in the morning. There would be no indelicacy then in asking her for an interview more free from interruption than this public verandah. Without conceit, he did not doubt what the answer would be. His indecision, his sudden resolution to leave her, had been all based upon the uncertainty of his own feelings, the propriety of his declaration, the possibility of some previous experience of hers that might compromise him. Convinced by her unembarrassed manner of her innocence, or rather satisfied of her indifference to Richardson's gossip, he had been hurried by his feelings into an unexpected avowal. Brought up in the perfect security of his own social position, and familiarly conscious—without vanity—of its importance and power in such a situation, he believed, without undervaluing Louise's charms or independence, that he had no one else than himself to consult. Even the slight uneasiness that still pursued him was more due to his habitual conscientiousness of his own intention than to any fear that she would not fully respond to it. Indeed, with his conservative ideas of proper feminine self-restraint, Louise's calm passivity and undemonstrative attitude were a proof of her superiority; had she blushed over-much, cried, or thrown herself into his arms, he would have doubted the wisdom of so easy a selection. It was true he had known her scarcely three weeks; if he chose to be content with that, his own accessible record of three centuries should be sufficient for her, and condone any irregularity.

Nevertheless, as an hour slipped away and Louise did not make her appearance—either on the verandah, or in the little sitting-room off the hall, Mainwaring became more uneasy as to the incompleteness of their interview. Perhaps a faint suspicion of the inadequacy of her response began to trouble him; but he still fatuously regarded it rather as owing to his own hurried and unfinished declaration. It was true that he hadn't said half what he intended to say; it was true that she might have misunderstood it as the conventional gallantry of the situation, as—terrible thought!—the light banter of the habitual love-making American, to which she had been accustomed; perhaps even now she relegated him to the level of Greyson, and this accounted for her singular impassiveness—an impassiveness that certainly was singular now he reflected upon it—that might have been even contempt. The last thought pricked his deep conscientiousness; he walked hurriedly up and down the verandah, and then suddenly re-entering his room, took up a sheet of notepaper, and began to write to her:—

"Can you grant me a few moments' interview alone? I cannot bear you should think that what I was trying to tell you when we were interrupted was prompted by anything but the deepest sincerity and conviction, or that I am willing it should be passed over lightly by you or be forgotten. Pray give me a chance of proving it, by saying you will see me."

"F. M."

But how should he convey this to her? His delicacy revolted against handing it to her behind Mrs. Bradley's back, or the prestidigitation of slipping it into her lap or under her plate before them at luncheon; he thought for an instant of the Chinaman, but gentlemen—except in that "mirror of nature" the stage—usually hesitate to suborn other people's servants, or entrust a woman's secret to her inferiors. He remembered that Louise's room was at the further end of the house, and its low window gave upon the verandah, and was guarded at night by a film of white and blue curtains that were parted during the day, to allow a triangular revelation of a pale blue and white draped interior. Mainwaring reflected that the low inside window ledge was easily accessible from the verandah, would afford a capital lodgment for the note, and be quickly seen by the fair occupant of the room on entering. He sauntered slowly past the window; the room was empty, the moment propitious. A slight breeze was stirring the blue ribbons of the curtain; it would be necessary to secure the note with something; he returned along the verandah to the steps, where he had noticed a small irregular stone lying, which had evidently escaped from Richelieu's bag of treasure specimens, and had been overlooked by that ingenuous child. It was of a pretty peacock-blue colour, and, besides securing a paper, would be sure to attract her attention. He placed his note on the inside ledge, and the blue stone atop, and went away with a sense of relief.

Another half hour passed without incident. He could hear the voices of the two women in the kitchen and dining-room. After a while they appeared to cease, and he heard the sound of an opening door. It then occurred to him that the verandah was still too exposed for a confidential interview, and he resolved to descend the steps, pass before the windows of the kitchen where Louise might see him, and penetrate the shrubbery, where she might be induced to follow him. They would not be interrupted nor overheard there.

But he had barely left the verandah before the figure of Richelieu, who had been patiently waiting for Mainwaring's disappearance, emerged stealthily from the shrubbery. He had discovered his loss on handing his "fire assays" to the good-humoured Bradley for later examination, and he had retraced his way, step by step, looking everywhere for his missing stone with the unbounded hopefulness, lazy persistency, and lofty disregard for time and occupation known only to the genuine boy. He remembered to have placed his knotted bag upon the verandah, and, slipping off his stiff boots slowly and softly, slid along against the wall of the house, looking carefully on the floor, and yet preserving a studied negligence of demeanour, with one hand in his pocket, and his

small mouth contracted into a singularly soothing and almost voiceless whistle—Richelieu's own peculiar accomplishment. But no stone appeared. Like most of his genius he was superstitious, and repeated to himself the cabalistic formula—"Losin's seekin's, findin's keepin's"—presumed to be of great efficacy in such cases—with religious fervour. He had laboriously reached the end of the verandah when he noticed the open window of Louise's room, and stopped as a pre-functory duty to look in. And then Richelieu Sharpe stood for an instant utterly confounded and agast at this crowning proof of the absolute infamy and sickening enormity of Man.

There was his stone—his, Richelieu's, *own specimen*, carefully gathered by himself and none other—and now stolen, abstracted, "skyugled," "smonged," "hooked" by this "rotten, skunkified, long-legged, splay-footed, hoss-kughin', nigger-toothed, or'nary despot!" And, worse than all, actually made to do infamous duty as a love token!—a "candy-gift"—a "philanderin' box"! to his, Richelieu's, girl—for Louise belonged to that innocent and vague outside seraglio of Richelieu's boyish dreams—and put atop of a letter to her! and Providence permitted such an outrage! "Wot was he, Richelieu, sent to school for, and organised wickedness in the shape of gorilla Injins like this allowed to ride high horses rampant over California!" He looked at the heavens in mute appeal. And then—Providence not immediately interfering—he thrust his own small arm into the window, regained his priceless treasure, and fled swiftly.

A fateful silence ensued. The wind slightly moved the curtain outward, as if in a playful attempt to follow him, and then subsided. A moment later, apparently reinforced by other winds, or sympathising with Richelieu, it lightly lifted the unlucky missive and cast it softly from the window. But here another wind, lying in wait, caught it cleverly, and tossed it, in a long curve, into the abyss. For an instant it seemed to float lazily, as on the mirrored surface of a lake, until, turning upon its side, it suddenly darted into utter oblivion.

When Mainwaring returned from the shrubbery, he went softly to the window. The disappearance of the letter and stone satisfied him of the success of his stratagem, and for the space of three hours relieved his anxiety. But at the end of that time, finding no response from Louise, his former uneasiness returned. Was she offended, or—the first doubt of her acceptance of him crossed his mind! A sudden and inexplicable sense of shame came upon him. At the same moment, he heard his name called from the steps, turned—and beheld Minty.

Her dark eyes were shining with a pleasant light, and her lips parted on her white teeth with a frank, happy smile. She advanced and held out her hand. He took it with a mingling of disappointment and embarrassment.

"You're wondering why I kem on here, arter I sent word this morning that I kelikated not to come. Well, 'twixt then and now suthin' 's happened. We've had fine doin's over at our house, you bet! Pop don't know which end he's standin' on; and I reckon that for about ten minutes I didn't know my own name. But ez soon ez I got fairly hold o' the hull thing, and had it put straight in my mind, I sez to myself, Minty Sharpe, sez I, the first thing for you to do now, is to put on yer bonnet and shawl, and trapse over to Jim Bradley's, and help them two womenfolks get dinner for themselves and that sick stranger. And," continued Minty, throwing herself into a chair and fanning her glowing face with her apron, "yer I am!"

"But you have not told me *what* has happened," said Mainwaring, with a constrained smile, and an uneasy glance towards the house.

"That's so," said Minty, with a brilliant laugh. "I cleant forgot the hull gist of the thing. Well, we're rich folks now—over thar' on Barren Ledge! That onery brother of mine, Richelieu, hez taken some of his specimens over to Jim Bradley to be tested. And Bradley, just to please that child, takes 'em; and not an hour ago Bradley comes running, likety switch, over to Pop to tell him to put up his notices, for the hull of that ledge where the forge stands is a mine o' silver and copper. Afore yez knew it, Lordy! half the folks outer the Summit and the mill was scattered down thar all over it. Richardson—that stranger ez knows you—kem thar too with Jim, and he allows, ef Bradley's essay is right, it's worth more than a hundred thousand dollars ez it stands!"

"I suppose I must congratulate you, Miss Sharpe," said Mainwaring with an attempt at interest, but his attention still preoccupied with the open doorway.

"Oh, they know all about it!" said Minty, following the direction of his abstracted eyes with a slight darkening of her own, "I jest kem out o' the kitchen the other way, and Jim sent 'em a note; but I allowed I'd tell *you* myself. Specially ez you was going away to-morrow."

"Who said I was going away to-morrow?" asked Mainwaring, uneasily.

"Loo Macy!"

"Ah—she did? But I may change my mind, you know!" he continued, with a faint smile.

Minty shook her curls decisively. "I reckon she knows," she said drily, "she's got law and Gospel for wot she says. But yer she comes. Ask her! Look yer, Loo," she added, as the two women appeared at the doorway, with a certain exaggeration of congratulatory manner that struck Mainwaring as being as artificial and disturbed as his own, "didn't Sir Francis yer say he was going to-morrow?"

"That's what I under-tood!" returned Louise, with cold astonishment, letting her clear indifferent eyes fall upon Mainwaring. "I do not know that he has changed his mind."

"Unless, as Miss Sharpe is a great capitalist now, she is willing to use her powers of persuasion," added Mrs. Bradley, with a slight acidulous pointing of her usual prim playfulness.

"I reckon Minty Sharpe's the same ez she allus wos, unless more so," returned Minty, with an honest egotism that carried so much conviction to the hearer as to condone its vanity. "But I kem yer to do a day's work, gals, and I allow to pitch in and do it, and not sit yer swoppin' compliments and keeping *him* from packin' his duds. Unless," she stopped, and looked around at the uneasy, unsympathetic circle with a faint tremulousness of lip that belied the brave black eyes above it, "unless I'm in yer way."

The two women sprang forward with a feminine bewildering excess of protestation; and Mainwaring, suddenly pierced through his outer selfish embarrassment to his more honest depths, stammered quickly—

"Look here, Miss Sharpe, if you think of running away again, after having come all the way here to make us share the knowledge of your good fortune and your better heart, by Jove! I'll go back with you."

But here the two women effusively hurried her away from the dangerous proximity of such sympathetic honesty, and a moment later Mainwaring heard her laughing voice, as of old, ringing in the kitchen. And then, as if unconsciously responding to the significant common-sense that lay in her last allusion to him, he went to his room and grimly began his packing.

He did not again see Louise alone. At their informal luncheon the conversation turned upon the more absorbing





Tragedy, Tabby, is not for you;  
Comedy suits you down to the ground.  
Better to purr like a merry crew  
Than all cry "Mew!" with a dismal sound.

*PUSS AT THE PLAY: TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.*

*Drawn by Louis Wain.*

Up spake Grimalkin, and he said "Nay!  
Both cats and men have different views.  
If I were allowed to choose the play,  
Then I would vote for the Tragic mews."





Trotting along by copse and hedge,  
Here they come in a tandem sledge,  
Their cheeks aglow with health and glee,  
Bringing us home the Christmas-Tree.

*BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TREE.*

*Drawn by Lucien Davis.*

The air rings out with laugh and shout,  
Wild with pleasure they dance about;  
And welcome home with shrilly cheer  
The fiery steeds and charioteer.



topic of the Sharpes' discovery, its extent, and its probable effect upon the fortunes of the locality. He noticed, abstractedly, that both Mrs. Bradley and her cousin showed a real or assumed scepticism of its value. This did not disturb him greatly, except for its intended check upon Minty's enthusiasm. He was more conscious, perhaps—with a faint touch of mortified vanity—that his own contemplated departure was of lesser importance than this local excitement. Yet, in his growing conviction that all was over—if, indeed, it had ever begun—between himself and Louise, he was grateful to this natural diversion of incident which spared them both an interval of embarrassing commonplaces. And, with the suspicion of some indefinable insincerity—either of his own or Louise's—haunting him, Minty's frank heartiness and outspoken loyalty gave him a strange relief. It seemed to him as if the clear cool breath of the forest had entered with her homely garments, and the steadfast truths of Nature were incarnate in her shining eyes. How far this poetic fancy would have been consistent or even coexistent with any gleam of tenderness or self-forgetfulness in Louise's equally pretty words, I leave the satirical feminine reader to determine.

It was late when Bradley at last returned, bringing further and more complete corroboration of the truth of Sharpe's good fortune. Two experts had arrived, one from Pine Flat and another from the Summit, and upon this statement Richardson had offered to purchase an interest in the discovery that would at once enable the blacksmith to develop his mine. "I shouldn't wonder, Mainwaring," he added cheerfully, "if he'd put you into it, too, and make your eternal fortune."

"With larks falling from the skies all round you, it's a pity you couldn't get put into something," said Mrs. Bradley, straightening her pretty brows.

"I'm not a gold-miner, my dear," said Bradley, pleasantly. "Nor a gold-finder," returned his wife, with a cruel little depression of her pink nostrils, "but you can work all night in that stupid mill and then," she added in a low voice, to escape Minty's attention, "spend the whole of the next day examining and following up a boy's discovery that his own relations had been too lazy and too ignorant to understand and profit by. I suppose that next you will be hunting up a site on the other side of the Canyon, where somebody else can put up an hotel and ruin your own prospects."

A sensitive shadow of pain quickly dimmed Bradley's glance—not the first or last time, evidently, for it was gradually bringing out a background of sadness in his intelligent eyes. But the next moment he turned kindly to Mainwaring, and began to deplore the necessity of his early departure, which Richardson had already made known to him with practical and satisfying reasons.

"I hope you won't forget, my dear fellow, that your most really urgent business is to look after your health; and if, hereafter, you'll only remember the old Lookout enough to impress that fact upon you, I shall feel that any poor service I have rendered you has been amply repaid."

Mainwaring, notwithstanding that he winced slightly at this fateful echo of Louise's advice, returned the grasp of his friend's hand with an honest pressure equal to his own. He longed now only for the coming of Richardson, to complete his scheme of grateful benefaction to his host.

The banker came, fortunately as the conversation began to flag; and Mrs. Bradley's half-coquettish ill-humour of a pretty woman, and Louise's abstracted indifference, were becoming so noticeable as to even impress Minty into a thoughtful taciturnity. The graciousness of his reception by Mrs. Bradley somewhat restored his former ostentatious gallantry, and his self-satisfied, domineering manner had enough masculine power in it to favourably affect the three women, who, it must be confessed, were a little bored by the finer abstractions of Bradley and Mainwaring. After a few moments, Mainwaring rose and, with a significant glance at Richardson to remind him of his proposed conference with Bradley, turned to leave the room. He was obliged to pass Louise, who was sitting by the table. His attention was suddenly arrested by something in her hand with which she was listlessly playing. It was the stone which he had put on his letter to her.

As he had not been present when Bradley arrived, he did not know that this fateful object had been brought home by his host, who, after receiving it from Richelieu, had put it in his pocket to illustrate his story of the discovery. On the contrary, it seemed that Louise's careless exposure of his foolish stratagem was gratuitously and purposely cruel. Nevertheless, he stopped and looked at her.

"That's a queer stone you have there," he said, in a tone which she recognised as coldly and ostentatiously civil.

"Yes," she replied, without looking up; "it's the outcrop of that mine." She handed it to him as if to obviate any further remark. "I thought you had seen it before."

"The outcrop," he repeated drily. "That is—it—it—it is the indication or sign of something important that's below it—isn't it?"

Louise shrugged her shoulders sceptically. "It don't follow. It's just as likely to cover rubbish, after you've taken the trouble to look."

"Thanks," he said, with measured gentleness, and passed quietly out of the room.

The moon had already risen when Bradley, with his briar-wood pipe, preceded Richardson upon the verandah. The latter threw his large frame into Louise's rocking-chair near the edge of the abyss; Bradley, with his own chair tilted against the side of the house after the national fashion, waited for him to speak. The absence of Mainwaring and the stimulus of Mrs. Bradley's graciousness had given the banker a certain condescending familiarity, which Bradley received with amused and ironical tolerance that his twinkling eyes made partly visible in the darkness.

"One of the things I wanted to talk to you about, Bradley, was that old affair of the advance you asked for from the Bank. We did not quite see our way to it then, and, speaking as a business man, it isn't really a matter of business now; but it has lately been put to me in a light that would make the doing of it possible—you understand? The fact of the matter is this: Sir Robert Mainwaring, the father of the young fellow you've got in your house, is one of our directors and largest shareholders, and I can tell you—if you don't suspect it already—you've been lucky, Bradley—deucedly lucky—to have had him in your house, and to have rendered him a service. He's the heir to one of the largest landed estates in his county, one of the oldest county families, and will step into the title some day. But, ahem!" he coughed patronisingly, "you knew all that! No? Well, that charming wife of yours, at least, does; for she's been talking about it. Gad, Bradley, it takes those women to find out anything of that kind, eh?"

The light in Bradley's eyes and his pipe went slowly out together.

"Then we'll say that affair of the advance is as good as settled. It's Sir Robert's wish, you understand—and this young fellow's wish—and if you'll come down to the Bank next week we'll arrange it for you; I think you'll admit they're doing the handsome thing to you and yours. And therefore," he lowered his voice confidentially, "you'll see, Bradley, that it will only be the honourable thing in you, you know, to look upon the affair as finished, and, in fact, to do all

you can"—he drew his chair closer—"to—to—to drop this other foolishness."

"I don't think I quite understand you!" said Bradley, slowly.

"But your wife does, if you don't," returned Richardson, bluntly; "I mean this foolish flirtation between Louise Macy and Mainwaring, which is utterly preposterous. Why, man, it can't possibly come to anything, and it couldn't be allowed for a moment. Look at his position and hers. I should think, as a practical man, it would strike you!"

"Only one thing strikes me, Richardson," interrupted Bradley in a singularly distinct whisper, rising, and moving nearer the speaker: "it is that you're sitting perilously near the edge of this verandah. For, by the living God, if you don't take yourself out of that chair and out of this house, I won't be answerable for the consequences!"

"Hold on there a minute, will you?" said Mainwaring's voice from the window.

Both men turned towards it. A long leg was protruding from Mainwaring's window; it was quickly followed by the other leg and body of the occupant, and the next moment Mainwaring came towards the two men, with his hands in his pockets.

"Not so loud," he said, looking towards the house.

"Let that man go," said Bradley, in a repressed voice.

"You and I, Mainwaring, can speak together afterwards."

"That man must stay until he hears what I have got to say," said Mainwaring, stepping between them. He was very white and grave in the moonlight, but very quiet; and he did not take his hands from his pockets. "I've listened to what he said because he came here on my business, which was simply to offer to do you a service. That was all, Bradley, that I told him to do. This rot about what he expects of you in return is his own impertinence. If you'd punched his head when he began it, it would have been all right. But since he has begun it, before he goes I think he ought to hear me tell you that I have already offered myself to Miss Macy, and she has refused me! If she had given me the least encouragement, I should have told you before. Further, I want to say that, in spite of that man's insinuations, I firmly believe that no one is aware of the circumstance except Miss Macy and myself."

"I had no idea of intimating that anything had happened that was not highly honourable and creditable to you and the young lady," began Richardson, hurriedly.

"I don't know that it was necessary for you to have any ideas on the subject at all," said Mainwaring, sternly; "nor that, having been shown how you have insulted this gentleman and myself, you need trouble us an instant longer with your company. You need not come back. I will manage my other affairs myself."

"Very well, Mr. Mainwaring—but—you may be sure that I shall certainly take the first opportunity to explain myself to Sir Robert," returned Richardson as, with an attempt at dignity, he strode away.

There was an interval of silence.

"Don't be too hard upon a fellow, Bradley," said Mainwaring, as Bradley remained dark and motionless in the shadow. "It is a poor return I'm making you for your kindness, but I swear I never thought of anything like—like—this."

"Nor did I," said Bradley, bitterly.

"I know it, and that's what makes it so infernally bad for me. Forgive me, won't you? Think of me, old fellow, as the wretchedest ass you ever met, but not such a cad as this would make me!" As Mainwaring stepped out from the moonlight towards him with extended hand, Bradley grasped it warmly.

"Thanks—there—thanks, old fellow! And, Bradley—I say—don't say anything to your wife, for I don't think she knows it. And, Bradley—look here—I didn't like to be anything but plain before that fellow; but I don't mind telling you, now that it's all over, that I really think Louise—Miss Macy—didn't altogether understand me either."

With another shake of the hand they separated for the night. For a long time after Mainwaring had gone, Bradley remained gazing thoughtfully into the Great Canyon. He thought of the time when he had first come there, full of life and enthusiasm, making an ideal world of his pure and wholesome eyrie on the ledge. What else he thought will, probably, never be known until the misunderstanding of honourable and chivalrous men by a charming and illogical sex shall incite the audacious pen of some more daring romancer.

When he returned to the house, he said kindly to his wife, "I have been thinking to-day about your hotel scheme, and I shall write to Sacramento to-night to accept that capitalist's offer."

## CHAPTER V.

The sun was just rising. In two years of mutation and change it had seen the little cottage clinging like a swallow's nest to the rocky eaves of a great Sierran canyon give way to a straggling, many-galleried hotel, and a dozen blackened chimneys rise above the barren tableland where once had stood the lonely forge. To that conservative orb of light and heat there must have been a peculiar satisfaction in looking down a few hours earlier upon the battlements and gables of Oldenhurst, whose base was deeply embedded in the matured foundations and settled traditions of an English county. For the rising sun had for ten centuries found Oldenhurst in its place, from the heavy stone terrace that covered the dead-and-forgotten wall, where a Roman sentinel had once paced, to the little grating in the cloistered quadrangle, where it had seen a Cistercian brother place the morning dole. It had daily welcomed the growth of this vast and picturesque excrescence of the times; it had smiled every morning upon this formidable yet quaint incrustation of power and custom, ignoring, as Oldenhurst itself had ignored, the generations who possessed it, the men who built it, the men who carried it with fire and sword, the men who had lied and cringed for it, the King who had given it to a favourite, the few brave hearts who had died for it in exile, and the one or two who had bought and paid for it. For Oldenhurst had absorbed all these and more until it had become a story of the past, incarnate in stone, greenwood, and flower; it had even drained the life-blood from adjacent hamlets, repaying them with tumuli growths like its own, in the shape of purposeless lodges, quaintly incompetent hospitals and schools, and churches where the inestimable blessing and knowledge of its gospel were taught and fostered. Nor had it dealt more kindly with the gentry within its walls, sending some to the scaffold, pillorying others in infamous office, reducing a few to poverty, and halting its later guests with gout and paralysis. It had given them in exchange the dubious immortality of a portrait gallery, from which they stared with stony and equal resignation: it had preserved their useless armour and accoutrements; it had set up their marble effigies in churches or laid them in cross-legged attitudes to trip up the unwary, until in death, as in life, they got between the congregation and the Truth that was taught there. It had allowed an Oldenhurst crusader, with a broken nose like a pugilist, on the strength of his having been twice to the Holy Land, to hide the beautifully illuminated Word from the lowlier worshipper on the humbler benches; it had sent an

iconoclastic Bishop of the Reformation to a nearer minster to ostentatiously occupy the place of the consecrated image he had overthrown. Small wonder that crowding the Oldenhurst retainers gradually into smaller space, with occasional Sabbath glimpses of the living rulers of Oldenhurst already in railed-off exaltation, it had forced them to accept Oldenhurst as a synonym of eternity, and left the knowledge of a higher Power to what time they should be turned out to their longer sleep under the tender grass of the beautiful outer churchyard.

And even so, while every stone of the pile of Oldenhurst and every tree in its leafy park might have been eloquent with the story of vanity, selfishness, and unequal justice, it had been left to the infinite mercy of Nature to seal their lips with a spell of beauty that left mankind equally dumb; earth, air, and moisture had entered into a gentle conspiracy to soften, mellow, and clothe its external blemishes of breach and accident, its irregular design, its additions, accretions, ruins, and lapses with a harmonious charm of outline and colour; poets, romancers, and historians had equally conspired to illuminate the dark passages and uglier inconsistencies of its interior life with the glamour of their own fancy. The fragment of menacing keep, with its choked oubliettes, became a bower of tender ivy; the grim story of its crimes, properly edited by a contemporary bard of the family, passed into a charming ballad. Even the superstitious darkness of its religious house had escaped through fallen roof and shattered wall, leaving only the foliated and sun-pierced screen of front, with its rose-window and pinnacle of cross behind. Pilgrims from all lands had come to see it; fierce Republicans had crossed the seas to gaze at its mediæval outlines, and copy them in wood and stucco on their younger soil. Politicians had equally pointed to it as a convincing evidence of their own principles and in refutation of each other; and it had survived both. For it was this belief in its own perpetuity that was its strength and weakness. And that belief was never stronger than on this bright August morning, when it was on the verge of dissolution. A telegram brought to Sir Robert Mainwaring had even then as completely shattered and disintegrated Oldenhurst, in all it was and all it meant, as if the brown-paper envelope had been itself charged with the electric fluid.

Sir Robert Mainwaring, whose family had for three centuries possessed Oldenhurst, had received the news of his financial ruin; and the vast pile which had survived the repeated invasion of superstition, force, intrigue, and even progress, had succumbed to a foe its founders and proprietors had loftily ignored and left to Jews and traders. The acquisition of money, except by despoilment, gift, Royal favour, or inheritance, had been unknown at Oldenhurst. The present degenerate custodian of its fortunes, staggering under the weight of its sentimental mortmain already alluded to, had speculated in order to keep up its material strength, that was gradually shrinking through impoverished land and the ruined trade it had despised. He had invested largely in California mines, and was the chief shareholder in a San Francisco Bank. But the mines had proved worthless, the Bank had that morning suspended payment, owing to the failure of a large land and timber company on the Sierras, which it had imprudently "carried." The spark which had demolished Oldenhurst had been fired from the new telegraph-station in the hotel above the great Sierran canyon.

There was a large house-party at Oldenhurst that morning. But it had been a part of the history of the Mainwarings to accept defeat gallantly and as became their blood. Sir Percival—the second gentleman on the left as you entered the library—unhorsed, dying on a distant moor, with a handful of followers, abandoned by a charming Prince and a miserable cause, was scarcely a greater hero than this ruined but undaunted gentleman of eighty, entering the breakfast-room a few hours later as jauntily as his gout would permit, and conscientiously dispensing the hospitalities of his crumbling house. When he had arranged a few pleasure parties for the day, and himself thoughtfully anticipated the different tastes of his guests, he turned to Lady Mainwaring.

"Don't forget that somebody ought to go to the station to meet the Bradleys. Frank writes from St. Moritz that they are due here to-day."

Lady Mainwaring glanced quickly at her husband, and said *sotto voce*, "Do you think they'll care to come now? They probably have heard all about it."

"Not how it affects me," returned Sir Robert, in the same tone; "and as they might think that because Frank was with them on that California mountain we would believe it had something to do with Richardson involving the Bank in that wretched company, we must really insist upon their coming."

"Bradley!" echoed the Hon. Captain FitzHarry, over-hearing the name during a late forage on the sideboard, "Bradley!—there was an awfully pretty American at Biarritz, travelling with a cousin, I think—a Miss Mason or Macy. Those sort of people, you know, who have a companion as pretty as themselves: bring you down with the other barrel if one misses—eh? Very clever, both of them, and hardly any accent."

"Mr. Bradley was a very dear friend of Frank's, and most kind to him," said Lady Mainwaring, gravely.

"Didn't know there was a Mr. Bradley, really. He didn't come to the fore then," said the unabashed Captain. "Deuced hard to follow up those American husbands!"

"And their wives wouldn't thank you, if you did," said Lady Griselda Armiger, with a sweet smile.

"If it is the Mrs. Bradley I mean," said Lady Canterbridge from the lower end of the table, looking up from her letter, "who looks a little like Mrs. Summerville, and has a pretty cousin with her who has very good frocks, I'm afraid you won't be able to get her down here. She's booked with engagements for the next six weeks. She and her cousin made all the running at Grigsby Royal, and she has quite deposed that other American beauty in Northforeland's good graces. She regularly *affiché'd* him, and it is piteous to see him follow her about. No, my dear; I don't believe they'll come to anyone of less rank than a Marquis. If they did, I'm sure Canterbridge would have had them at Buckenthorpe already."

"I wonder if there was ever anything in Frank's admiration of this Miss Macy?" said Lady Mainwaring a few moments later, lingering beside her husband in his study.

"I really don't know," said Sir Robert, abstractedly; "his letters were filled with her praises, and Richardson thought"—

"Pray don't mention that man's name again," said Lady Mainwaring, with the first indication of feeling she had shown. "I shouldn't trust him."

"But why do you ask?" returned her husband. Lady Mainwaring was silent for a moment. "She is very rich, I believe," she said slowly. "At least, Frank writes that some neighbours of theirs whom he met in the Engadine told him they had sold the site of that absurd cottage where he was ill for some extravagant sum."

"My dear Geraldine," said the old man, affectionately, taking his wife's hand in his own, that now for the first time trembled, "if you have any hope based upon what you are thinking of now, let it be the last and least. You forget that Paget told us that with the best care he could scarcely ensure Frank's return to perfect health. Even if God in his mercy



spared him long enough to take my place, what girl would be willing to tie herself to a man doomed to sickness and poverty? Hardly the one you speak of, my dear."

Lady Canterbridge proved a true prophet. Mrs. Bradley and Miss Macy did not come, regretfully alleging a previous engagement made on the Continent with the Duke of Northforeland and the Marquis of Dungeness; but the unexpected and apocryphal husband *did* arrive. "I myself have not seen my wife and cousin since I returned from my visit to your son in Switzerland. I am glad they were able to amuse themselves without waiting for me at a London hotel, though I should have preferred to have met them here." Sir Robert and Lady Mainwaring were courteous but slightly embarrassed. Lady Canterbridge, who had come to the station in bored curiosity, raised her clear blue eyes to his. He did not look like a fool, a complaisant or fashionably-cynical husband—this well-dressed, well-mannered, but quietly and sympathetically observant man. Did he really care for his selfish wife? was it perfect trust or some absurd Transatlantic custom? She did not understand him. It wearied her and she turned her eyes indifferently away. Bradley, a little irritated, he knew not why, at the scrutiny of this tall, handsome, gentlemanly-looking woman, who, however, in spite of her broad shoulders and narrow hips possessed a refined muliebrity superior to mere womanliness of outline, turned slightly towards Sir Robert. "Lady Canterbridge, Frank's cousin," explained Sir Robert, hesitatingly, as if conscious of some vague awkwardness. Bradley and Lady Canterbridge both bowed—possibly the latter's salutation was the most masculine—and Bradley, eventually forgetting her presence, plunged into an earnest, sympathetic, and intelligent account of the condition in which he had found the invalid at St. Moritz. The old man at first listened with an almost perfunctory courtesy and a hesitating reserve; but as Bradley was lapsing into equal reserve and they drove up to the gates of the quadrangle, he unexpectedly warmed with a word or two of serious welcome. Looking up with a half-unconscious smile, Bradley met Lady Canterbridge's examining eyes.

The next morning, finding an opportunity to be alone with him, Bradley, with a tactful mingling of sympathy and directness, informed his host that he was cognisant of the disaster that had overtaken the Bank, and delicately begged him to accept of any service he could render him. "Pardon me," he said, "if I speak as plainly to you as I would to your son: my friendship for him justifies an equal frankness to anyone he loves; but I should not intrude upon your confidence if I did not believe that my knowledge and assistance might be of benefit to you. Although I did not sell my lands to Richardson or approve of his methods," he continued, "I fear it was some suggestion of mine that eventually induced him to form the larger and more disastrous scheme that ruined the Bank. So you see," he added lightly, "I claim a right to offer you my services." Touched by Bradley's sincerity and discreet intelligence, Sir Robert was equally frank. During the recital of his Californian investments—a chronicle of almost fatuous speculation and imbecile enterprise—Bradley was profoundly moved at the naive ignorance of business and hopeless ingenuousness of this old habitué of a cynical world and an intriguing and insincere society, to whom no scheme had been too wild for acceptance. As Bradley listened with a half-saddened smile to the grave visions of this aged enthusiast, he remembered the son's unsophisticated simplicity: what he had considered as the "boyishness" of immaturity was the taint of the utterly unpractical Mainwaring blood. It was upon this blood, and others like it, that Oldenhurst had for centuries waxed and fattened.

Bradley was true to his promise of assistance, and with the aid of two or three of his brother millionaires, whose knowledge of the resources of the locality was no less powerful and convincing than the security of their actual wealth, managed to stay the immediate action of the catastrophe until the affairs of the Sierran Land and Timber Company could be examined and some plan of reconstruction arranged. During this interval of five months, in which the credit of Sir Robert Mainwaring was preserved with the secret of his disaster, Bradley was a frequent and welcome visitor to Oldenhurst. Apart from his strange and chivalrous friendship for the Mainwarings—which was as incomprehensible to Sir Robert as Sir Robert's equally eccentric and Quixotic speculations had been to Bradley—he began to feel a singular and weird fascination for the place. A patient martyr in the vast London house he had taken for his wife and cousin's amusement, he loved to escape the loneliness of its autumn solitude or the occasional greater loneliness of his wife's social triumphs. The handsome, thoughtful man who sometimes appeared at the foot of his wife's table or melted away like a well-bred ghost in the hollow emptiness of her brilliant receptions, piqued the languid curiosity of a few. A distinguished personage, known for his tactful observance of *convenances* that others forgot, had made a point of challenging this gentlemanly apparition, and had followed it up with courteous civilities, which led to exchange of much respect but no increase of acquaintance. He had even spent a week at Buckenthorpe, with Canterbridge in the coverts and Lady Canterbridge in the music-room and library. He had returned more thoughtful, and for some time after was more frequent in his appearances at home, and more earnest in his renewed efforts to induce his wife to return to America with him.

"You'll never be happy anywhere but in California, among those common people," she replied; "and while I was willing to share your poverty *there*," she added drily, "I prefer to share your wealth among civilised ladies and gentlemen. Besides," she continued, "we must consider Louise. She is as good as engaged to Lord Dunshunner, and I do not intend that you shall make a mess of her affairs here as you did in California."

It was the first time he had heard of Lord Dunshunner's proposals; it was the first allusion she had ever made to Louise and Mainwaring.

Meantime, the autumn leaves had fallen silently over the broad terraces of Oldenhurst with little changes to the fortunes of the great house itself. The Christmas house-party included Lady Canterbridge, whose husband was still detained at Homburg in company with Dunshunner; and Bradley, whose wife and cousin lingered on the Continent. He was slightly embarrassed when Lady Canterbridge turned to him one afternoon as they were returning from the lake and congratulated him abruptly upon Louise's engagement.

"Perhaps you don't care to be congratulated," she said, as he did not immediately respond, "and you had as little to do with it as with that other? It is a woman's function."

"What other?" echoed Bradley.

Lady Canterbridge slightly turned her handsome head towards him as she walked unbendingly at his side. "Tell me how you manage to keep your absolute simplicity so fresh. Do you suppose it wasn't known at Oldenhurst that Frank had quite compromised himself with Miss Macy over there?"

"It certainly was not known 'over there,'" said Bradley, curtly.

"Don't be angry with me."

Such an appeal from the tall, indifferent woman at his side, so confidently superior to criticism, and uttered in a lower tone, made him smile, albeit uneasily.

"I only meant to congratulate you," she continued carelessly. "Dunshunner is not a bad sort of fellow, and will come into a good property some day. And then, society is so made up of caprice, just now, that it is well for your wife's cousin to make the most of her opportunities while they last. She is very popular now; but next season"—Seeing that Bradley remained silent, she did not finish her sentence, but said with her usual abruptness, "Do you know a Miss Araminta Eulalie Sharpe?"

Bradley started. Could anyone recognise honest Minty in the hopeless vulgarity which this fine lady had managed to carelessly import into her name? His eye kindled.

"She is an old friend of mine, Lady Canterbridge."

"How fortunate! Then I can please you by giving you good news of her. She is the coming sensation. They say she is very rich, but quite 'one of the people, you know: in fact, she makes no scruples of telling you her father was a blacksmith, I think, and takes the dear old man with her everywhere. Fitz-Harry raves about her, and says her naïveté is something too delicious. She is regularly in with some of the best people already. Lady Dungeness has taken her up, and Northforeland is only waiting for your cousin's engagement to be able to go over decently. Shall I ask her to Buckenthorpe?—come, now, as an apology for my rudeness to your cousin?" She was very womanly now in spite of her high collar, her straight back, and her tightly-fitting jacket, as she stood there smiling. Suddenly, her smile faded; she drew her breath in quickly.

She had caught a glimpse of his usually thoughtful face and eyes, now illuminated with some pleasant memory.

"Thank you," he said smilingly, yet with a certain hesitation, as he thought of The Lookout and Araminta Eulalie Sharpe, and tried to reconcile them with the lady before him. "I should like it very much."

"Then you have known Miss Sharpe a long time?" continued Lady Canterbridge as they walked on.

"While we were at The Lookout she was our nearest neighbour."

"And I suppose your wife will consider it quite proper for you to see her again at my house?" said Lady Canterbridge, with a return of conventional levity.

"Oh! quite," said Bradley.

They had reached the low Norman-arched side-entrance to the quadrangle. As Bradley swung open the bolt-studded oaken door to let her pass, she said carelessly,

"Then you are not coming in now?"

"No; I shall walk a little longer."

"And I am quite forgiven?"

"I am thanking you very much," he said, smiling directly into her blue eyes. She lowered them, and vanished into the darkness of the passage.

The news of Minty's success was further corroborated by Sir Robert, who later that evening called Bradley into the study. "Frank has been writing from Nice that he has renewed his acquaintance with some old Californian friends of yours—a Mr. and Miss Sharpe. Lady Canterbridge says that they are well known in London to some of our friends, but I would like to ask you something about them. Lady Mainwaring was on the point of inviting them here when I received a letter from Mr. Sharpe asking for a *business* interview. Pray, who is this Sharpe?"

"You say he writes for a *business* interview?" asked Bradley.

"Yes."

Bradley hesitated for a moment and then said quietly, "Perhaps, then, I am justified in a breach of confidence to him, in order to answer your question. He is the man who has assumed all the liabilities of the Sierran Land and Timber Company to enable the Bank to resume payment. But he did it on the condition that you were never to know it. For the rest, he was a blacksmith who made a fortune, as Lady Canterbridge will tell you."

"How very odd—how kind, I mean! I should like to have been civil to him on Frank's account alone."

"I should see him on business and be civil to him afterwards." Sir Robert received the American's levity with his usual seriousness.

"No, they must come here for Christmas. His daughter is?"

"Araminta Eulalie Sharpe," said Bradley, in defiant memory of Lady Canterbridge.

Sir Robert winced audibly. "I shall rely on you, my dear boy, to help me make it pleasant for them," he said.

Christmas came, but not Minty. It drew a large contingent from Oldenhurst to the quaint old church, who came to view the green-wreathed monuments, and walls spotted with crimson berries, as if with the blood of former Oldenhurst warriors, and to impress the wondering villagers with the ineffable goodness and bounty of the Creator towards the Lords of Oldenhurst and their friends. Sir Robert, a little gouty, kept the house, and Bradley, somewhat uneasy at the Sharpes' absence, but more distraught with other thoughts, wandered listlessly in the long library. At the lower angle it was embayed into the octagon space of a former tower, which was furnished as a quaint recess for writing or study, pierced through its enormous walls with a lance-shaped window, hidden by heavy curtains. He was gazing abstractedly at the melancholy eyes of Sir Percival, looking down from the dark panel opposite, when he heard the crisp rustle of a skirt. Lady Canterbridge, tightly and stiffly buttoned in black from her long narrow boots to her slim white-collared neck, stood beside him with a prayer-book in her ungloved hand. Bradley coloured quickly; the penetrating incense of the Christmas boughs and branches that decked the walls and ceilings, mingling with some indefinable intoxicating aura from the woman at his side, confused his senses. He seemed to be losing himself in some forgotten past coeval with the long, quaintly-lighted room, the rich hangings, and the painted ancestor of this handsome woman. He recovered himself with an effort, and said, "You are going to church?"

"I may meet them coming home; it's all the same. You like *him*?" she said abruptly, pointing to the portrait. "I thought you did not care for that sort of man over there."

"A man like that must have felt the impotence of his sacrifice before he died, and that condoned everything," said Bradley, thoughtfully.

"Then you don't think him a fool? Bob says it was a fair bargain for a title and an office, and that by dying he escaped trial and the confiscation of what he had."

Bradley did not reply.

"I am disturbing your illusions again. Yet I rather like them. I think you are quite capable of a sacrifice—perhaps you know what it is already."

He felt that she was looking at him; he felt equally that he could not respond with a commonplace. He was silent.

"I have offended you again, Mr. Bradley," she said. "Please be Christian, and pardon me. You know this is a season of peace and goodwill." She raised her blue eyes at the same moment to the Christmas decorations on the ceiling. They were standing before the parted drapery of the lance window. Midway between the arched curtains hung a spray of mistletoe—the conceit of a mischievous housemaid. Their eyes met it simultaneously.

Bradley had Lady Canterbridge's slim, white hand in his

own. The next moment voices were heard in the passage, and the door nearly opposite to them opened deliberately. The idea of their apparent seclusion and half-compromising attitude flashed through the minds of both at the same time. Lady Canterbridge stepped quickly backward, drawing Bradley with her, into the embrasure of the window; the folds of the curtain swung together and concealed them from view.

The door had been opened by the footman, ushering in a broad-shouldered man, who was carrying a travelling-bag and an umbrella in his hand. Dropping into an arm-chair before the curtain he waved away the footman, who, even now, mechanically repeated a previously vain attempt to relieve the stranger of his luggage.

"You leave that 'ere grip sack where it is, young man, and tell Sir Robert Mainwaring that Mr. Demander Sharpe, of Californy, wishes to see him—on *business*—on *business*, do ye' hear? You hang onter that sentence—on *business*! it's about ez much ez you kin carry, I reckon, and leave that grip sack alone."

From behind the curtain Bradley made a sudden movement to go forward; but Lady Canterbridge—now quite pale but collected—restrained him with a warning movement of her hand. Sir Robert's stick and halting step were next heard along the passage, and he entered the room. His simple and courteous greeting of the stranger was instantly followed by a renewed attack upon the "grip sack," and a renewed defence of it by the stranger.

"No, Sir Robert," said the voice argumentatively, "this yer's a *business* interview, and until it's over—if *you* please—we'll remain ez we air. I'm Demander Sharpe, of Californy, and I and my darter, Minty, onct had the pleasure of knowing your boy over thar, and of meeting him agin the other day at Nice."

"I think," said Sir Robert's voice gently, "that these are not the only claims you have upon me. I have only a day or two ago heard from Mr. Bradley that I owe to your generous hands and your disinterested liberality the saving of my California fortune."

There was the momentary sound of a pushed-back chair, a stamping of feet, and then Mr. Sharpe's voice rose high with the blacksmith's old querulous aggrieved utterance:

"So it's that finikin', conceited Bradley agin—that's giv' me away! Ef that man's all-fired belief in his being the Angel Gabriel and Dan'l Webster rolled inter one don't beat anythin'! I suppose that high-flyin' jay-bird kalkilated to put you and me and my gal and yer boy inter harness for his four-hoss chariot and he sittin' kam on the box drivin' us! Why don't he 'tend to his own business, and look arter his own concerns—instead o' leaving Jinny Bradley and Loo Macy dependent on Kings and Queens and titled folks gen'rally, and he, Jim Bradley, philanderin' with another man's wife—while that thar man is hard at work tryin' to make a honest livin' fer his wife, buckin' agin faro an' the tiger gen'rally at Monaco! Eh? And that man a-intermeddlin' with me! Ef," continued the voice dropped to a tone of hopeless moral conviction, "Ef there's a man I mor'ly despise—it's that finikin' Jim Bradley."

"You quite misunderstand me, my dear Sir," said Sir Robert's hurried voice; "he told me you had pledged him to secrecy, and he only revealed it to explain why you wished to see me."

There was a grunt of half-placated wrath from Sharpe and then the voice resumed, but more deliberately, "Well, to come back to business: you've got a boy, Francis, and I've got a darter, Araminty. They've sorter taken a shine to each other and they want to get married. Mind yer—wait a moment!—it wasn't allus so. No, Sir; when my gal Araminty first seed your boy in Californy she was poor, and she didn't kalkilate to get inter anybody's family unbeknownst or on sufferance. Then she got rich and you got poor; and then—hold on a minit!—she allows, does my girl, that there aint any nearer chance o' their making a match than they were afore, for she isn't goin' to hev it said that she married your son fur the chance of some day becomin' Lady Mainwaring."

"One moment, Mr. Sharpe," said the voice of the Baronet, gravely: "I am both flattered and pained by what I believe to be the kindly object of your visit. Indeed, I may say I have gathered a suspicion of what might be the sequel of this most unhappy acquaintance of my son and your daughter; but I cannot believe that he has kept you in ignorance of his unfortunate prospects and his still more unfortunate state of health."

"When I told ye to hold on a minit," continued the blacksmith's voice, with a touch of querulousness in its accent, "that was jist wot I was comin' to. I knowed part of it from my own pocket, she knowed the rest of it from his lips and the doctors she interviewed. And then she says to me—sez my girl Minty—'Pop,' she sez, 'he's got nothing to live for now but his title, and that he never may live to get, so that I think ye kin jist go, Pop,' and fairly and squarely, as a honest man, ask his father to let me hev him.' Them's my darter's own words, Sir Robert; and when I tell yer that she's got a million o' dollars to back them, ye'll know she means business every time."

"Did Francis know that you were coming here?"

"Bless ye, no! He don't know that she would have him. Ef it ken to that, he aint even asked her! She wouldn't let him until she was sure of *you*."

"Then you mean to say there is no engagement?"

"In course not. I reckoned to do the square thing first with ye."

The halting step of the Baronet crossing the room was heard distinctly. He had stopped beside Sharpe. "My dear Mr. Sharpe," he said, in a troubled voice, "I cannot permit this sacrifice. It is too—too great!"

"Then," said Sharpe's voice querulously, "I'm afraid we must do without your permission. I didn't reckon to find a sort o' British Jim Bradley in you. If *you* can't permit my darter to sacrifice herself by marryin' your son, I can't permit her to sacrifice her love and him by *not* marryin' him. So I reckon this yer interview is over."

"I am afraid we are both old fools, Mr. Sharpe; but—we will talk this over with Lady Mainwaring. Come"—There was evidently a slight struggle near the chair over some inanimate object. But the next moment the Baronet's voice rose, persuasively, "Really, I must insist upon relieving you of your bag and umbrella."

"Well, if you'll let me telegraph 'yes' to Minty, I don't care if yer do."

When the room was quiet again, Lady Canterbridge and James Bradley silently slipped from the curtain, and, without a word, separated at the door.

There was a merry Christmas at Oldenhurst and at Nice. But whether Minty's loving sacrifice was accepted or not, or whether she ever reigned as Lady Mainwaring, or lived an untitled widow, I cannot say. But as Oldenhurst still exists in all its pride and power, it is presumed that the peril that threatened its fortunes was averted, and that if another heroine was not found worthy of a frame in its picture-gallery, at least it had been sustained as of old by devotion and renunciation.

THE END.





Enter here both rich and poor,  
Come in simple hope and faith;  
Leave behind you at the door  
Love of life and dread of death.

*FREE SEATS.*  
*Drawn by Hal Ludlow.*

Come on this the day of days,  
Hark! joy on earth is here;  
Sing the sweet song of praise,  
All the seats in heav'n are free.





The village church on Christmas Day  
Holds kindly hearts and pleasant faces,  
And some are seen to sing and pray  
Who seldom go to such-like places,

THE FRONT  
Drawn by Hal Ludlow.

Their hearts are touched, it makes them better;  
And he who feels his conscience clear  
Must own himself the season's debtor,



OUR CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

Who does not regret that young Mamillius never told that story of "sprites and goblins" which his mother Hermione was so anxious to hear? Who is not sure that it would have curdled his blood most delightfully, and made each particular hair to stand on end, and given him that charming feeling of "creepiness" up (and down) the spine, which a first-rate ghost-story is warranted to produce? If you remember, it was to be of so awesome a nature that the boy declared he must "tell it softly," so that "the crickets should not hear it," and, no doubt, its opening promised well. "There was a man dwelt by a churchyard"—a fine mysterious opening! suggesting possibilities of adventures with ghouls, ogres, fleshless spectres, and other uncanny inhabitants of the ghost world; of desecrated graves and horrible crimes! But, alas, young Mamillius never advanced beyond this point. "There was a man dwelt by a churchyard"—this we know, and nothing more. The story-teller did not get nearly so far as that other and older raconteur who left half told "the story of Cambuscan bold," or Keats with his "Hyperion," or Coleridge with his "Christabel"; and the literature of ghosts wants what would probably have been its finest and most thrilling chapter. Every sensible person laments that Squire Harcastle never told (for the world's benefit) that "story of old Grouse in the gun-room" at which Diggory had been laughing "these twenty years." We have the squire's own assurance that the story was "a good one"; but we would infinitely rather have had the story of young Mamillius. Like the unfinished window in Aladdin's palace, however, unfinished it must remain. Rash hands have essayed, it is true, to solve "the Mystery of Edwin Drood"; but the story which a Shakspeare began only a Shakspeare could complete.

"There was a man dwelt by a churchyard." Well, in a certain sense, each one of us "dwells by a churchyard"—the churchyard, the hallowed ground, in which are gathered together the green graves of the past. Alas, the number of these graves! Ah, there's the pity of it! As Christmas follows Christmas to that bourne from which no Christmasses return, how fast they multiply, until, on looking backward, we can see nothing but the wan white memorial-stones, which mark the last resting-places of the vanished hope, the crushed ambition, the lost friendship, the betrayed trust. Every week, every day, adds to the tale of our dead; lengthens out the record of our chequered memories. If Mamillius had finished his story, it would never have had for us the pathos of that sad eventful narrative which each man's own particular churchyard whispers in his ears—tells "softly"—for it is one which "the crickets should not hear," which concerns himself alone. As men must work, though women may weep, we most of us keep the gates locked, so to speak, and the churchyard is still enough throughout the year; but now and again, as at Christmas time, the departed rise from their graves and through the open gates troop in among us to remind us of what has been. These are our Christmas ghosts, which the meanest have at their command as fully as the oldest of old families, with their traditional time-honoured spectres and mysterious visitants, who make night hideous for timid housemaids, or unceremoniously disturb the repose of stranger-guests. Our

Christmas ghosts! These come to us once a year at least, and every year the company grows larger; but the faces of the elder comers are less clear of feature, and their forms more shadowy; and, by a merciful provision of Providence, we look upon them with increasing composure, and a growing sense of hopefulness and faith.

For my part, I think we ought to welcome their company. It is not good for us to turn our backs upon the past, and say we will have nothing more to do with it—that henceforth our lives shall be wholly in the present or the future. The truth is, we cannot so easily cut ourselves off from it; it has helped to make us what we are, and its influences, for good or evil, are with us still. Besides, if that grim churchyard turn out a grisly array of "sprites and goblins," it also sends us many a radiant angel-form. If on our annual resurrection-day the disappointed ambition and the baffled aspiration start up to perplex us, so, too, the dear ones who have gone before come with the air of heaven about them, to soothe, to inspire, and encourage us. The mother whom we loved so tenderly, the child who was taken from our reluctant embrace in the bloom of its pure young beauty, the friend whose faithfulness never gave way in the hour of sharpest trial, these are with us again, sit by our hearths, occupy their well-remembered chairs, and unite our present lives to their past by links of gold. Would you deprive yourself of this great joy, because of the sorrow which mingles with it? because "withered hopes on hopes are spread," like the layers of the dead leaves of many autumns in the forest glades,—

Memories that make the heart a tomb.  
Regrets which glide through the spirits' gloom,—

would you shut yourself out from the shadows of happy hours—the bright and sweet and joyous recollections which the Past has alone to give?

There are ghosts and ghosts. It is clear from veracious chronicles that if some make it their unpleasant mission to terrify and injure us, others come with timely words of counsel, warning, and comfort on their spectral lips, and these, I believe, predominate in "quantity and quality." The world's wrong is more than compensated by the world's right. The pleasures of life, if we could weigh them, would be found to outbalance its pains; or as Brennus flung in his sword to weight the scale against the conquered Romans, we, too, can always turn the balance by throwing in Hope. There are numerous mounds in the churchyard, but there are many more daisies; and the man who dwells by it may, if he will, see something of better omen than the mere signs of mortality. At the head of the grave do you not plant the Cross?

I remember to have heard, once upon a time, an eager discussion of the problem, whether the realisation of a pleasure is equal to the anticipation of it? But better than realisation, which always has its unexpected drawbacks, or than anticipation, which is necessarily overcast with uncertainty, is the *reminiscence*. And there is this advantage—that the reminiscence lasts; and yet another advantage—that it grows continually sweeter and more consoling. Take our Christmasses, for example. We look forward—or, at least, those of us who are not cynics and smart essayists—look forward to each coming Yule with pleasurable thoughts. It

is the rallying-time of domestic affections and old friendships; and the circle, so often broken in upon by adverse circumstances, is for this once to be renewed. But it comes—the long-looked-for Christmas; and with it, various vexations and crosses, insignificant in themselves, but, at the time, sufficient to infuse a dash of bitterness into our cup of joy—that "amari aliquid" which Fate is so fond of offering to human lips. By-and-by, however, when our Christmas ghosts sweep before us, we see nothing of this. The cloud has gone clean away; our wistful eyes rest only on the brightness. So it is always. The Christmas of last year seems to us brighter and better than the Christmas of this; and the Christmas of the year before brighter and better still. In this way, our Christmas ghosts grow, as I have said, less forbidding every year; and, in time, we come to think them the best of company—as, indeed they are. Yes; even the saddest, grisiest, and most gloomy! For all have something to tell us—words of advice and caution—the precious lessons of experience. The ghost of a crushed ambition warns us to limit our desires to the measure of our means; the ghost of a shattered hope teaches us to be on our guard against illusions of our own creation; the ghost of a lost love counsels us to raise our hearts above the things of mortality, and to reach forward, with a strong, unflinching faith, to that land beyond the Dark River, where love becomes immortal, and partings are unknown, and trust can never more be betrayed, and there are no ghosts—because, thank God! there are no dead!

W. H. D. A.

POSTAGE OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

INLAND.

By Parcel Post, *Threepence*; by Book Post, *Threepence-halfpenny*.

ABROAD.

For the whole of Europe, Baghdad, Beyrout, Canada, Egypt, Jerusalem, Morocco, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Persia, Smyrna, Syria, Tahiti, and the United States of America: *Threepence-halfpenny*.

For Argentina, Bermudas, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, British Guiana, Cape Coast Castle, Ceylon, Chili, China, Ecuador, Gambia, Guatemala, Hawaiian Islands, Honduras, Japan, Java, Lagos, Mauritius, Mexico, Peru, Sierra Leone, Surinam, United States of Colombia, Uruguay, Venezuela, and the West India Islands: *Sevenpence*.

For Abyssinia, Aden, India, Penang, and Zanzibar: *Tenpence-halfpenny*. For Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State, Saint Helena, Sarawak, and the Transvaal: *One Shilling*.

For Australia, Fiji, New Zealand, and Tasmania: *One Shilling and Fourpence*.

For countries in the Postal Union the Number must be packed so as not to exceed eighteen inches in length; for other countries, a length of two feet is allowed.

NEW TALE, by WILLIAM BLACK,

ENTITLED,

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT,"

written expressly for the "Illustrated London News," and forming a fit companion to that charming story "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," by the same Author, will be commenced, Jan. 7, 1888, in the First Number of a New Volume, and continued weekly.

CARPETS. CARPETS.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.—Messrs. MAPLE and CO.

have just cleared an importer's stock, comprising several hundreds of antique and modern Persian, Indian, and Turkey Carpets, mostly medium sizes, which are being offered at about one-third less than the usual cost. These are worth the early attention of trade and other buyers.—MAPLE and CO., London; and 17 and 18, 1, rue Baron Alhoti, Smyrna.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.—These real Indian, Persian, and Turkey Carpets, so justly famous for durability as for great beauty as to colour and sheen, cost only about the same as the poor imitations sold under the style of Anglo-Indian, or Anglo-Oriental Carpets.—MAPLE and CO., Oriental Carpet and Rug Warehouse, Tottenham-court-road, London, W.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

ANTIQUE

PERSIAN RUGS. Some of these in stock, some being newly woven, are wonderful curios, well worth the attention of art collectors especially when it is considered what great value is attached to these artistic rarities.

WOODSTOCK

CARPETS.—These are inexpensive but most artistic productions of the English loom, woven in one piece, without seam, bordered and fringed, suitable for reception and bed rooms. Can be had in many sizes, price from 1s. Each Carpet is protected by the word "Woodstock." Can only be had of Maple and Co., Carpet Factors. Purchasers of fringed carpets should beware of imitations.

PARQUETERIE

FLOORING, for Dining, Billiard, or Smoking Rooms; also for hall-rooms, public halls, and vestibules, as well as for surroundings to central hearths. Maple and Co. are now showing the new designs and combinations of woods at greatly reduced prices.

DECORATIONS.

Artistic Wall-Papers.—Messrs. MAPLE and CO. undertake every description of Artistic House Decoration, including gas-fitting, repairs, parquetry work, &c. The head of this department is a thoroughly qualified architect, assisted by a large staff of artists and skilled workmen. Coloured drawings and estimates furnished.

POSTAL Order

Department.—MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this Department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price if not less than any other house in England. Particulars sent, and quotations given free of charge.

CARPETS.—10,000 Pieces WILTON PILE, BRUSSELS, and TAPESTRY CARPETS, in all the New Designs for 1887. Owing to the state of the market for English wool, Carpets and all woollen fabrics can now be had at lower prices than ever known before. Buyers would therefore do well to take advantage of the present unprecedented low rates. 500 pieces (25,000 yards) best Brussels, at 2s. 11d. per yard, same quality as sold in 1873 at 5s. 6d.; 450 pieces Tapestry Brussels, best quality, but old patterns, at 1s. 9d. per yard, usually sold at 2s. 6d.

MAPLE and CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

BEDSTEADS. BEDSTEADS.

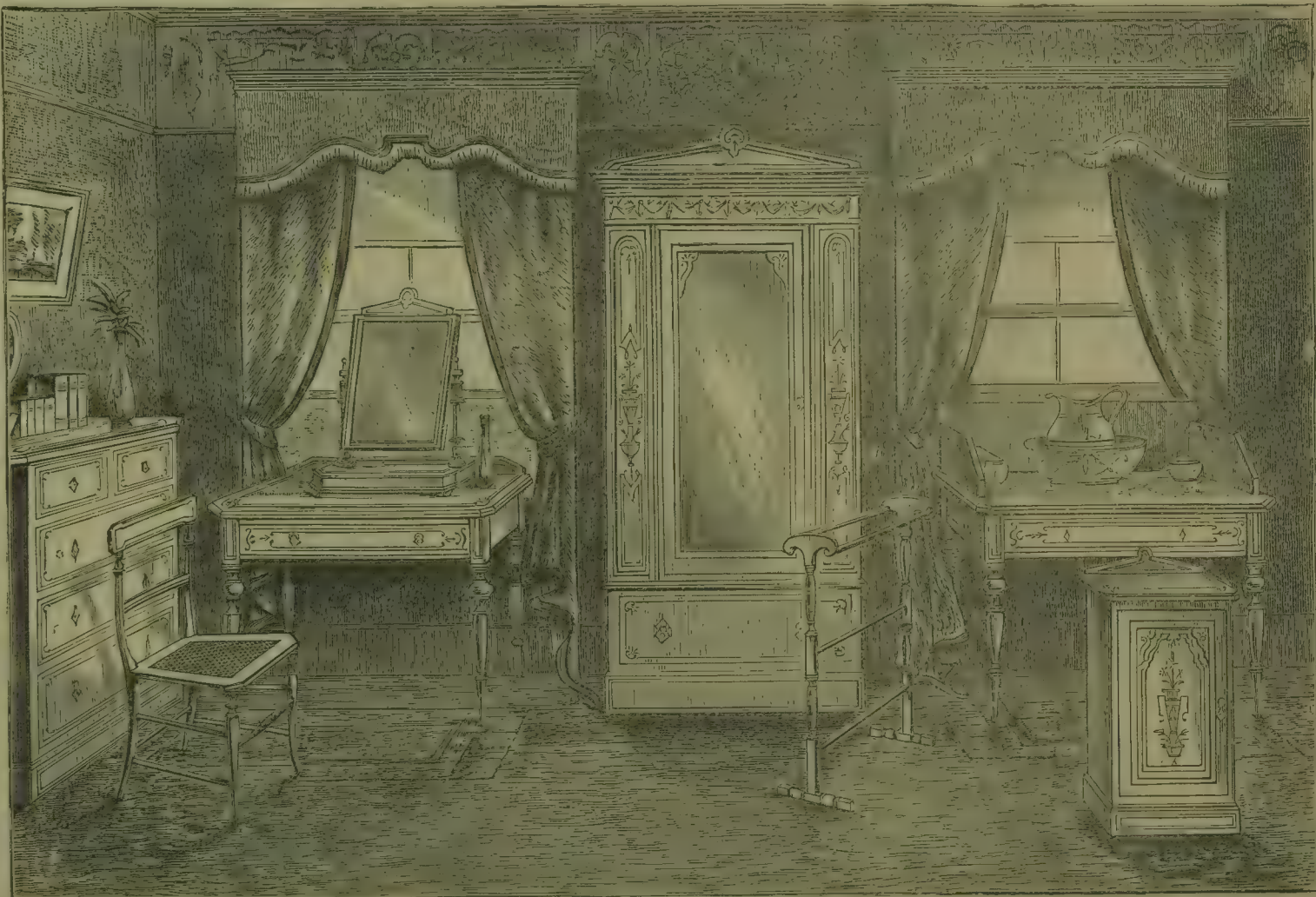
MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand

BEDSTEADS in Stock comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

MAPLE and CO.—300 BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS,

fitted with Bedding complete, in Show-Rooms, to select from. Strong Iron Bedsteads, from 8s. 6d. to 10 guineas; Brass Bedsteads, from 70s. to 40 guineas. 10,000 in Stock.—Tottenham-court-road, London, and Paris.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.



BED-ROOM SUITE COMPLETE, £23 15s.

White Bed-room Suite, tastefully decorated with Blue or Pink, and comprising Wardrobe with Plate Glass Door, Washstand with Marble Top, Toilet Table, Large Chest of Drawers, Toilet Glass, Three Chairs, Pedestal Cupboard, and Toilet Airer, £23 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in solid ash, mahogany, or

walnut, consisting of wardrobe, with plate-glass door, toilet-table, wash-stand (marble top, Minton's tile back), towel horse, pedestal cupboard, three chairs, £12 17s. 6d. These Suites, which are manufactured at Maple and Co.'s Steam Cabinet Works, should be seen by intending purchasers; they are simply beautiful productions for the money, and thoroughly well made and finished.—MAPLE and CO.

FURNITURE for EXPORTATION.—VISITORS as

well as MERCHANTS are invited to inspect the LARGEST FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the WORLD. Hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains, &c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers; very essential when goods are for exportation so as to insure safe delivery. The reputation of half-a-century.

MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road, London; also at Paris and Smyrna.

500 SUITES.

BED-ROOM

SUITES, at from 65s. 6d. to 275 guineas. These consist of a great variety of styles, many being of a high-class and distinctive character, novel both in construction, arrangement, and combination of woods.

BED-ROOM

SUITES in Solid Ash, plate-glass door to wardrobe, washstand fitted with Minton's tiles, £10 10s.

BED-ROOM

SUITES.—Chippendale, Adams, Louis XVI. and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, mahogany, or bird; also satinwood, inlaid with different woods, 8s. 6d. to 275 guineas.

MAPLE & CO.

These Merchants and direct importers of the finest Woods to be found in Africa, Asia, and America, and Manufacturers of Cabinet Furniture in various woods by steam power.

TOILET

WARE.

10,000 SETS

in Stock, in all the new shapes, with designs coloured to harmonise with the present tones of decorative furnishing. Servants' sets, from 3s. 3d. Decorated sets, from 4s. 11d. New Coloured Illustrations free by post.

MAPLE and

CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS Four-Post BEDSTEADS, Cots, and Cots, specially adapted for domestic curtains used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price, for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. Shipments and coloured visitors are invited to inspect this varied stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from.



TESTIMONIALS.

From Colonel G. P. Blake,  
Worcester Park, Surrey.  
Dec. 23, 1885.  
Sirs.—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables with most satisfactory results.  
G. P. BLAKE, Colonel,  
Master of Surrey Union Hounds.

From Major R. St. Leger Moore,  
Killashee, Naa, Co. Kildare.  
Dec. 26, 1885.  
Sirs.—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in both my private stables and hunt-horse stables, and I find it a very efficacious remedy.  
R. S. L. MOORE,  
Master of Kildare Hounds.

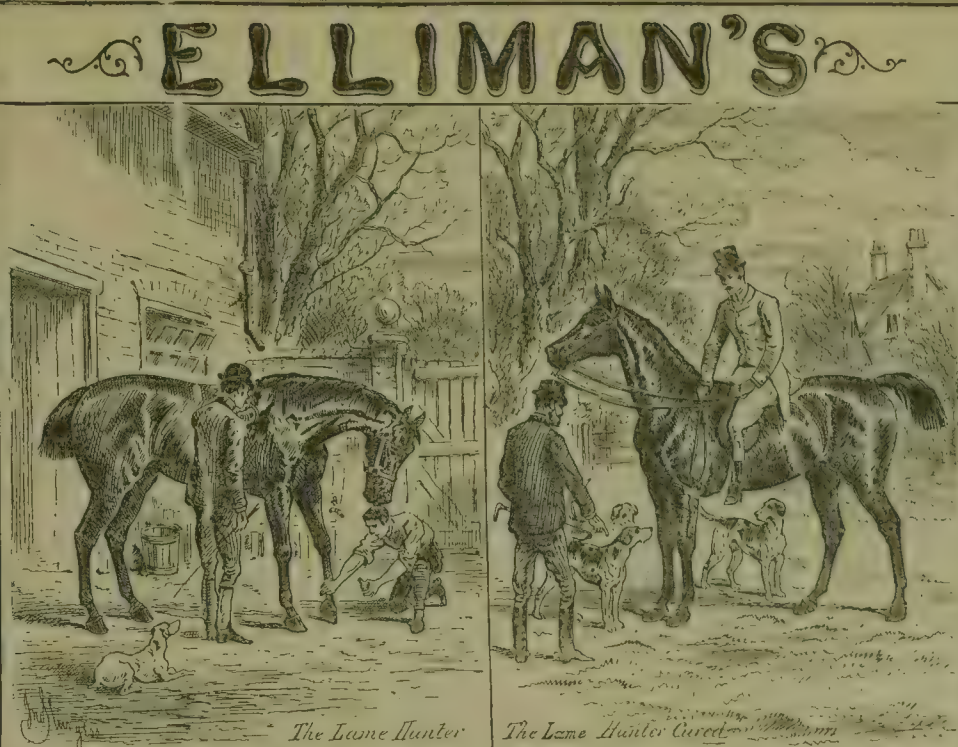
From Lord Haddington,  
Tynningham, Prestonkirk, N.B.  
Dec. 27, 1885.  
Sirs.—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it *indispensable* in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds.  
HADDINGTON,  
Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

The Horse Repository,  
Singapore.  
March 30, 1885.  
Dear Sirs.—I have used your Royal Embrocation with the greatest success in cases of sprains and bruises, and for open wounds it is a most valuable application. Please send me twelve dozen more as early as possible.  
H. ABRAMS.

Extract from a Letter received from Mr. Geo. Patrick, Hon. Sec. Hartlepool Athletic Association.  
May 19, 1885.  
With respect to your Universal Embrocation I may say that some of the members of our Rovers' Football Clubswear by it, and not only use it for sprains, contusions, &c., but rub it all over the body after a match. When I tell you our Rovers' Club is one of the best in the North of England, and that we have five members in the County Team, you will see that the Universal Embrocation has a reputation here.  
Yours obediently,  
G. PATRICK.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

FOR HORSES AND CATTLE  
MANUFACTORY  
SLOUGH  
ENGLAND



EMBROCATION

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION. Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, England.

TESTIMONIALS.

From Hon. W. E. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), Wild West Co., Earl's Court, London.  
June 24, 1887.  
Sirs.—Since our arrival in London, I have used on our stock daily your Embrocation, and unhesitatingly say it is the best remedy I ever handled; I commend it to horsemen always. Please send one dozen large bottles, and charge to account "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Co.  
Very respectfully yours,  
JAMES K. WHALEY,  
Vet. Surgeon, B.B.W.V.Co.

From Messrs. Hood and Shaw, Livery-stable Keepers, Masterton, Wellington, New Zealand.  
June 29, 1887.  
Sirs.—Having used your Embrocation in the Colonies on several occasions, I have great pleasure in saying that we always found it very satisfactory. Yours truly,  
HOOD and SHAW.

From E. C. Vanzetter, Esq., Cintra, Portugal.  
Oct. 25, 1886.  
Gentlemen.—I have been using your Embrocation for several years, which I find excellent. Yours truly,  
EDWARD C. VANZETTER.

From Baron Alphonse de Borckens, Antwerp.  
Oct. 21, 1886.  
Gentlemen.—I have used Elliman's Royal Embrocation with the best results, so that I can with confidence recommend it, especially for sprains. Yours truly,  
BARON ALPH. DE BORCKENS.

From the Mother Superior, House of Mercy, Harbury, Wakefield.  
March 10, 1886.  
Messrs. Elliman.—We use your Universal Embrocation in our house for rheumatism and sprains; also among the miners it is known as well, and appreciated as much, as by ourselves. Yours truly,  
THE MOTHER SUPERIOR, S.S.P.

From Countess Blumenthal, Wyk-on-Fohr, Schleswig, Germany.  
Aug. 11, 1885.  
Sirs.—The Embrocation does me much good, and I hope the friends for whom I had the other bottles will find it as useful as I find it myself.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.  
FOR—  
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, STIFFNESS, SORE THROAT FROM COLD, CHEST COLDS.  
The Safest, Quickest, most certain remedy.  
Prepared only by  
ELLIMAN, SONS & CO.,  
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

Extract from a Letter Received from a Justice of the Peace.  
Feb. 21, 1887.  
During the past two or three months I have been suffering greatly from Lumbago, and I began to think that I should become permanently crippled, as, after trying various remedies, I obtained no relief. About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Universal Embrocation, and its effect has been magical even in so short a time, and my first bottle is not yet half empty.  
You are at liberty to show this letter to anyone, and to publish the letter if you think fit, only reserving my name and address for this purpose; but you may refer anyone to me who is troubled (as I have been) with Lumbago.  
I shall in future keep a good stock of the Embrocation on hand for the use of my friends.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.  
FOR—  
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, STIFFNESS, SORE THROAT FROM COLD, CHEST COLDS.  
The Safest, Quickest, most certain remedy.  
Prepared only by  
ELLIMAN, SONS & CO.,  
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

**GENTLEMEN SUFFERING**  
From nervous exhaustion, physical debility, hypochondriasis, melancholia, or any sign of premature decline of vital energy, consequent upon overstrain, should write immediately for a new Pamphlet, entitled "Galvanic Electricity," just issued by Mr. C. B. HARNESSE, Consulting Medical Electrician, on the marvellously successful treatment of these and kindred diseases by his Electropathic Appliances. It will be sent, under cover, post-free. Note the Address lest you forget it, and write at once to THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY (LIMITED), 52, OXFORD-STREET (Corner of Rathbone-place), LONDON, W.

**PREMATURE OLD AGE!**  
LOSS OF VITAL ENERGY, NERVOUS and GENERAL DEBILITY, TORPID LIVER, and all ORGANIC DERANGEMENTS yield more readily to the healing influences of mild Electricity, as generated by wearing HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC APPLIANCES, than to any Drug yet known to Science.

**A BLESSING TO MEN.**  
Weighs only a few Ounces.  
WRITE TO-DAY.  
LIVIGORATES THE DEBILITATED CONSTITUTION.  
Gentleman's Belt.

**CONVINCING TESTIMONY**  
**SCIATICA AND RHEUMATIC PAINS CURED.**  
Mr. R. J. WATSON, Proprietor of the "Harwich Free Press," 13, Market-street, Harwich, writes—"I am much indebted to HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELT for completely curing me of sciatica. I suffered for three years. I tried several doctors and physicians, and took gallons of different medicines, and was rubbed with every advertised application for the relief of RHEUMATIC PAINS, but never obtained any lasting relief, although I spent over £100. After wearing your ELECTROPATHIC BELT for a week I got relief, and have gradually been getting better, and am now quite free from pain, and if I could not get another would not part with the Belt for £50. It has done wonders for me, having relieved me of what medical men said was incurable. I shall be at liberty to publish this."

**RHEUMATIC FEVER CURED.**  
Dr. C. LEMPIERRE, D.C.L., Senior Fellow St. John's College, Oxford, writes—"I can positively speak of its advantages."

**RHEUMATIC GOUT CURED.**  
Mr. WM. BAKER, Lancaster House, Lancaster-road, Dulwich, writes—"I am much improved since I have worn the ELECTROPATHIC BELT. I feel stronger, and am better in health than I have been for the last three years; and so marked has been the improvement that the physician who had attended me has inquired the cause. I consider the Belt invaluable."

**NERVOUS DEPRESSION CURED.**  
Mr. THOMAS DICKINS, 34, West-gate, Lincoln, writes—"I am very pleased to inform you that your ELECTROPATHIC BELT has made a grand cure of my wife. Her Nervousness and Depression of Spirits have entirely gone. She was just at death's door, but it gradually brought her round, and she is now as well as can be."

**SLUGGISH LIVER CURED.**  
Mrs. M. ANDERSON, Mortimer-street, Herno Bay, Kent, writes—"I was suffering from a rapid, inaction liver, accompanied by Constipation and Indigestion. After wearing the ELECTROPATHIC BELT you recommended me, I am very glad to be able to tell you that I am much better in every way; the functions are regular, my appetite has improved, and the wretched depressed feeling I used constantly to have has completely passed away."

AN AGREEABLE, NATURAL, AND CERTAIN CURE FOR  
**NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, INDIGESTION, LADIES' AILMENTS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SPINAL WEAKNESS, CONSTIPATION, FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, &c.**



**HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,**  
52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.  
(Corner of Rathbone-place.)

**A NEW TRUSS.**  
AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.—Mr. C. B. HARNESSE' new WASHABLE XYLONITE TRUSS, has a beautifully smooth, flesh-coloured surface, of a durable material. It gives complete comfort and support without irritation; is cheap, and is guaranteed to last a lifetime. Perfect fit guaranteed. Write at once for Pamphlet (free by post).  
Send to-day a Cheque or P.O.O. for 21s. to 52, Oxford-street, London, W., and THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY will send you an Electropathic Belt, post-free. Don't delay. When ordering, send size of waist (next skin).  
The Company's CONSULTING PHYSICIAN is in attendance daily.—Note Address:

**CONVINCING TESTIMONY**  
**FEMALE IRREGULARITIES CURED.**  
Mrs. J. HAWKLEY, 43, Nether-street, Colchester-road, Islington, N., writes—"Dear Sirs.—I am very glad to report most favourably of the extraordinary result of wearing HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT. You will probably remember the nature of my case, which was one of extreme debility and exhaustion, accompanied at times by painful hysteria. I am so glad I took your advice to try the Belt, for before a month had elapsed the hysterical symptoms, which had been so distressing, disappeared; the circulation of the blood was improved. I gradually gained strength, and now I feel better than I have done since I was a girl. Mine is such a remarkable recovery, that I shall be quite willing for you to make my experience known. If any lady wishes for further particulars of my case, I shall be pleased to correspond with her."

**SCIATICA CURED.**  
Mrs. CONWAY, 29, Archway-st., Barnes, Surrey, writes—"I have been a constant sufferer from Sciatica for the past ten years, and my cure seems a marvel."

**INTERNAL WEAKNESS CURED.**  
Miss M. HUNSON, Twyford, Derby, writes—"Seven months ago I purchased one of your ELECTROPATHIC BELTS. I need not describe the symptoms here, but refer you to my previous letter. I have worn the Belt every day since that date; it has been an untold comfort to me. I would not be without one, and cannot say enough in favour of your Belt; all that I regret is that they are not better known. I shall be glad to write to any lady who may wish to hear more particularly respecting my case, and shall certainly return and your appliances to my friends."

**LADIES' AILMENTS CURED.**  
Mrs. HURDING, 181, Somers-road, Southsea, writes—"I am happy to inform you that HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELT has been the means of restoring me to much better health than I have enjoyed for years. The languor which so distressed me, and made life a burden, is quite gone; the constipation which had for some years been my greatest difficulty has also disappeared, and the bilious attacks and headaches have also entirely ceased. My general health is now good, and it is with feelings of the deepest gratitude I tell you this, as you will no doubt remember my case had been of very long standing."

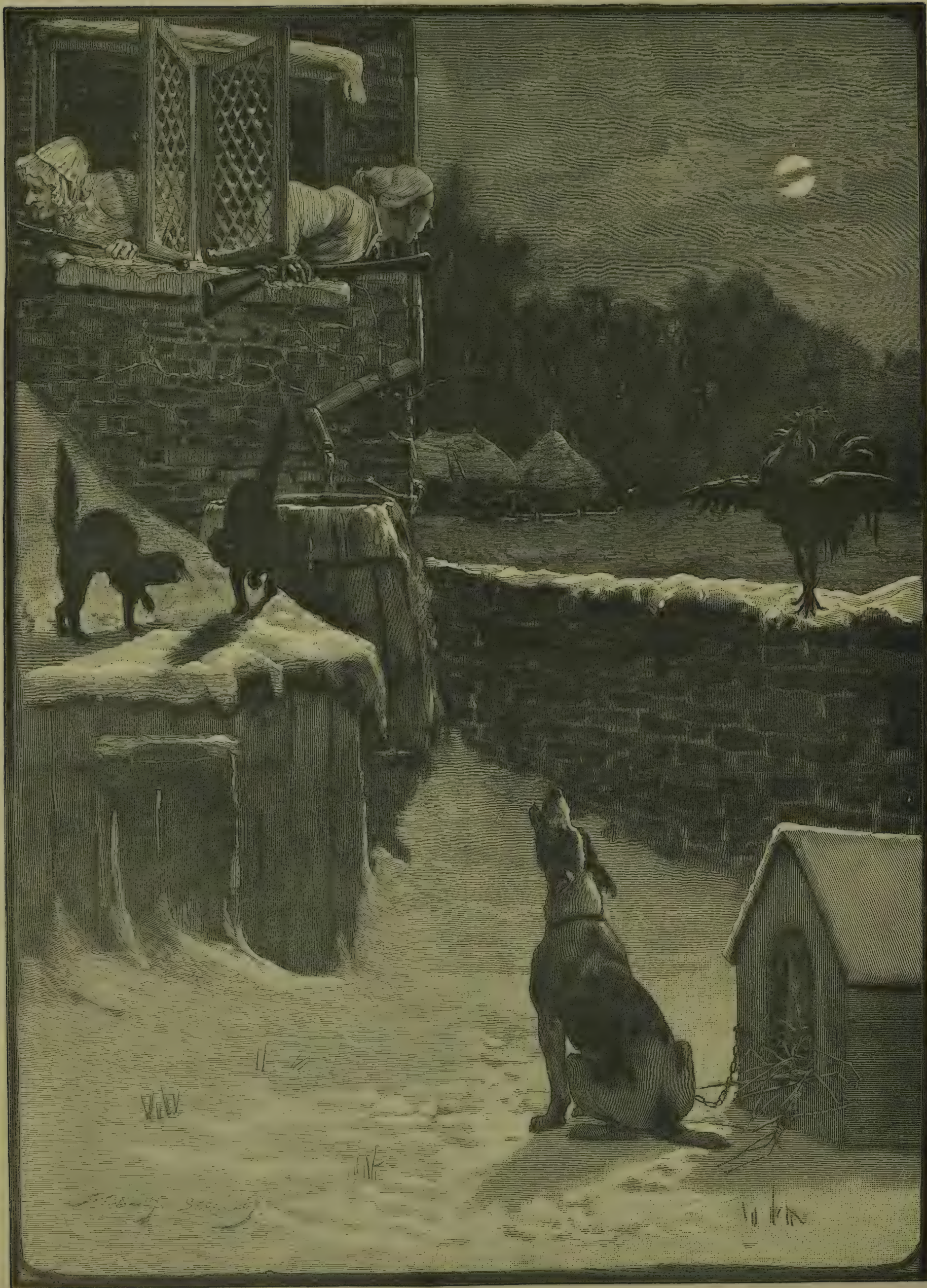
**LADIES SUFFERING**  
From any Irregularity of the System, should write for a new Pamphlet on the Diseases of Women, just issued by Mr. C. B. HARNESSE, Consulting Medical Electrician. It is simply invaluable, and should be read by every lady in the Kingdom. Sent under cover, free by post, on application to THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY (LIMITED), 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.

**MR. C. B. HARNESSE,**  
The eminent consulting MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN, may be consulted daily (without charge), on all matters relating to HEALTH and the application of CURATIVE ELECTRICITY. Residents at a distance, and those unable to avail themselves of a personal consultation, are invited to write for a Private Advice Form, which will be forwarded, post-free, on application.

**A BOON TO WOMEN.**  
PROMOTES THE CIRCULATION AND ASSISTS DIGESTION.  
ADVANCE FREE, Personally or by letter.  
Write for Private Advice Form.  
Will last for years.  
Lady's Belt.

THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY (LIMITED), 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W. (CORNER OF RATHBONE-PLACE.)





At aged folk were roused from sleep,  
 One Christmas Eve, by sounds appalling—  
 Dogs bayed the moon with howlings deep,  
 Cocks crowed, and cats were caterwauling.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.  
 Drawn by Stanley Berkeley.

"Sure there are thieves about," quoth he,  
 And straight the blunderbuss he fetches;  
 While, with a kindred spirit, she  
 A poker takes to brain the wretches.





A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.—BY BRET HARTE.

"The folds of the curtain swung together and concealed them from view."—See page 23.

Drawn by R. C. Woodcut.



## A GUINEA WONDER! THE CAMUNILUX, 21/-

By Royal Letters Patent, 1887.

The most valuable gift that ingenuity and science can produce, comprising MAGNIFICENT MAGIC-LANTERN, showing brilliant light, disc; Half-Plate MAHOOGANY CAMERA, with Instantaneous Lens; PROFESSIONAL ENLARGING LANTERN, showing G.D.V. Portraits to life-size.

The Purchaser of the Camunilux possesses a magnificent Swedish Iron Magic-Lantern, in polished mahogany case, suitable for Exhibitions and Lectures, and far superior to anything hitherto sold at three guineas; yet it can be at once transformed into a Half-Plate Camera, and again into a Photo-lantern, in three minutes, by artificial light, into a magnificent portrait, measuring 12 in. by 9 in.; or, if preferred, to actual life-size, each enlargement being a work of art that would cost a guinea if done by a photographer. Our combination thus becomes a boon to amateurs and professionals alike, and the former, who have hitherto imagined photography to be a summer amusement, will now learn not only how to produce Works of Art during the long winter evenings, but, by the aid of the wonderful chloride plates, supplied free with the apparatus, they can make magic-lantern transparencies in ten seconds from either views or portraits, and exhibit same in the magic-lantern.

All the latest discoveries in photography are combined with this apparatus, and explained in simple language. The Illustrations show the Camera and Magic-Lantern, and either can be formed in a minute as required, yet the whole packs up in a pine case, 12 in. by 9 in. The Camera itself is of solid mahogany, beautifully polished, each joint dove-tailed and strengthened with brass screws, and instantly reversible on base, either horizontally for groups and views, or vertically for three-quarter length Cabinet Portraits. Each Camera is fitted with double dark slide, holding plates 6½ in. by 4½ in., and the plates supplied lately gained the prize medal for excellence.

Great care has been taken in the selection of the lenses, of which four are supplied, with the apparatus all mounted in brass. The Camera itself is lined with japanned tin, and the bellows being instantly removable, a japanned tin body takes their place, and the reflector, chimney, slide-holder, and conical front, together with two powerful condensers and mineral oil lamp, all self-fitting and interchangeable, are included in this wonderful guinea's worth, as well as with dry plates, developers, bromide aromatic printing and enlarging papers, and instruction book for amateurs, explaining every detail. London purchasers are invited to call and personally inspect. Thousands of other photographic, electrical, and scientific novelties. Illustrated Catalogue, 1 stamp. Trade supplied.

Address Manager, N. Department.  
THE AMERICAN CAMERA CO., 339, Edgware-road, London, W.

## HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

**HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE BY INHALATION.**  
Miss EMILY FAIRBELL, in "Three Visits to America," thus writes:—"It is of inestimable value to sufferers from that painful malady here. I have tried every remedy ever invented, and HIMROD'S CURE is the only one in which I have absolute confidence." It is also important to observe that HIMROD'S CURE was employed, under the highest medical sanction, in the case of the late EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. Himrod's Cure, per Tin, 4s.; or post-free, 4s. 3d. JOHN M. RICHARDS, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## UMBRELLAS FOR PRESENTS.

REASONABLE and SEASONABLE,  
DURABLE and PROCURABLE.

AT  
**SANGSTER AND COMPANY'S,**  
140, Regent-street; 75, Cheapside;  
94, Fleet-street; 10, Royal Exchange.  
N.B.—CHILDREN'S UMBRELLAS FOR PRESENTS.

## ENGRAVINGS.

ALL THE NEW ENGRAVINGS AFTER  
SIR JOHN MILLAIS, HEFFNER,  
F. WALKER, SIR F. LEIGHTON,  
&c.,  
ARE NOW ON VIEW AT  
**THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY,**  
7, HAYMARKET.

CLAY CROSS, CHESTERFIELD. Chief  
Office: 12, BURWOOD-PLACE, EDGWARE-ROAD,  
LONDON, W. Sale of Coal upwards of 500,000 tons per annum.  
Cash on Delivery. All orders to Chief Office as above.



DO I LIKE MY WATERBURY?



## What shall I Drink?

The "Lancet" says:—"We counsel the public to drink their Lime-juice, a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol. We have subjected the samples of the 'Lime-Fruit Juice' of the Montserrat Company to a full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. We have found it to be in SOUND CONDITION, and ENTIRELY FREE FROM ADULTERATION."

## MONTSERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE & CORDIALS.

LIMETTA, OR PURE  
LIME-JUICE CORDIALS.

Retail from Grocers, Druggists, Wine Merchants, &amp;c., Every where.

**CAUTION.**—Great care should be taken to see that the MONTSERRAT COMPANY'S Lime-Fruit Juice and Cordials are supplied, as there are many worthless imitations. The Trade-Mark is on Capsule as well as Label of each Bottle.

## Allen & Hanbury's "Perfected" COD-LIVER OIL.

**BYNIN,** LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, being not only a highly concentrated and nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the most enfeebled invalid. BYNIN, being liquid, is entirely free from the inconvenient treacle-like consistence of ordinary Malt Extract; it is very palatable, and possesses the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

"WEAVE TRUTH WITH TRUST."

## WILLIS' OLD ENGLISH QUALITY BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Sold by all Carpet-Dealers  
and Upholsterers in the  
United Kingdom.

**WARRANTED FREE FROM SHODDY & DELETERIOUS DYES.**

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves and Strengthens the Hair, and is also sold in a  
Golden Colour for fair-haired children.

## ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

An Emollient Milk for beautifying the Complexion and  
rendering the Skin soft and delicate; removes Freckles,  
Redness, and Roughness, Chaps, &c. Bottles, 4s. 6d.  
and 2s. 3d.

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO.

A non-gritty Tooth-Powder; whitens the teeth and pre-  
vents decay. Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS' Articles, of  
20, Hatton-garden, London.

## WELL, I SHOULD SMILE! THE WATERBURY WATCH, 10/6

KEYLESS, RELIABLE, DURABLE, ACCURATE,

RUNS 28 HOURS WITH ONE WINDING,

REGULATES TO A MINUTE A MONTH,

RARELY GETS OUT OF ORDER,

REPAIRS NEVER EXCEED 2s. 6d.

## THE NEW SHORT-WIND WATERBURY

Embodies all the qualities which have made the  
WATERBURY famous throughout the world as  
a Timekeeper; and possesses in addition the  
following advantages:—IT WINDS IN A DOZEN  
TURNS OF CROWN. HANDS SET FROM OUTSIDE.

EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS.

Every Watch Insures Wearer's Life £100.

For all particulars, Testimonials, &c., apply

Head Office: 17, Holborn Viaduct, London.

**WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT  
IS YOUR MOTTO?**—Send name and county to  
CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours,  
7s. 6d. Pedigrees traced. The correct colours for liveries,  
the arms of husband and wife identical. Crest engraved on  
seals and dies, 8s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and  
modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

**CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX** of  
STATIONERY—A Ream of Paper and 500 Envelopes,  
stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving  
steel dies, Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD-  
PLATE and fifty best Cards, Printed, 2s. 6d., post-free, by  
T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of  
St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

## EAU DE SUEZ COMFORTABLE TEETH

The only Dentrifice which has solved the  
problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore  
the only Dentrifice which immediately and permanently  
puts a stop to Toothache.

There are three kinds, distinguished from each other  
by a **Yellow, Green, and Red Silk Thread.**

**Eau de Suez Yellow Thread** instantly re-  
moves Toothache, however violent it may be, without  
the slightest inconvenience.

**Eau de Suez Green Thread** must be used as  
a daily mouth-wash. Those who suffer periodically from  
toothache, sensitiveness of the teeth and gums, decay,  
and offensive breath will be entirely relieved, and  
never suffer again, by using ten or twelve drops in a  
wineglass of water, to rinse the mouth well night and  
morning.

**Eau de Suez Red Thread** is used in the same  
manner as the Green, but is specially adapted for  
children.

**Suez Tooth Brush.**—This Brush is soft, being  
made of the finest badger hair. A hard tooth-brush is  
not only a foolish but a criminal instrument, so to speak.  
For, by rubbing a soft substance like the gums with a  
hard brush, the former will evidently become spongy  
and weakened, thus being no longer of any use in  
protecting the roots of the teeth, which naturally  
become exposed, and impart an offensive smell to the  
breath.

**Suez Orange Tooth Paste** secures the  
permanent removal of tartar, and by daily use restores  
the whiteness of the teeth.

The above may be obtained through any Chemists, or  
direct from **Wilcox and Co.** Green Thread, 3s. 6d.;  
Yellow Thread, 2s. 9d.; Red Thread, 8s.; Orange Tooth-  
Paste, 4s. 6d.; Suez Tooth-Brushes, 1s. 6d. Free by  
Parcels Post.

**CAUTION.**—To guard against fraudulent imitations,  
see that each Label bears the name "Wilcox and Co.,  
239, Oxford-street, London."

## "DERMATHISTIC" CORSET.

(BROWN'S PATENT.)

PRICE

5s. 11d.

ALL COLOURS.

"The actual wearing out  
of such a Corset as this be-  
comes an absolute impossi-  
bility."—Lady's Pictorial.

OF ALL DRAPERS and LADIES' OUTFITTERS.

## A SPLENDID XMAS GIFT. PASTA MACK.



By using this  
new and excellent  
preparation, a  
healthful BATH  
and TOILET WATER  
is obtained.

PASTA MACK  
softens the water  
and beautifies the  
complexion.

Registered TRADE-MARK.

OF ALL CHEMISTS and PERFUMERS.  
Wholesale Agents for Great Britain: Osborne Garrett & Co.,  
London, W. Sole Manufacturer: H. Mack, Ulm 0 D.

HOOPING-COUGH.

## ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine.  
Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 137, Queen  
Victoria-street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's-churchyard), London,  
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.  
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.



£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe  
per post, one of

**BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD  
KEYLESS  
HALF-HUNTING WATCHES.**

Perfect for time beauty, and workman-  
ship, with keyless action, air-tight,  
damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold chains  
at manufacturers' prices.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

## SIR JOHN BENNETT,

Watch & Chronometer Manufacturer,  
65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

NO MORE WATCH-KEYS.

SIR JOHN BENNETT

offers the remainder of his choice and valuable stock of  
KEY-WINDING WATCHES at 20 per cent discount.

£5.

The CHEAPSIDE 3-plate  
KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,

with chronometer balance, and jewelled in thirteen  
actions, in strong silver case, with crystal glass. The  
cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust-  
tight. Free and safe per post, for £5, at

Sir JOHN BENNETT'S, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

£15.

In return for Post Office Order, free and safe by post,  
one of BENNETT'S GENTLEMEN'S GOLD KEYLESS  
LEVER WATCHES, with chronometer balance, and  
jewelled thirteen actions; in all respects a thoroughly  
sound, useful watch.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.



£25.—The "SIR JOHN."

A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS  
3-plate HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accu-  
rately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen  
actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram  
richly embossed. Free and safe per post.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

## SIR JOHN BENNETT,

Clock and Jewellery Manufacturer,  
65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

CLOCKS.

THE FINEST STOCK IN LONDON.

DRAWING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM,  
HALL, LIBRARY,  
OFFICE, and other CLOCKS

at prices lower than ever. Estimates given for Church,  
Turret, and other public clocks.

SIR JOHN BENNETT,

Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturer,  
65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

EVERY KIND OF JEWELLERY.

LADIES' GOLD NECKLETS, GUARDS, and ALBERT  
CHAINS, from £2.

GOLD BROOCHES and EARRINGS, from £1.

GENTLEMEN'S GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, in all  
patterns and qualities, from £3.

GENTLEMEN'S DIAMOND and SIGNET RINGS.

GENTLEMEN'S LINKS, SOLITAIRE, STUDS, &c.

Gold Lockets Mounted with Precious Stones,  
LADIES' GEM, KEEPER, and WEDDING RINGS.  
A large assortment from £1.



£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe  
per post, one of

**BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD  
KEYLESS WATCHES.**

Perfect for time, beauty, and workman-  
ship, with keyless action, air-tight,  
damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold chains  
at manufacturers' prices.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

**SIR JOHN BENNETT, Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturer, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.**



# CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT

SAFE BIND SAFE FIND

CHANCERY LANE (61 & 62)

LONDON. W.C.

OVER  
**6000 SAFES**  
AND  
**STRONG ROOMS**  
FOR PRIVATE USE.  
IMMOVABLY FIXED IN  
STRONGHOLDS and CORRIDORS.

THE  
**STRONGHOLDS & CORRIDORS**  
ARE GUARDED  
**NIGHT AND DAY.**  
NIGHT WATCHMEN ARMED.



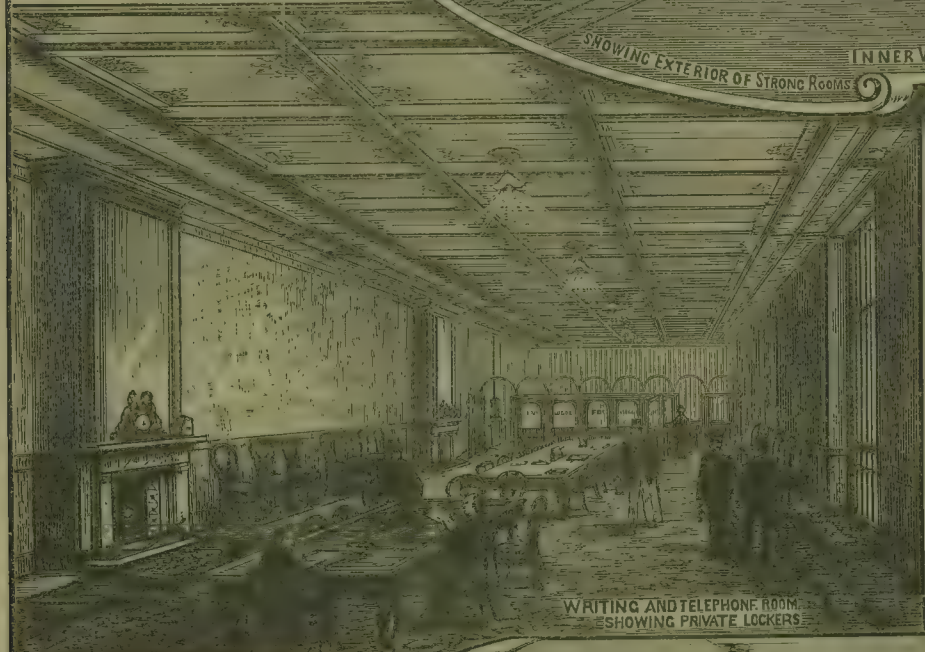
END VIEW OF A STRONG ROOM  
FITTED WITH SAFES.

NIGHT PATROL.

SHOWING EXTERIOR OF STRONG ROOMS

INNER VESTIBULE

FITTED WITH SAFES



WRITING AND TELEPHONE ROOM  
SHOWING PRIVATE LOCKERS



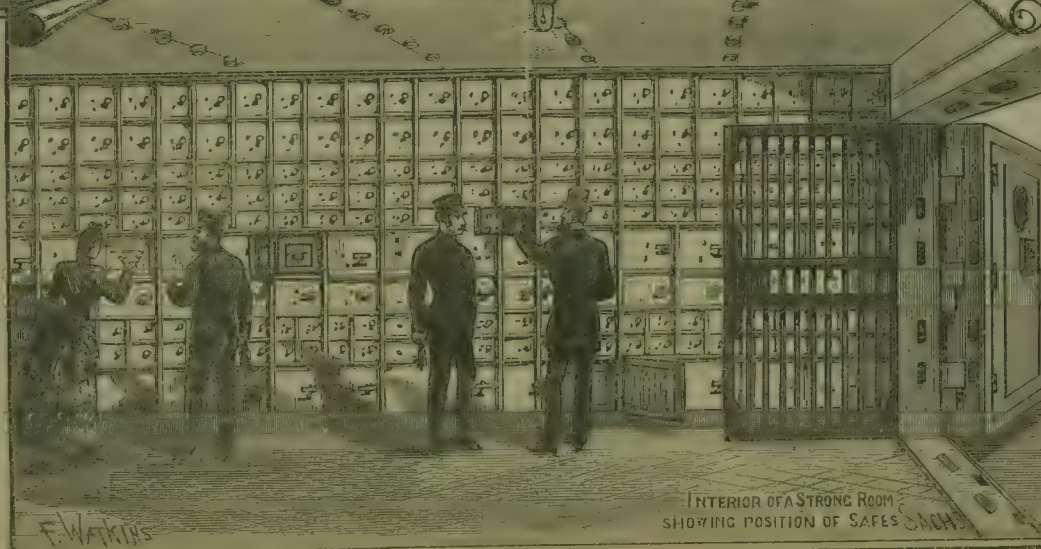
VIEW OF STRONG ROOMS  
SHOWING INTERIOR OF ONE

## ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF.

Each Renter has a separate Safe or Strong Room, and is possessed of the only Key to it in existence, thus ensuring perfect **PRIVACY** and **SECURITY**.

ANNUAL RENT OF SAFES,  
**1 TO 5 GUINEAS.**

Elegant **WRITING, READING, TELEPHONE,** and **WAITING ROOMS** for the Use of Renters, free of charge. A Special Room for Ladies.



INTERIOR OF A STRONG ROOM  
SHOWING POSITION OF SAFES

## ABSOLUTELY BURGLAR-PROOF.

The demand for Strong Rooms has proved so great that a larger number have recently been added to keep pace with it.

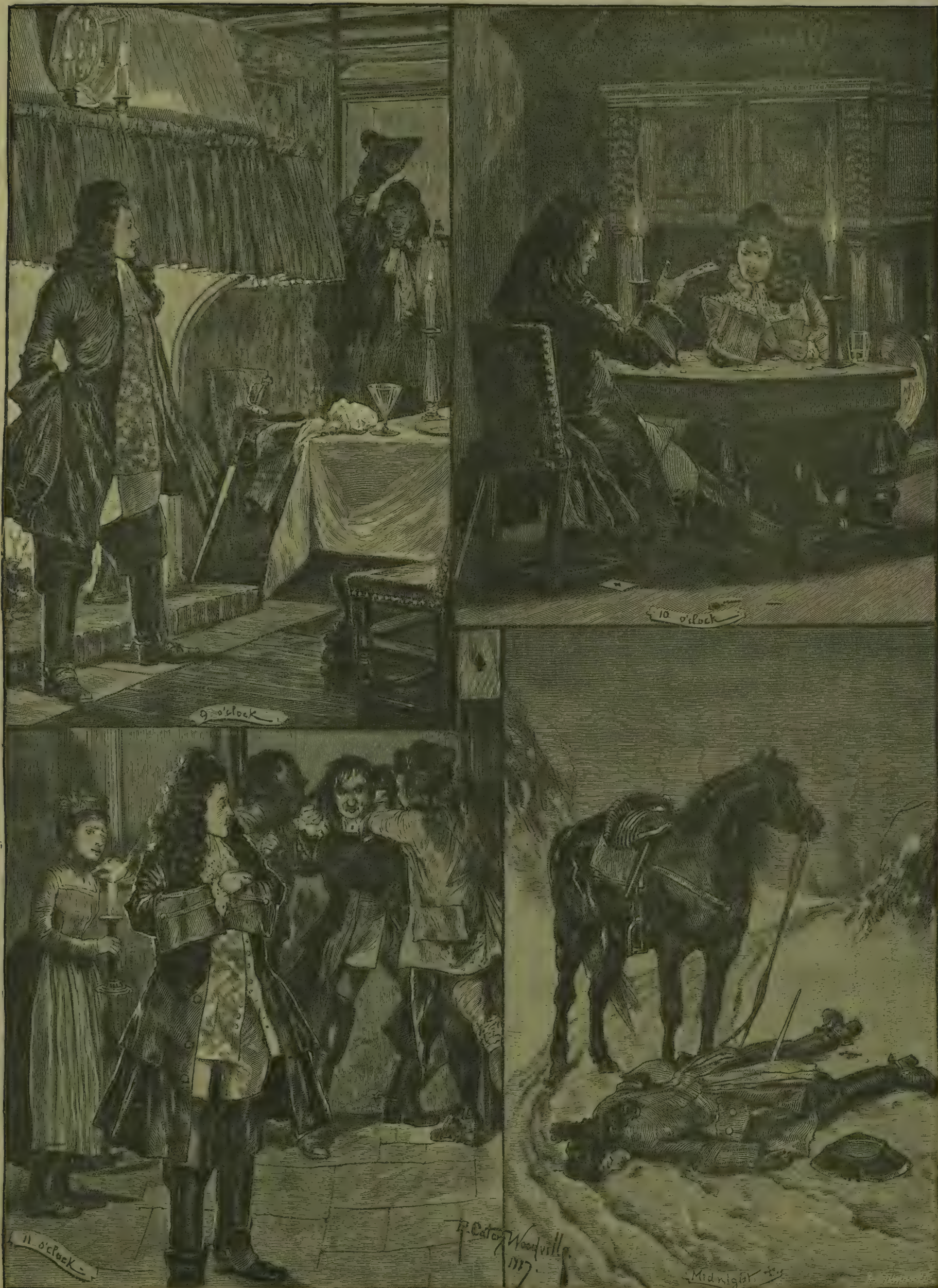
ANNUAL  
RENT OF STRONG ROOMS,  
**8 TO 90 GUINEAS.**

Prospectus and Cards of Admission to View, post-free, on application to the Manager.

**61 & 62, CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON.**

LIGHTED THROUGHOUT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.





Four tableaux each within its hour,  
The Artists here depict with power  
And here in one short verse is told  
As this a chronicle—

CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE, IN FOUR TABLEAUX.

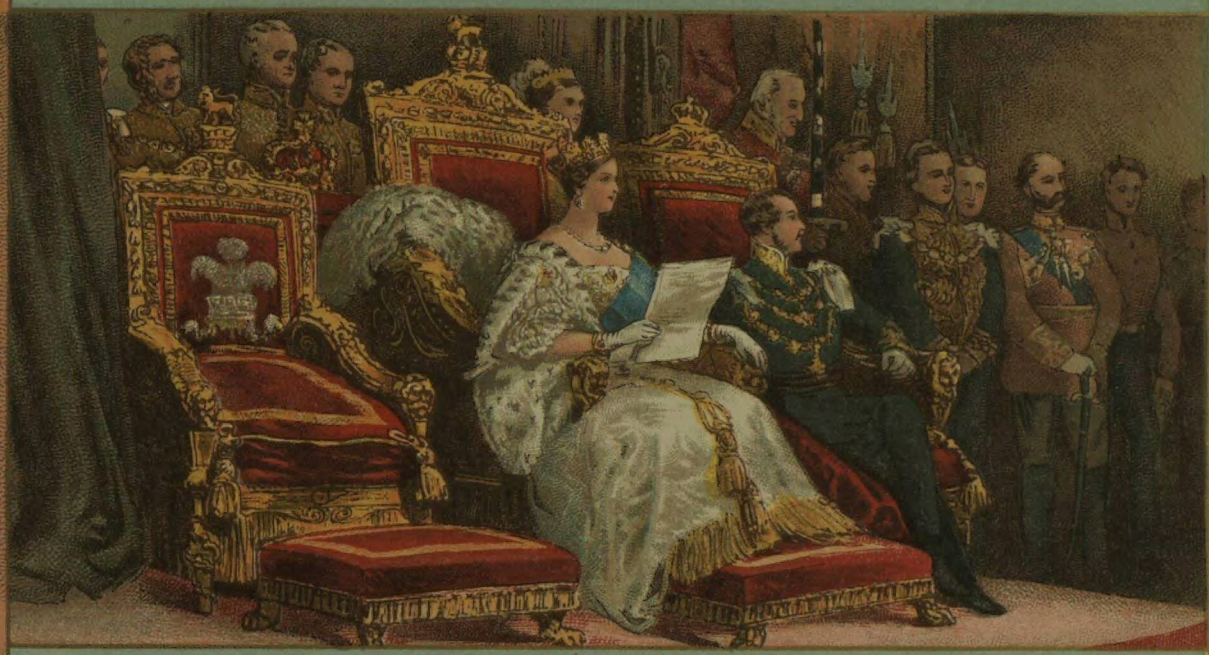
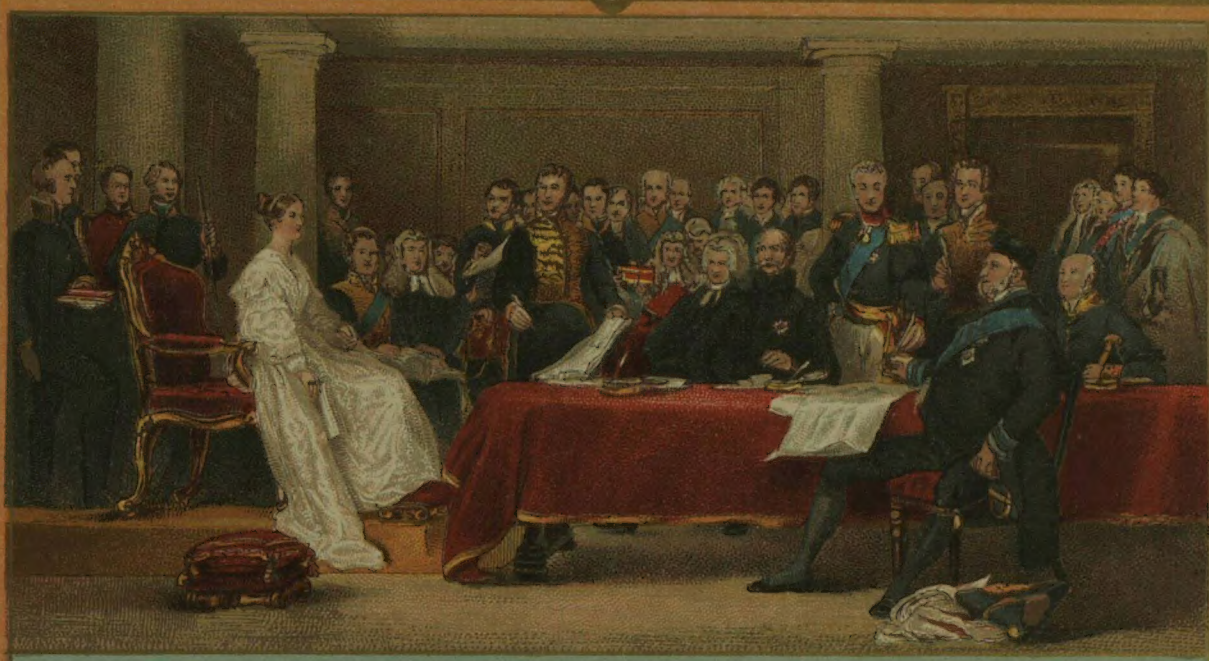
Drawn by R. C. Woodville.

At nine, the sharper finds his prey;  
At ten, the two are deep in play;  
At eleven, the cheat is pitched out flying;  
At twelve, his victim dead is lying

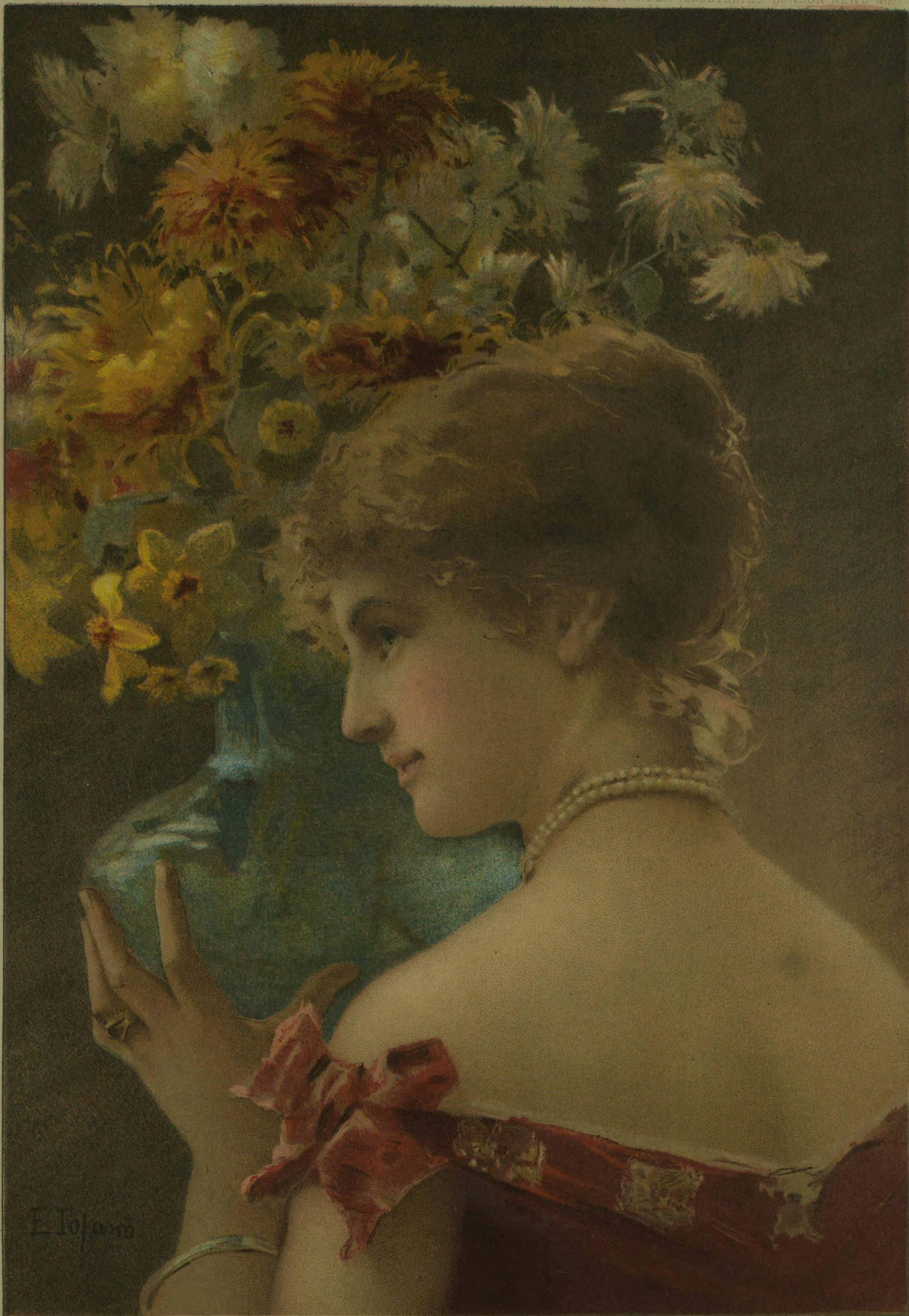












PAINTED BY E. TOJANO

A ROSE & CHRYSANTHEMUMS.





E. GRIVAZ

DON'T TOUCH.





FAITH